

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1883.

## THE VAGARIES OF WESTERN ARCHITECTURE.

A MUDDY stream, navigable only as it has been dredged from year to year, a large fresh-water lake into which the stream empties after cutting its channel through bluffs of blue marly clay, a frontage of seven miles along the lake and a depth of from four to six miles toward the interior, a chequer-board of village streets covering this area,—such is the topography of Joinwater, a fair specimen of a Western American city: *ex uno disce omnes*.

The founders of this busy metropolis promised themselves no result so magnificent or so far-reaching as the present when they entered the unbroken forest nearly a century ago. To be sure, they dignified the object of their hopes with the title of "city;" but that was before the lack of buyers had more than once scaled down the prices of corner-lots, and before the dissatisfied settler had been tracked to the woods and compelled to return. Such experiences convinced the founders that their little hamlet, like confidence, must be a plant of slow growth. And even when municipal honors came, in 1836, this was no fulfilment of the Hon. Gideon Granger's prophecy of 1805,—that "an extensive city" would soon cover the ground.

By the retrospective observer, however, the result is readily comprehended

in all its bearings. To him there is nothing strange in the decennial doubling of the population since the advent of the "three persons" in 1796; and if he is a citizen of Joinwater he will point with pride to these cold facts of the census-table:—1800, 18; 1810, 57; 1820, 350; 1830, 1,075; 1840, 6,071; 1850, 17,034; 1860, 43,417; 1870, 93,018; 1880, 160,146,—Joinwater thus being outranked to-day by only ten other cities of North America. The citizen will contrast the religious and moral tone of the community with the time when a circuit-rider declared that he could make no headway among the guzzlers, smokers, and Sabbath-breakers, "so terrific was the profanity." He will discourse freely upon the modest beginnings of a school system that took the first premium "at the Centennial;" and, finally, he will invite you to drive along the Galilean Way,—or Euchre Avenue,—"which Bayard Taylor describes as the finest street in the world."

When the early surveyors came hither from Connecticut, they refused to be shackled by the old-time notions regarding town lines and turnpikes. The township, five miles square, took the place of the town, and its boundaries were surveyed and marked by highways on the cardinal points of the compass. Other intermediate highways, also at

right angles, crossed at the "centre" of each township, and gave direct access to the "centres" of the other townships. The traveller from New England, therefore, will no longer find his Hanover Centre flanked all about with East, West, North, and South Hanover. Instead of this arrangement, he will discover that Mantua is the central and only settlement in the township of that name, and that in order to reach it he must follow a zigzag course while roaming over the hills and diving into the valleys that came within range of the theodolite. In spite of these and many other physical differences, the rural New England, transplanted to this Western horizon, shows the clear grit and the influence of the Puritans even more than some of the elder communities along Massachusetts Bay.

The original plot of Joinwater showed generous squares bounded by broad streets running so far to the north of east and to the west of north that no houses could be laid out in the orthodox way, four-square with the compass, the door opening to the east, if possible. For more than forty years the Crooked River on the west and Cat Street on the east were the extreme limits of the village, which was bounded on the north by Cat Lake and on the south by the wilderness. The main streets within this half-mile square were Broad (one hundred and twenty feet wide), Court, and Federal. A "public square" of ten acres marked the intersection of Broad and Court. The "southern highway" led to Fort Duquesne, in a neighboring State. The "central highway" pointed toward the city of Bisons, after having joined an extension of Federal Street within the limits of a township named Galileo, after the early surveyors. Hence the "central highway" became in turn the "Galilean Way," "Euchre Street," or "Euchre Avenue," while its great rival one square to the southward always went by the less high-sounding title of "Outlook Street." Still other avenues were laid out, each radiating from the Public Square as a central point, and the cross-streets marking the circuit of

a spider round and round his airy castle.

To a city-born and city-bred man the visit to Joinwater causes sensations both agreeable and peculiar. In place of a mere front,—seventeen to twenty feet wide, with "three stories and basement,"—showing the "high stoop" of New York, the "swell" of Boston, or the more sober façade of Philadelphia, he sees dwellings wholly detached each from the other, and so placed upon large lots that the reputation of the architect depends quite as much upon his side elevations as it does upon his front. The latitude thus allowed to the architect,—who for many years was none other than the builder,—and the restless spirit of the Western business-man, which looks upon a thirty-year-old house as old-fashioned and only fit to be "re-modelled" or to be destroyed, will account for the infinite variety of dwellings that may be seen in Joinwater to-day. As the visitor observes that scarcely two of them are alike, he must recall the standard of building that Vitruvius offered to the Emperor Augustus, while he declares that, with rare exceptions, the evil genii of constructive and decorative art have been let loose, and that their vagaries, carved in wood or stone, cast in iron, or moulded in brick, still survive the fury of the elements. His inquiry, adapted from Ruskin, will be, "In one hundred years of building, what has [not] been done?" The answer to this must be traced from decade to decade.

THE FIRST DECADE [1790-1800].—A convenient size for the log shanties was eighteen feet by twenty-four. The ends of the logs were "half checked," so that the "chinks" of mud between them might be as small as possible. The frame and fastenings of the roof were known as "trappings," "trap-logs," "weight-poles," and "knees,"—the main area of the space being covered with "shakes" that had been split from red oak with a "frow."

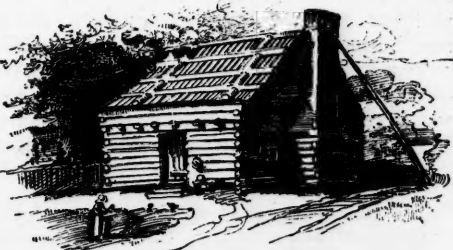
The cabin was put together by a "raising," to which the neighbors contributed their oxen, their muscles, and their ap-

preciation of "corn-juice." While the raising was in progress, the ladies of the settlement indulged in a "quilting," after which all hands enjoyed a dance, the lack of a violin being supplied by the vocal organs of one of the dancers. Five yards of calico, costing one dollar, made a dress that was elegant enough for the most select ball.

The exterior of the cabin was completed by a chimney of mud secured with crossed sticks. Access to the interior was had through an opening that had been cut in one of the sides,—the bits of log thus removed being made to serve as steps. A blanket served as a door, unless the ambitious proprietor wrought with an axe a more formidable barrier and hung it upon wooden hinges. In the latter case a wooden latch upon the inner side could be lifted from the outside only when a bit of string or leather had been passed through an auger-hole above. To pull the latch-string in was a trait of caution, and, sometimes, of meanness; while true hospitality was found, as General Harrison said of his own log cabin, "where the latch-string always hangs out." If there were any windows, they were glazed with paper that had been oiled with hog's lard. The floors were made of three-inch "puncheons" of green ash so unevenly hewn that three-legged stools alone remained stable. Every box and every bit of board that "came from the East" was precious; for the tables, bedsteads, bureaus, and many of the kitchen utensils were fashioned from hard timber. One pot, one kettle, one frying-pan, and one tea-kettle—all of them hung about the open fireplace—were the furnishings of the kitchen. Opposite to the front door, shelves, varying in length according to the wealth of the owner, contained pewter plates and perhaps odd bits of china. More frequently, however, rough bureaus and chests were constructed of bark. Four small crutches driven into the ground supported poles that braced the top of a table. A larger crutch sustaining poles

that had been let into the sides of the cabin formed the frame of a "catamount" bedstead. The spring-bed was of elm bark, closely woven after the manner of a basket. When all other "comfortables" failed, the good housewife spun a covering of cattle's hair for her children, or she sent them up the five-runged ladder to the loft, with its uncertain floor of "shakes."

Those were the days when the necessities of life elsewhere became the luxuries of life in Joinwater. Fine meal there was none. A very coarse quality

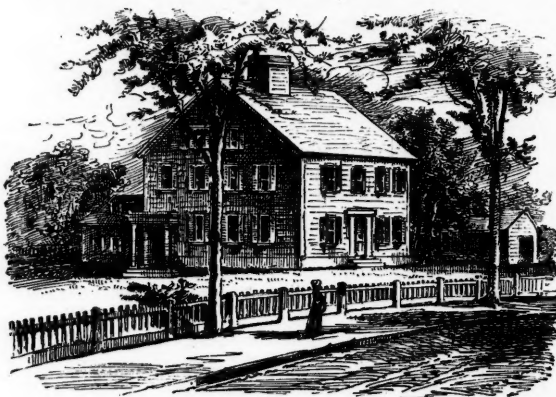


THE FIRST DECADE.

was cracked in a mortar hollowed out of a white-oak stump,—the pestle being attached to a spring pole, like the "swipe" of a well. Aside from this "plumping-mill" a few cabins were furnished with rudely-cut stones, so hard to turn that the operator was glad to be "spelled," thus giving him a chance to feed the corn through the "eye." Meal of any kind, pounded, soaked, or cracked, represented so much hard work that it was eked out with pumpkin in the process of making "pone,"—just as the New-England housekeeper of that time economized by baking her mince pies with an undercrust of rye. In place of tea and coffee came roasted corn, peas, rye, or wheat. In place of candles there were seasoned sticks, or the bark of the hickory. An infusion of butter-nut bark was a substitute for calomel, and cherry for Peruvian bark. A sociable "tea-drinking" was often prepared "before the face and eyes" of the guests,—the same old bake-kettle serving to fry cakes of several kinds,

to hold water, and to draw tea. When mush and milk were on the table, each guest dipped his own spoon into the mush; then, guiding it to his own "individual" dish of milk, he picked up whatever quantity his long experience had told him was correct, and conveyed the morsel to his mouth. Barter was universal,—the only ready money being from the sale of "black salts," the product of the forest fires. Whiskey and salt were in the greatest demand; and the holder of either, in any quantity, could trade with the Indians for their furs, and then defy John Jacob Astor to his face. Happy people! and happy Joinwater!—a "truly rural" democracy!

THE SECOND DECADE [1800-1810].—Whether Napoleon's fortunes were to wax or wane, whether John Adams should be re-elected President, whether the year



THE SECOND DECADE.

1800 belonged to the past century or to the present,—all such controversies did not concern the dwellers in Joinwater. To them it was of far more importance that a distillery had been established at their doors, and a grist-mill five miles away. To join the lone blacksmith of the former decade, there came the shoemaker, the saddle-maker, and the carpenter. City lots of "two acres more or less" began to advance in price, but the tax-gatherer was still laughed out of

town. Joinwater began to show signs of a more permanent settlement, coupled with an organized civil authority, such as the patentees wished but could not obtain. The Crooked River had been the boundary between the Hurons and the Iroquois for more than one hundred years; and as long as their titles remained unextinguished, and the British still refused to give up the posts which they had fortified all along the Great Lakes, there was no security to the settlers. The conquest by "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and the surrender of the British posts, led to the erection of a civil county, and then of a sovereign State in the Union. The Joinwater men might now abandon the resort to "fisticuffs," for they could enjoy the privileges of a court without making a journey of two hundred miles. The advent of the court to town was attended

by a lot of "wamble-cropped" settlers, who interrupted the current of even-handed justice by throwing out such remarks as these to the judge: "Say, Ben, I've whipped that hog-thief. What's the damage? Yes, Ben, and if you'd stole a hog I'd whip you too." And then if any "note of hand" was sued it was more likely to be in this form than in any other: "Four months after date I promise to pay

to ——— one dollar and fifty cents for value received, or twelve pounds of good pork." Barter still held its own. A buckskin passed current for one dollar; a doe-skin for fifty cents; a raccoon-skin, thirty-three cents; and a musk-rat-skin, twenty-five cents. At these prices every trader was glad to throw off his "warmus," or red jacket, and drive his bargains with the Indians, article by article.

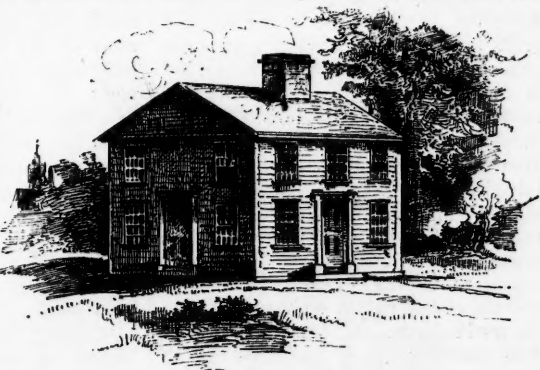
There now grew up a fierce rivalry be-

tween the settlement at the distillery and the settlement at the grist-mill. For a long time it was doubtful whether whiskey or corn was king. The fate of Joinwater trembled in the balance, the question being whether it should be known to fame on its own merits, or as "a hamlet five miles from Oldburg." There were good mill-privileges at Oldburg, five miles away, on the ridge. There were no mill-privileges at Joinwater. A new saw-mill at Oldburg gave to the judge who was the chief proprietor the materials to replace his log cabin with a genuine New-England farmhouse. The central feature of this was a huge chimney that served to carry the smoke from three open fireplaces, while the fourth side of the chimney braced the angular stairs of the little square hall-way. The frame of the house was of oak, seven or eight feet "between joints." The outer covering was of white-wood boards, secured by wrought nails, and always innocent of paint. Small windows of "seven by nine"

glass made the judge's house a palace in comparison with the cabins of his neighbors. A "vegetable-cellar" also became a badge of his aristocracy. The upper story was finished in one large room for the accommodation of balls and Masonic meetings; but there were wooden partitions that could be hooked and buttoned together if smaller rooms were wanted. You may visit the old mansion to-day, but you will find new wings, new porches, and new clapboards painted white. In the adjoining barn you may see the primitive sled, with a single whiffletree attached to the ends of the runners, upon which the judge drew provisions to Fort Wayne during the war of 1812.

To show their superiority, the Joinwater men determined to give a "Fourth-of-July ball," where they could dance the "scamper-down," the "double shuf-

fle," the "Western swing," or "cut the double pigeon-wing." The junior proprietor of the distillery relates how he escorted "his lady" from "the Corners," four miles out, to the cabin which had been gayly decorated for the occasion: "When I went for Miss D—— I took an old horse. When she was ready I rode up to a stump near her father's cabin. She mounted the stump, and spread her under-petticoat on 'Old Tib' behind me, secured her calico dress to keep it clean, and then mounted on behind me." According to his description, the head-gear of this young Adonis



THE THIRD DECADE.

would have made Farnham, the peruke king of Boston, turn green with envy: "I was dressed in the then style,—a gingham suit,—my hair queued with one and a half yards of black ribbon, about as long and thick as a corn-cob, with a little tuft at the lower end; and, for the want of pomatum, I had a piece of candle rubbed on my hair, and as much flour sprinkled on as could stay without falling off. I had a good wool hat, and a pair of brogans that would help to play 'Fisher's Hornpipe' or 'High Bettie Martin' when I danced."

The more sober part of the community sometimes danced after another fashion when the travelling revivalist came around. Their contortions were known as "exercises," and they were named "the falling," "the jerking," "the rolling," "the running," "the dan-

cing," and "the barking,"—all of which led up to "visions and trances." We are told that when "the jerks" took hold of a victim, "if the hair was long it was shaken with such quickness backward and forward as to crack and snap like the lash of a whip." Again may we say that Joinwater was happy in its rural simplicity. The young men were privileged to have snakes in their boots, while the young ladies—oftentimes "not too proud to go to meeting barefoot"—might show Medusa-like heads whenever they had "got the jerks."

THE THIRD DECADE [1810-1820].—The mouth of the Crooked River—described in 1755 as "muddy and pretty gentle"—was always a strategic point during the warfare on the border. It was not strange, then, that the surrender of Fort Wayne to the British caused a panic in Joinwater, one hundred miles away. The terror-stricken inhabitants fled to the eastward, and, night by night, occupied cabins that had been abandoned by still other fugitives toward the rising of the sun. But with the close of the war of 1812 came also the end of British endeavors to hold the fortified posts along the Great Lakes. The fort that stood on the bluff of Broker's Street in Joinwater tumbled into the lake, while the inhabitants sought the things that made for peace. A newspaper was printed upon paper that had been carted from Fort Duquesne. The first school-house was built, and "the Commercial Bank of Cat Lake" was established. A collector of customs was appointed, who also found time, as postmaster, to deliver letters from his only office,—his hat. Released from their occupation of hunting for British or Indians, the Joinwater men now devoted themselves to the quest of game, which was found in abundance beyond the forty-acre clearing in the scrub-oaks. As hunters they dyed their shirts to suit the season, so that they might not attract the attention of their quarry. In the fall the shirt was the color of autumn leaves; in the winter it was white or brown; and in the summer it was green. Famous *battues* were organ-

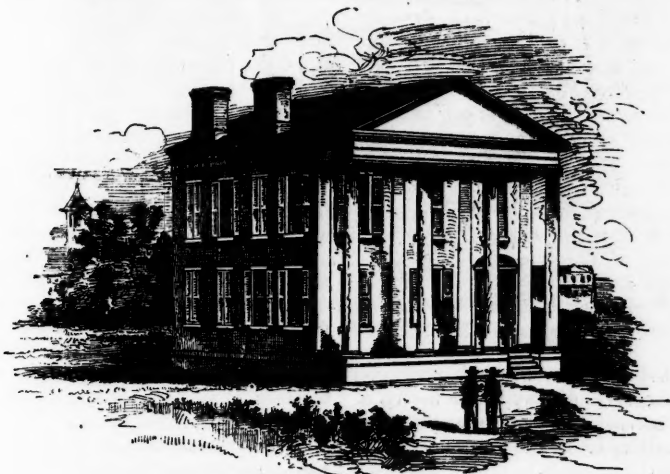
ized,—as many as five hundred hunters coming hither from all the region about. A favorite plan was to surround a township, and then, at a given signal, the whole force would move toward the centre, guided by "blazes" on the trees. Large numbers of wolves, bears, deer, and turkeys were captured in this manner, though not without risk to the hunters when the firing was carried on at close quarters. There was danger also for the women who remained at home; for we learn that two of them, in their eagerness to kill a bear while the men were away, charged their gun with "two fingers of powder." The recoil of the weapon and the scampering away of the bear taught the innocent souls that "two fingers" did not always mean that the measure should be taken lengthwise. The skins that were secured upon these great hunting-excursions were turned to the best account. The coon-skin cap was almost universally worn. The young men asked for nothing finer than buckskin pantaloons when they went "a-courting;" but they were as unyielding as stove-pipes after having been thoroughly wet. Buckskin also served to "seat" and to "knee" pantaloons of wool,—that material being frequently scarce on account of the wolves.

The architecture of this decade shows but little improvement over that of the previous ten years. Log cabins still continue to be erected, but their day has evidently passed. Close upon the corner of two prominent streets in Joinwater is built a smaller edition of the farm-house at Oldburg. The large chimney in the centre, the steep roof, and the front and side doors are there, as in the original; but the plain gable has been replaced with a heavy cornice and pediment,—a foretaste of what is to come. Immense windows of seven-by-nine glass assert the aristocracy of the city house. This specimen of architecture in the third decade of Joinwater's history may still be seen in the "old part" of the city; and we may also state that every further specimen (the representative and generally the finest dwelling of the decade) that may be shown

within the brief limits of this article can be found extant in Joinwater as it stands to-day.

**THE FOURTH DECADE [1820-1830].**  
—Lorenzo Dow, the Evangelist, now came forward, and, seating himself on the ground, began his discourse with the democratic salutation, "Well, here you all are,—rag, shag, and bob-tail." De Witt Clinton also arrived in order to break ground for a new canal that should be a "feeder" to the Erie. The "Walk-in-the-Water" covered the space between Joinwater and Bison City at a speed of ten miles an hour. Business was good,—the proprietors of the two

wooden stores having combined to destroy the trade of the merchant who ran "the brick store." Labor was cheap, and food was cheaper. Flour was two dollars and fifty cents per barrel; butter, eight cents per pound; cheese, four cents per pound; lard, four cents per pound; pork, two cents per pound; beef, three cents per pound; and whiskey—a necessity at every "raising," "logging-bee," or "general training"—only twenty cents per gallon. For want of small change, a silver dollar was divided into nine pieces, each of which passed for a shilling; and the marriage-fee of one dollar and twenty-five cents required by the offi-



THE FOURTH DECADE.

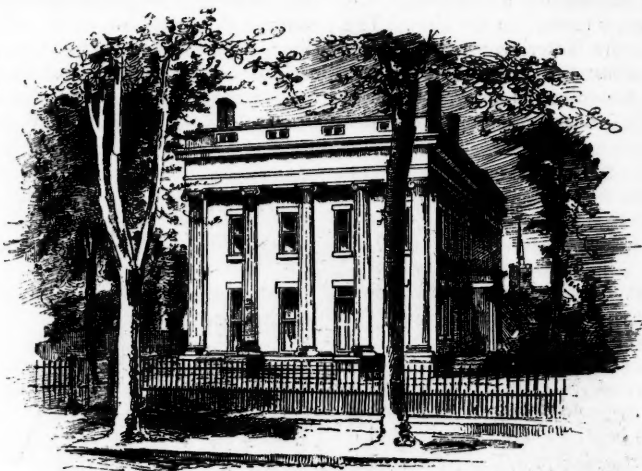
ciating justice was still paid in coonskins more frequently than in coin. And if any thing further were needed to show the Arcadian simplicity of the community, it may be stated that the "managers" of public balls started on their trips for the ladies before five o'clock in the afternoon, in order that the ball might open promptly at six.

It will scarcely be credited that in a village where other than rustic habits were impossible the taste of the inhabitants became intensely "classical." The log house and the modified farm-house of New England were no longer up to

their standard of beauty. The only correct thing—in their view—from this time on for twenty-five years was the Grecian temple! Imagine the "progress" that had been made, when the visitor to Joinwater might see alongside the most primitive of log cabins an Ionic temple of the Roman style, fashioned as to volutes and modillions somewhat after the principal façade of the White House in Washington, but with even more slender shafts than those of St. John Lateran in Rome or the Corps Législatif in Paris. So slender are these shafts—each one of a single stick of timber—that the inter-

columniation of the portico bids defiance to all laws of architecture, and the whole effect of the tetrastyle partakes of the "florid" order. A structure of this sort in wood is a flat contradiction of the proprieties. But to thrust four chimneys through the roof is to confess that it was built for another climate than that of Greece; and to pierce the walls with windows and to remove the main entrance

from the centre to one side of the portico is also to confess that the columnar, or ornamental, character of a dwelling-house of this kind must always be subservient to the fenestral, or useful, character. Now, the columnar cannot be subservient to any other character without losing its grandeur and beauty. Hence the columnar and the fenestral are irreconcilable, and therefore absurd. The Greeks



THE FIFTH DECADE.

recognized this fact when they allowed no architectural display in the houses of private individuals. Their temples were their masterpieces.

In the early days of art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part,  
For the gods see everywhere.

Americans, however, did not care for precedent or for the preparing of the holy ground whereon they trod. Not only in Joinwater but also in many rural communities "at the East" they so disfigured the models of the Erechtheum and the Parthenon with chimneys and windows and distressingly-plain friezes and pediments that Jefferson's words of a generation before could not be disputed: "The evil genius of architecture seemed to have shed a peculiar malediction over America."

Most of the houses in Joinwater, how-

ever, were built without the great pretensions that have been noted above. There were square houses of brick and stone and wood that were set as flatly upon the ground as were the original log cabins. The gables were turned at right angles to the street, and a "half-moon" window gave light to the attic. The more humble dwellings turned their gable-ends to the street, and adorned them with four windows, heavy cornices, and fluted pilasters. A large brick farmhouse with a brace of one-story wings became the pioneer among the permanent buildings on the Galilean Way. But whether the visitor entered the brick farm-house, the square stone house, or the wooden temple *à la Grecque*, he would still find the same stuffy vegetable-cellars and the same huge open fireplaces. "Tallow dips," however, had given place to whale-oil lamps, and Joinwater was "bril-

liantly illuminated" for the first time in its history.

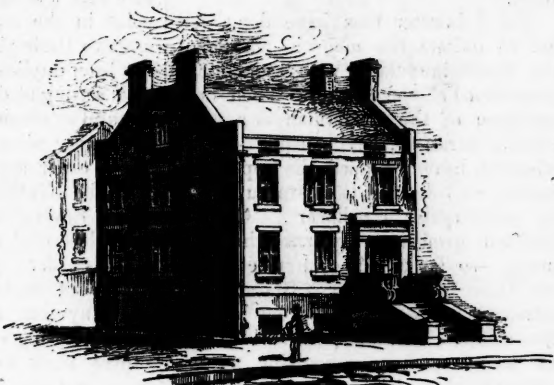
THE FIFTH DECADE [1830-1840].—

As an incorporated city, Joinwater now grew with such rapid strides that other towns at the mouths of other creeks were laid out as rivals. In Joinwater everything was bustle and enterprise. A Baptist clergyman started a brewery; but the only "schooners" known on the land went by the name of "Woosters," or Conestoga wagons. These lumbering vehicles were drawn through the mud by four or six horses, and their cargoes were flour and whiskey for Joinwater, and nails, codfish, and cotton for the interior. Thanks to the new canal, the commerce on the lake thrived in spite of the panic of 1837, and hundreds of thousands were voted to imaginary railroads. The day of small things having passed, the guide-posts were removed from the streets. No longer was Joinwater one hundred and thirty-five miles from Vespuceus, one hundred and eighty-three miles from Bison City, two hundred and fifty-five miles from the town of the Gracchi, three hundred and fifty-six miles from the Indian town called "Polecat City," and six hundred and six miles from the Island of the Manhattoes. It was high time that all these places should recognize the fact that they were at these respective distances from Joinwater.

Of course the log cabins were out of place in such a busy and growing community, and they were made to disappear as fast as possible,—just as the Connecticut housewife used to hustle the dish of shad or the dish of "supon" under the table whenever a neighbor looked in at meal-time. To live in a cheap house in Joinwater was as great a crime as to eat cheap food in Connecticut. Every man in Joinwater, however, claimed space

enough for the raising of his own "garden-sass," and every woman, armed with a trowel and a green gingham sun-bonnet, cultivated the long rows of love-apples, lady-slippers, mignonette, and dahlias that bounded the straight walk leading from the gate to her front door. Shrubs and bushes of various kinds, together with trees both deciduous and evergreen, made a solid embankment of leaves in the proper season. Elms, maples, etc., were planted in such abundance that Joinwater is better known as the "Tree City" than by any other title.

In architecture, as in all things else,



THE SIXTH DECADE.

whenever a dweller in Joinwater discovers a new idea the whole herd follows, like a flock of sheep. The Roman Ionic temples continued to be the favorites, despite their funereal origin; but ornamental pediments and friezes were still lacking. Brick and stone houses of various colors were made classical in the owners' eyes by adding wooden porticos painted white. More frequently the pediment was cut away in order to give the "hip-roof" an inclination toward the front. These Bourse-like buildings, usually in pentastyle, still retain the huge and hollow Ionic columns,—thus reversing the record of the ancient temples, whose columns resisted the elements long after the walls had gone to decay. Balustrades of various kinds surround the hip-roofs and add to the

height of the front elevations. In some cases the balustrades carry carvings or terminate in battlements. In other cases the small balustrade does not avail to hide the "observatory" on the peak of the roof. Only one instance is apparent where the portico has been consistently carried across one-story wings on either side of the main building,—real balusters being furnished in place of the solid boards ordinarily in use. The almost universal custom—which appears in our illustration for this decade—is to add Doric or Corinthian porticos to buildings that already carry porticos in Ionic.

The Joinwater men have done well not to imitate the majestic portals of the Madeleine along with the clumsy proportions of the Bourse. Their only specimen of the Corinthian is a semi-circular tetrastyle, having square-topped windows, heavily capped, the upper ones resting on balconies that are supported by semicircular cantilevers. Of Corinthian porches and piazzas there are many,—so far as the columns can commit them to that order. But all other attributes are wanting. In one instance the columns are faultless, and yet so far are they from supporting an entablature that they serve to uphold a series of small arches that are tipped with a cornice and balustrade elaborately decorated with "gingerbread-work." Worse than all, at the right of this porch, and closely adjoining it, a Doric piazza has been thrown across a wing of the building, bearing, instead of triglyphs, a few contemptible brackets that extend from the cornice across the frieze and down to the architrave!

The Etruscan order did not "take" with the Joinwater men, although it was the most appropriate for their climate, and although it was good enough for the colonnade of St. Peter's in Rome. Not so the Doric. No temple of this sort appears to-day; but in the place of the only one that was built we have a "Newport cottage" of the Ninth Decade. The manifestations of the Doric during the Fifth Decade were wholly confined to columns of the most severe sort, with

flutings detailing upon the pavement. Had these columns been of stone the effect might have been improved, but, like all the other columns in the city, save those of a hotel that are built *in antis*, they were of wood, and even that not solid. Even with the better material it would have been difficult to fit a one-story Doric piazza upon a big bit of a house with a square or a steep roof. It is perhaps quite as well that in a majority of instances the incongruity was made no worse by the addition of triglyphs or metopes on the frieze, although several piazzas were surmounted above the cornice with a solid balustrade that ran to a point in the centre. In one instance a massive Doric piazza on the ground-floor has been duplicated on the floor above, thus setting at defiance the law of architectural succession that would have made the upper piazza Ionic. In short, the Doric order appears to have run away with the Joinwater men during this decade. Several one-story cottages that were decorated with piazzas and porches of this order have given way to the demands of business. In one specimen of many that remain, the pediment is pierced with an immense oval window; others show an elevation of a basement and one story simply to throw the four Doric columns across the latter; while at rare intervals a low, rambling edifice of the Gothic sort is surrounded by a Doric colonnade of the Roman variety,—such colonnade sometimes being *in antis* instead of prostyle.

Aside from Grecian temples, in whole or in part, there were plain, square houses without columns, but with the ever-present balustrade of solid boards. Pilasters across the front often gave the hint of a portico. On the plainer class of buildings the horizontal cornice of the pediment was frequently omitted. Once in a while a real "Yankee" village house appeared, with a depth of but one room, supplemented by plenty of "linters" at the rear.

Those were halcyon days in the social life of Joinwater. The wide-mouthed front doors opened into twelve-feet halls that ran through to the rear of the build-

ing, where they terminated in spiral staircases. Elaborately-carved doors led into spacious apartments on either side, where the visitor was always welcome to warm himself at the open wood fire in the winter or to cool himself behind green "outside blinds" in the summer. No wonder that the older residents of to-day look back with regret and sigh for the open fire that made "the days of '36" both pleasant and profitable.

#### THE SIXTH DECADE [1840-1850].—

The Grecian temple had now fallen into disfavor, and in its place the favorite style appeared to be the square "city house," that was so fortunate as to have windows upon each of the four sides. The usual width was twenty-four feet, and "double parlors" communicating through folding doors were a *sine qua non*. The roof, like those in Montreal, sloped toward both the front and the rear. Elaborately-carved stone steps led

up to the immense square opening that had been reserved for the main entrance; but over this entrance a wide crack always showed the unequal settling of the front and side walls. The day had gone by for the building of houses flat upon the ground; and many of them were not only raised higher than formerly, but were furnished with an entire basement story. The front steps often concealed a series of inferior steps that led to the quarters below; but in no case did there appear the square hole in the wall that is reserved for the milkman's pail in Albany.

This style of house smacked too much of the crowded city, and it was soon abandoned. High steps and basements cannot be popular in the long run where there is abundance of room to "spread out." Hitherto the Gothic had only been hinted through an occasional lancet

window or a hip-knob in a Grecian gable. As we have already seen in regard to the Doric, the only title of ninety-nine in one hundred structures to be called "Gothic" arises from the use of a piazza that might be called Gothickesque, if such a term were allowable. The best specimens of the Gothic are two stone cottages on the Galilean Way,—one of them an Elizabethan of faultless proportions and as correct in detail as it is simple and massive, the other a plainer



THE SEVENTH DECADE.

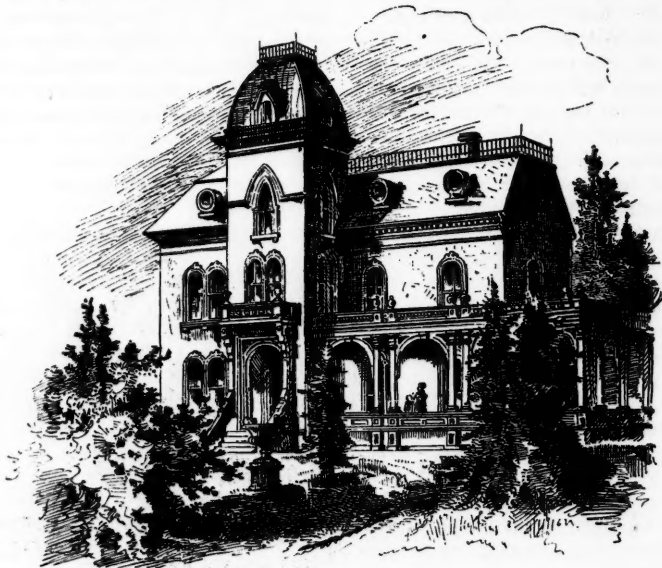
but not less correct specimen of this architecture of a Northern latitude.

The end of the panic of 1837, the running of extra shipping on the lake, the opening of improved means of communication with the interior, some of them by railroad, and the meeting of coal and iron and copper at her wharves,—all these led to a still further advance in the prosperity of Joinwater. The young city was still a kind of democracy, wherein every young business-man had a fair chance of success. Down to this time, let it be distinctly understood, no resident of Joinwater could say, with John B. Gough, "Bin tu Yurru."

THE SEVENTH DECADE [1850-1860].—A new style of dwelling now came into vogue. The walls were as plainly four-square as hitherto, but the roof was flatter, and upon it was perched an "observatory," or "cupola." The

Grecian columns had entirely disappeared, and in their stead the broad cornice—which now extended all about the building—was sustained by carved brackets. Square tops had always been considered good enough for the windows

and doors of the Joinwater residences, but now flat arches were "the thing," and they were finished with heavy projections, which made the use of "outside blinds" no longer possible, and hence they have been dispensed with; and from



THE EIGHTH DECADE.

that day to this "inside blinds" have been in use. This change was the cause of another peaceful revolution. As long as the outer blinds were in existence it mattered little whether the window-sashes behind them contained two, four, six, or eight panes of "flint" or "crown" glass. But when the outer blinds could not be used on the new "Italian villas," the old sashes went by the board, and "plate glass"—two sashes to the window—was the only thing allowable. To the Italian villa, therefore, are the people of Joinwater indebted for the opportunity of throwing off the yoke of outer blinds and crooked glass.

Other "improvements" followed. Bow-windows and "bay-windows" thrust themselves out from plain walls at every conceivable angle. Three-story villas showed two-story balconies adorned with Corinthian columns. Still others showed

elaborate door-ways of stone, with pediments like that of St. Gervais in Paris, save that the support was furnished by brackets instead of double columns on either side. Light iron piazzas—one story in height and of no particular style—were sometimes thrown across the front, while in other instances all the features peculiar to the villa were adopted, with the exception of the wide and projecting "cornice." In one very conspicuous instance octagonal masses terminating in appropriate finials were thrown out from each of the four corners. The heating-apparatus consisted of grates, furnaces, or "Franklin stoves,"—all of which used coal, to the exclusion of wood.

In the mean time, there had also been improvements in the business prospects of Joinwater. New railroads were built, after the leading citizens had submitted

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to the process of being locked up till they had "subscribed." The "battles of the bridges" that spanned the Crooked River ceased, because the two cities became one. Gas, water, and sewers were supplied; but pavements were so scarce and so poor that the muddy streets reminded one of the canals of Venice.

THE EIGHTH DECADE [1860-1870].—During "the war" everything in the architectural line remained *in statu quo*, but the revolt against the Italian villas was deep and wide-spread. All the men had gone to the battle-fields, except the home-guard, who valiantly resolved "never to leave Joinwater unless it was invaded." And so when heavy

snows came the women were obliged to mount to the roof and tumble the dangerous mass over the edge upon the ground below. The villa roof was thus discovered to have even larger holding qualities than the roof of the Grecian temple, while it was not made more ornamental by bits of living statuary along the pediments, each armed with a snow-shovel.

When the men had returned from the war, and when large amounts of money had been quietly "salted down" in Joinwater, a new era in building commenced. The plain four-square surfaces and the wide cornice of the villa were rejected. From one to three projecting masses were thrown out on either side, which



THE NINTH DECADE.

terminated in small pediments at the edge of the roof, thus breaking up the hitherto monotonous line of the cornice. As a rule, the main pediment was over the middle part of the front elevation, the main entrance being covered by a porch with the same general characteristics. On either side of this projection, windows, both above and below, showed heavy caps in the shape of pediments throughout. In some houses alternate angular and chorded pediments capped the windows, after the manner of the White House in Washington, or St. Peter's in Rome. In others these ornaments alternated vertically instead of horizontally. In almost every in-

stance the small pediments, wherever placed, were plain; but in one instance the ornate elaboration is evidently borrowed from the Hôtel-de-Ville.

But the "pediment" style, if such it can be called, was only a protest against the villas. The positive assertion of the architectural taste displayed during the decade was the mansard roof. On this subject the whole community became daft. New houses were built, and old houses—Grecian, Gothic, or Italian—were altered, so that they might be covered by the "modern" roof. Towers—both like and unlike those of the Louvre—were run up and pierced with Gothic windows or with an ar-

cade above an arcade of Romanesque windows. Gothic hoods also covered the hoods of the dormers. Once in a while an architect or builder so widely miscalculated his roof as to give it nearly the height of the two full stories beneath it,—the same effect being evident when this style of roof was added to a one-story cottage. The slant of the roof also was decidedly steeper, in a majority of cases, than the slant that is usually seen in Paris.

If now we add to these drawbacks to architectural beauty the fact that the very chimneys began to be flashily built, and that the almost universal flat arches and round arches for the windows and doors were made of iron, then no one can deny that the advent of money immediately after the war did not add to the beauty of Joinwater's appearance, save in a few isolated cases. In fact, the only redeeming feature of this decade was the uprooting of shrubbery and the removal of the long lines of smelage, love-apples, etc., from either side of the straight walk from the front gate to the front door. From this time on, the straight walk was discountenanced; for the space that it took was needed for the handsome lawn that still remains the most attractive feature of the best residences in Joinwater. Semicircular and serpentine walks dodge the main lawn in front, and thus leave an unbroken line of greensward from the sidewalk and across the slope to the very entrance.

THE NINTH DECADE [1870-1880].—But better days were in store for Joinwater, although the use of cast-iron ornaments still continued. The decade opened with the almost universal construction of flat and round arches for windows and doors. Sometimes the arches would be flat in the first story and round in the second. At other times the reverse was true. It was evident that both the mansard and the "pediment" were doomed. The first protest was the Newport villa,—a kind of cross between the "Eastlake" and the "Queen Anne." Piazzas large and small, steep hip-roofs in abundance,

and severely square and plain windows, were the chief characteristics of this revolution in building.

A still further advance was made when the number of piazzas and porches and hip-roofs so peculiar to the Newport villas had been reduced to the more simple and elegant forms that characterize the "modern Gothic." Plain walls of hammered stone or of pressed brick, plain square-topped windows and doors with caps that are laid flush with the outer wall, steep roofs of slate that send every bit of snow earthward, side-entrances that make all the front space available for windows, oblong halls with stairs turning at right angles at the various landings,—the whole lighted by the mysterious art of the glass-stainer,—all these minister to the eye, while physical comfort is subserved by deeply-laid walls, all kinds of cellars, laundries, and the "most improved" steam heating-apparatus.

It has already been mentioned that the inhabitants of Joinwater follow after new ideas in house-building, as in all things else, like a flock of sheep. That they have taken kindly to the modern Gothic is probably, in their opinion, the result of some one else's taking kindly to the modern Gothic first. They are not a very fast-going folk; for it is only within a brief period that you can have your baggage checked from your house to the land of the Manhattos or to the city of William Penn. They are a slow people, we assert, for they have been nearly one hundred years in finding out that the various Grecian and Italian roofs that they used year after year were totally unfitted for a climate in the northern latitude of Joinwater. The snow has a partiality for flat roofs, and it clings closely to gingerbread-work and foolish ornaments on cornices, windows, or piazzas. In the exterior appearance of an Eastern city, or even in that of a New-England farm-house, you will hardly discover that a snow-storm has taken place, so flat are the surfaces, and so bare of ornaments that will catch the snow. But Joinwater presents the most dismal appearance possible with roofs of

snow, windows of snow, doors of snow, —everything of snow. Hence the steep roofs of the plain surfaces of the modern Gothic are the most suitable weapons that the Joinwater men have ever had for fighting the elements. It has taken them one hundred years to find this out; and it is doubtful if they recognize the true import of it yet.

THE TENTH DECADE [1880-1890].  
—William Morris, the poet, declares,

"Until the contrast is less disgraceful between the fields where beasts live and the streets where men live, I suppose that the practice of the arts must be mainly kept in the hands of a few highly-cultivated men." There are many men of this sort in Joinwater; and they would sooner go back to gas for street-lighting than build in any of the various styles that preceded the modern Gothic. And they are right. The



THE TENTH DECADE.

roof must decide the future,—just as the roof has made utter failures in the past.

The faultlessly artistic sky-line of the modern Gothic is still in the greatest demand. Stone exteriors, stone corridors, and stone porches leave nothing to be desired in the way of workmanship; while in one notable instance—that of our illustration—hundreds of thousands have been spent on interior carvings in wood. The owners of other residences have expended less money in carvings, because they have devoted more to other modern improvements. Foreign "counts" have been imported at rare intervals, and sons-in-law who have foreign ideas about bridal endowments, rat-baiting on Sunday afternoons, or the ornamental func-

tions of a United States Minister to the court of St. James. Young gentlemen do not convey young ladies to balls on horseback as often as they did formerly. When the visitor is handed a chair he will not be horrified by the recital of the pioneer's hardships and how he toiled for what the descendants of to-day enjoy, nor will he be called upon to believe the statement that when there was but one chair in the house it was occupied by the grandmother, while the grandfather sat on the floor. In the hall or in the dining-room you may often see the halberds, the hauberks, and the coats of mail (*fac-similes*) that were worn by the Crusaders. But you will look in vain for the woollen "pants seated and kneed with buckskin" in

which some progenitor attended the first church in this forest. It is said that after Abdolonimus had been taken from his humble station in life and made King of Sidon he always kept a pair of wooden shoes near his throne, to remind him of his former obscurity

and to check his pride. This may not apply to Joinwater; for out of twenty-five original patentees the names of but six appear in the city directory of to-day. The story, however, may be applicable elsewhere.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

### THE CHIMES.

THE night is stirred with liquid murmurings,  
That ripple softly through the silent hour,  
As in a placid pool the dimpled rings  
Curve tremulously round a fallen flower.

From the gray steeple pointing to the stars,  
Dim in the darkling cluster of old trees,  
The golden notes pour through the belfry bars  
And fill the air with choral harmonies.

Over the moonlit hills they come and go,  
Over the misty fields they melt and die,  
Over the glimmering river, sweet and low,  
Floating and failing on the night-wind's sigh;

Re-moaning through the arches of the wood,  
Like the last breathings of the organ's tone  
When in an old cathedral's solitude  
A pilgrim lingers there to pray alone;

Mingling faint echoes with the bubbling fall  
Of waters in deep glens and lonely dells,  
As at the close of some bright festival  
Gay strains of music blend with low farewells;

Whispering sweet dreams in many a sleeper's ear,  
Incarnate memories of other years,  
Speaking with voices he no more shall hear,  
So that he starts and wakes in happy tears.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

## THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SOUTH WIND.

MISS MELVILLE, whose attention very little of what went on about the house in those days escaped, was quite aware that something had happened in the night, but what, she could not guess. There had been a sound of doors softly opened, and of light, hasty footsteps, and, looking from her window, she had seen figures hurrying down the avenue between the trees. Not being able to sleep well, she rose with the earliest light. Everything was still. The gardens were silvered over with dew, through which the autumn flowers shone with a softened richness. A broken circle of purple, sun-tipped mountains surrounded the billowy ocean of mist that covered the campagna.

That silence and freshness were tempting after the feverish unrest of the night. Hastily dressing, she threw a veil over her head, took her parasol, and went softly down-stairs and out through one of the long windows which she knew how to unfasten. The doors were not yet open, and there was no sign of any servant about.

How cool and invigorating the morning air was! How lovely the palms, with those long plumes tossed into the air and curving back like the waters of a fountain! How nobly the pines lifted themselves toward the sky, and how sweet was the earth beneath them, embalmed with the scattered foliage of a century of proud and patient growth! There was a circle of chairs here, where they had sat the evening before.

One not accustomed to early rising, or to going out early, is sometimes touched with a sort of surprise on finding the trees just where they were the night before. They had so sighed over us, waved us response and salutation, sheltered and shaded us, and been altogether so human, that there is an unconscious

impression that they also may go away or have some other home. But here they are, still sighing, saluting, shading, and rooted in the same spot. The heart of nature is so much larger than we sometimes think, and our own hearts often so much smaller.

The young American paused an instant under the trees, and looked about her at the lovely villa, and at the rolling mists below. It would certainly be pleasant to be the mistress of such a place, to live in the most beautiful country in the world, and among a people who, whatever faults they may have, are still the most exquisite people in the world. For while a bad Italian is the very viper of the human race, fit only to be destroyed as quickly as may be, a true Italian *galantuomo* or *gentildonna* is the flower of the children of men.

"If I only could stay!" she sighed, and, buried in thought, did not for a moment notice a strange sound, which presently attracted her attention. It came from a narrow ravine between the castle and the rocks, a place much less wild and deep than that beyond the castle. This place was a torrent-bed during the rains; but when dry—and it had now been dry for months—the contadini used it as a short road to the town. Some one was coming down,—a woman,—running wildly, leaping from rock to rock, and screaming as she ran.

Hastening down to the Serpentino, Miss Melville reached the crossing in time to see Mariù rush past her, her face deathly white, and her eyes wild.

"Mariù! Mariù!" she called; but the girl flew past without appearing to see her.

She followed, catching her delicate robes about her, and running fleetly off across the olives and the mist to a great plain of vineyards and wheat-fields, where the dark, blurred outlines of a farm-house loomed before her. She saw

Mariù rush into the arms of a woman who stood in the door, and then they both disappeared. When Miss Melville reached the door, there was no person in sight; but through the open door of an inner room came a murmur of voices. She followed the sound without hesitation, and stood on the threshold of a large bedroom, where several persons, surrounding a bed, hid its occupant from her sight. There was the woman of the house, two farm-men, and a third of a superior grade, who proved to be the surgeon of Sassovivo. Mariù, on her knees at the head of the bed, was leaning against the pillows and moaning out only half-articulated words of love and sorrow. She did not turn, though all the others did, at the sound of a step and the sight of a stranger. It did not escape Miss Melville that there was a certain alarm in their faces at sight of her.

The woman, Betta, came hastily to meet her, and would have led her into the outer room again, but she put her aside. "Who is that?" she asked, pointing to the bed. "What has happened?"

Betta began to whisper that it was a contadino who had met with an accident, when the surgeon interposed. "It is a young man from the villa, signorina," he said. "He has had a fall, and is badly bruised. But he will soon be up again. I would advise you not to look at him. He is an unpleasant sight."

"Excuse me," she said decidedly, and went at once to the bedside. There was not much to see, except blood-stained bandages and matted hair, and two wild eyes looking out between the cloths. She took the hand that seemed unhurt, and bent down. "If Don Leopoldo did it, press my hand," she whispered.

He gave her hand a sharp, quivering pressure.

"I had nothing to do with it," she whispered then, and, drawing back, went quickly out of the room, the surgeon following her.

"He will not die?" she asked in a faint voice, turning to him. She was quivering with disgust, compassion, and anger.

"I assure you not," the surgeon repeated. "And," he added with a slight hesitation, "there is no need of saying anything about the affair. These little things will happen, and it does no good to make a fuss about them. Of course I do not know anything. My business is to cure the fellow. I may say, however, that a certain lady whom you know requested me to keep the matter quiet, and the family here—there are now only the man and his wife and brother, fortunately—will say nothing."

"You must understand that I have nothing to do with the business, and have found it out only by accident," Miss Melville said coldly. "If it were in any way my affair, there would be something said about it, I assure you. But I would like to help that poor girl. Will you please say to her that as soon as Lorenzo is able to go about, if they wish to marry, I will give her a *dote*? It shall be left with her master, the Signor Glenlyon, at the castle."

Scarcely waiting for a reply, she hurried out of the house, and went toward the villa, muttering as she went, "This finishes everything for me and Leopoldo. What a providence that I waked!"

Mariù, recovered from her first terror, made herself useful. A messenger had gone up to the castle for her. As she swept off the outer steps and the courtyard in the early morning, a little shower of dry beans had fallen around her. Looking in the direction from whence they came, she saw a hand beckoning her out into the Gola, and half a man's face visible beside the gate. She went out with a sinking heart. Well she knew that face of Lorenzo's evil genius, the dark, sorry, half-savage fellow they called Martello. As she followed, he receded. She called to him to stop, and he still beckoned her onward, pausing only when they were out of sight of the castle. Before he spoke, she knew that something had happened to her lover. "Renzo wants you down at Betta's in the vineyards," he said roughly. "He's been thrown over into the ravine." And she had waited for no more.

Now, somewhat reassured for the present, but full of despair for the future, she helped deftly to dress her lover's wounds, with no weak shrinking, or turning away of the head, or exclamations. Pale, and with compressed lips, but entirely firm and quiet, she obeyed the surgeon's directions, washed the swollen and discolored face, her hand light, steady, strong, and practised, cleared the matted hair, and fastened the bandages. His was not the first battered human form she had seen, though it was the dearest one.

Poor Lorenzo was, indeed, miserably bruised and battered. His left arm was broken, and, what was worse, his nose was broken; there was a cut across one eyebrow, and another across his upper lip, and cuts, scratches, and bruises everywhere. He would be up in a short time, as the surgeon said, but the beauty of which he had been so proud was gone forever, and he knew it.

When all was done, and nothing remained for Mariù but to go, a sudden weakness overcame her. "Oh, Renzo mio!" she cried with a rush of tears, and bent her face almost, but not quite, to his shrinking, painful face, and put her arms around, but still without touching, his sensitive, bruised shoulders. Then, calming herself all at once, she wiped her tears sternly away, as if they were a weakness which she would not allow herself to repeat, and went back to the castle, after promising to come down again during the day.

The sublime and simple firmness with which the poor, and some chosen souls who do not need poverty in order to be noble, bear the most cruel suffering and utter no complaint, destroys one's admiration for the affected and egotistical softness which thinks it a proof of delicacy to scream at the scratch of a pin, and of tenderness to wish all the world to wear black for its sorrows. Mariù felt as if her throat were tightened by a dozen cords and a band of iron surrounded her temples; but she went about her work as usual, and performed it well. If she was paler than usual, no one noticed. Who observes if

a servant look well or ill? If they cannot work, they must say so; but one does not watch their faces. Of course she said not a word of what had happened.

Miss Melville was fortunate enough not to meet any one on returning to the villa; and, as they all took their morning coffee, tea, or chocolate in private, she was able to regain her calmness before seeing any of the family. From her window she saw the Donna Clotilda go out for her morning walk with the Countess Emilia; and when the servant who went for the morning post came back with an armful of letters and papers, she knew that the duke would be shut up in his study for an hour or two. Presently, when Don Leopoldo appeared, slowly sauntering out under the trees, she went down, and seated herself in an arm-chair on a shady terrace. A servant brought her a footstool and placed another chair near her, and presently the marquis, perceiving her, came toward her. He came with his eyes fixed keenly and intently on her face, like one who, knowing that much has happened since he last met his present companion, watches to see if the other is also aware. He meant to tell her all, and had been studying how he should do so, and he had been assuring himself that she would not care. Had she not a score of times said to him that it was doubtful if their engagement ever came to anything, or something to that effect? Yet, when he saw her apparently so well pleased and friendly, his courage failed. But not for that did his resolution fail. Wealth, honor, his mother's wishes, the opinions of his friends,—all were not worth to him one smile or touch of the girl he loved. The thought of her surrounded and steeped him through with delight. He had completely forgotten the unfortunate spy whom he had thrown into the ravine. Alfonso had told him that Lorenzo was not fatally hurt, and had been taken care of, and he had then dismissed the subject from his mind.

"You do not look well this morning," Miss Melville said smilingly as he approached her. "What is the matter?"

"I'm well enough, thanks," he replied carelessly, taking with a rather ill grace the chair she pointed to. It was directly before her, and therefore in the full fire of her glances. Her brightness embarrassed him. "Good heaven!" he thought, "is she going to forgive all my offences and want to make up with me?" And for the first time in his life he lost the power to use those smooth phrases which bridge over a difficult moment and silence when they do not convince.

His companion watched his embarrassed face and manner with a mocking smile.

"What was the meaning of the stir I heard in the house last night?" she asked, after a pause. "I fancied myself in some old feudal castle in the Middle Ages, and that horrible deeds were being performed. I lay between sleeping and waking, and imagined a thousand horrors. There were mysterious whisperings, the *fruscio* of garments in the corridors, doors softly opened and shut, steps on the stair, and mysterious forms stealing down the avenue. For I actually got up and looked out. I was afraid that some one was coming to murder me."

"You have been reading more novels than are good for you, I suppose, and they have given you wild dreams," he said. "I heard no stir. I sleep too well. It must be amusing to have frightful dreams. Of course nothing happened, or I should have heard of it. Alfonso is a wonderful being. He tells me if a mouse squeaks."

Don Leopoldo spoke as if he were half asleep yet, trying to imitate the inimitable languor of his father, and while speaking drooped forward, carefully examining his finger-nails, as if their state were the question of the day to him.

"Oh, several things happened last night," she said, "after you left us,—to see the advocate Bonifacio on business, you know. I saw you go out through the garden with your mandolin. You made quite a romantic figure stealing from tree to tree. I presume that you

and the advocate sang your business, as they do at the opera. He has a fine bass, I know, for I have heard him sing in the church. What instrument did he accompany himself with when you asked him in falsetto what his bill was? Was it a laconic, sepulchral '*Lir-venti*!' to the lowest scrape of the violoncello? How charming it must have been! Ah, this is indeed the land of song!" she concluded, clasping her hands with enthusiasm.

Don Leopoldo's face grew very red at her first words, though he was seasoned to most attacks of the kind, and he listened with a frown, his eyes downcast, and answered in a constrained voice when she ended, "There is no need of my telling anything to one who seems already to be so well informed."

"I had stopped in the stairway window a moment to look romantically out at the stars," she said more seriously. "I did not intend to watch you. Perhaps you may not be able to believe it, but there is nothing intriguing, or spying, or deceitful in my character. Of course I do not want you to answer any question. I resign all right to ask any, and I assure you that I do not care one fig what you do. I wish I could make you understand how absolutely indifferent I am. Why, I would as soon watch one of the grooms!"

"I know that I deserve your displeasure," Don Leopoldo said, finding an opening.

"It is contempt!" she exclaimed, with an obliging air.

He was silent, coloring deeply again. Liberty was not coming to him with roses in her hands.

"But don't let us talk any more about that," Miss Melville resumed hastily. "I want to be civil, if I can. It is hard; for I am honorable, and I despise all that is low. If I were a trickster, I should find it easier to smile at dishonor. Don't make any excuses. They will not mend the matter. And, besides, I am myself to blame. I should never have consented to this ridiculous engagement when I was not able to carry it out to the bitter end. It must have

been your mother's eloquence which overcame me. The duchess is a very talented woman, Don Leopoldo, and a very charming one, too. I am sorry for her disappointment."

"You will tell her?" he asked, with an apprehension that he could not conceal.

"I have no wish to assist at a scene of tragedy," Miss Melville replied. "I shall write to her."

Something more of manliness and noble shame showed itself in her companion's face. "I humbly ask your forgiveness for the seeming disrespect which I have shown you," he said. "I was not worthy of you."

"I know that you are not," she replied. "Neither are you worthy of that pretty English girl whom you are now deceiving. Or do you really dream of marrying her, and that your father and mother and her guardian will consent? What lectures the weeping Juliet will have to take! Come, tell me of last night. It will amuse me." And she leaned back in her chair and looked at him with smiling disdain.

Don Leopoldo raised his eyes to her face for the first time, and his gaze was full and fearless. "I am not deceiving her," he said. "I would die rather than deceive her."

His companion's scornful smile became tinged with a slight surprise.

"Why should you be hard upon me, Teresa, when you know that you never loved me?" he went on more earnestly. "It would be generous of you to really forgive and help me. You can afford to. You are rich and free, and can fly like a bird to whatever part of the world you choose. I am bound here. And, Teresa, I love that girl with all my heart."

"*S'intende!*" she said, with a smile of amusement.

His face darkened. It was true that he could not hope to be believed.

"And you expect to marry her?" she asked, with the same amused look.

"It is my only hope in life. It is the only thing worth living for," he answered.

She opened her eyes on him wide, half in contempt, half in wonder. "How ridiculous these lovers are," she thought, "with their confagurations of straw, their forevers of a month, and their devotions which are an egotism!" Yet for the hour he seemed really in earnest. "I didn't think that you were so foolish," she remarked.

He lifted his head proudly. Every moment he gained in dignity. If she were so careless of losing him, he need not feel too guilty in having deserted her, and could forget everything but his love. "You think it folly that I should wish to marry the only woman I have ever loved well enough to make me despise myself!" he exclaimed. "There is nothing that I would not suffer to win her. They preach to us of heaven, and tell of men who have lived long years of voluntary poverty and pain to win it. She is my heaven made visible; and what the saints have done for their own happiness, that I would do to win her."

Miss Melville looked at him in astonishment. "Have you often loved in this way?" she asked.

"Never! never! It is a revelation. Oh, cannot you believe me? Because I have so many times deceived myself and others, is there no truth in me? If a man were born and lived many years down in a deep mine, never seeing the light of day, you might make him believe that a lamp or a fire was the sun. But if once he came out under the sky at noonday, would it be possible for him ever to be deceived again? I did not know what love is. Now I know."

While he spoke, his companion listened with a growing conviction of his sincerity and a growing wonder over it. "How has that girl made him adore her so?" she thought. "It is because she has been inaccessible, because she would not come down to him. I am her superior in beauty, and accomplishments, and character, and I was willing to sacrifice myself, to be patient, and to make excuses for him. She would not soil a finger for him, and he would die for her. She is right. The talk of good women coming down to save bad men is

a delusion. The men do not thank them, and both together fall into the ditch. The women who treat men the worst are the most loved by them. Remember that, my dear Teresa, and see that your next lover is made to toe the mark."

"Well, men are unaccountable beings," she said resignedly, when he ceased speaking. "If it will do you any good to know that I believe that you believe yourself, then be happy. I only hope that your effulgent angel may not be torn into inch pieces, that is all. And now let us go in to breakfast, and see if romance has left us any appetite."

"Duchess," she said, entering the breakfast-room, "the Marquis of Vannosa has been telling me love-stories all the morning, and he has put me in such an exquisite frame of mind that I can eat nothing more gross than strawberries washed in wine and sprinkled with sugar."

The talk immediately turned on love, and a playful war began, the company dividing on the question. But it was evident that the duchess was more in earnest than the others, and she became almost angry with her husband for defending the cause of romantic love. "It is a folly, a madness, a crime," she declared. "It is contrary to common sense. It is contrary to reason." She became quite excited.

"Tautology, my love," said the duke.

"Ask Emilia if romantic love leads to happiness," his wife exclaimed rather indelicately, turning to the countess, who blushed slightly at an appeal which brought up all the sorrows of her life.

"This world is not a place where we can realize all our poetical dreams," she said, gently evasive.

They were trifling with their coffee.

"Listen to a parable, ladies," said the duke, setting down his cup. "There was once a people who made war against the south wind. This is historical: Herodotus tells the story: therefore it is serious. Well, the south wind dried

up the fountains of these Libyans, and, after suffering it as long as they could, they declared war, and set out to destroy their thirsty enemy. The south wind blew their defiance back into their faces. They rushed to the charge with a storm of lances and arrows. The south wind continued to blow. The Libyans rushed furiously southward, determined to go to the root of the matter, and met their foe as it came in over the Southern Sea, and fell upon it with such a blind rage that they all, men, women, and children, rushed over each other into the sea, and were drowned. History tells us that not one Libyan escaped; but I think that a mistake. And the south wind blew in over them and went to drink their deserted springs, just as if nothing had happened. *Signore mie, I drink to Love, the south wind of the heart.* It will blow on and drink the freshness of youth when we shall have gone down under the salt wave that covers all."

The countess cast a tearful, smiling glance at the speaker; but the wife rose abruptly and led the way out-doors.

"I congratulate you on your prudence and your south wind," she said sarcastically, going to him apart. "Such fine talk will do Leopoldo great good."

"Leopoldo!" the duke murmured, with a cigarette between his lips. "What is the matter with him? I was wishing that he and Teresa might be taken up together in a cyclone."

"Magari!" said his wife. "But he is more likely to blow up to the castle."

"What do you mean?" The gentleman stopped smoking.

"He was out serenading the English girl last night," she replied.

The duke dropped his eyes, and seemed to be carefully removing the ash from his cigarette. One would scarcely have expected to see such a concentrated anger in his usually mild and indifferent face.

"He has been hanging about her for some time," the mother went on. "I cannot understand how Teresa is blind to it. But possibly she is not. That girl is dark. She is capable of seeing

all and saying nothing, till just at the point of leaving us she might lean out of the carriage and say, 'Oh, by the way, that engagement is all over, you know.'"

"And right, too," the duke said, flinging his cigarette away. "She has been patient. See! Leopoldo is leaving her to go into the house. Come and talk with her. It behooves us to pay her every attention."

Don Leopoldo had gone into the house to write a letter to Aurelia. He could now tell her that he was free. "Ah, my love," he concluded, "I shall have many years to pass in purgatory, and I deserve them. But when, at last, I shall be fit for heaven, and feel myself floating upward, come and lean to me out of paradise as you leaned from the loggia last night. You will be all white, like a dove, your hair will shine round you softly, and fall over me, as it did last night. There will be no glare of splendor to dazzle my unaccustomed eyes, but a celestial moonlight, and my moonlight-love among women. How fair your brow was, dear! It had the white of the Milky Way that is all stars. Write to me. I am thirsty for a word."

The letter sealed, Leopoldo called his man and directed him to go to the farthest part of the town and give it to Chiara, the wife of the duke's administrator. She must make some excuse to go to the castle and give the letter to Giovanna to deliver to the young lady at once, asking if there was an answer. If there were, she must wait. And in any case she was to see if there were any news at the castle.

Alfonso was to wait at Chiara's house till her return, then come back to his master without an instant of delay.

The man took his orders with solemn attention, bowed, and went. An hour later he came back. The letter had been delivered; there was no reply, and the only news at the castle was that the great fig-tree had been cut down and pitched into the ravine.

This was stormy news for the lover. "But she will manage to send me a note to-day," he thought.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A COUNCIL OF WAR.

WHEN Aurelia had closed her window the night before, and lighted a lamp, she seemed to waken from a dream. Her heart fluttered and her cheeks burned at the thought of what she had done. Rest was impossible. She walked up and down the room awhile, her mind in a tumult; then, softly opening her door, she stole across to Aurora's chamber. "Are you gone to bed, dear?" she whispered through the key-hole, seeing the light shine under the door.

There was a soft exclamation from within, and Aurora, dressed for the night, opened the door. "What is the matter?" she asked in some alarm. "What has happened?"

For reply Aurelia ran across the room, threw herself on the bed, and buried her face in the pillow. Her friend followed her, and repeated her questions with many a tender phrase and caress.

"I have done such a shocking thing! Something so strange has happened! I have been bewitched, and have— Oh! Aurora, you see before you the most imprudent, the most ashamed, the most bold, the most—I don't-know-what girl in the world!"

And finally the whole story came out, and was discussed with such a mingling of good sense and charming ignorance of the world as might be expected of two such girls, and with the mutual conclusion that everything must be told to Glenlyon in the morning the very first moment that he could be seen.

"And, oh! what will he think of me?" exclaimed Aurelia.

"You see, I cannot say a word," Aurora said. "I have a divided heart and allegiance. There are the duke and duchess, and mamma with them, and that poor Miss Melville. And, on the other hand, you, my dearest! Of course no one could help loving you; and if you care for him I would not for the world see you disappointed. Ah! it is certain that love is a terrible power. In one of her poems mamma says that dis-

appointed love is sweetest. I don't know why: do you?"

"It must be because one's expectations are never realized, or—Oh! if only I had not kissed him!"

Aurora was at fault. She did not know the etiquette of love-affairs; yet a kiss did seem serious. "I suppose that you loved and pitied him, dear," she said hesitatingly.

"I didn't pity him in the least!" Aurelia exclaimed. "I think I wanted to get rid of him. As for loving,—I begin to hate him for having betrayed me into such an imprudence. What if any one were to know? I should hate a man who would compromise me."

"Oh, the Signor Glenlyon will arrange everything," Aurora said soothingly. "But, if I did not love a man, sooner than kiss him in order to get rid of him, I would give the tree a shake and let him down suddenly."

"I did not say that I do not love him at all," Aurelia replied a little impatiently. "I don't know whether I love him or not. He looked so beautiful! Oh, wait till you have half a dozen lovers, and then see how perplexed you will be. You are sure to have a good many soon."

"Oh, I hope not!" was the somewhat alarmed answer. "I should want only one man in the world to love me. I should be angry if any one else ever spoke of love to me. Think of more than one man in the world believing it possible that you could love him! I should want to kill them! But for my one I would suffer or die. The perfection of all would be to die for him. I have no thought of marriage. It seems to me that I shall never marry. I should not care for the love that drags itself through the thorny years till it is all torn to rags. A flash out of a cloud, a sudden sweetness which lasts but a day, but lives in the memory a lifetime,—that is perfect,—that is my dream,—that is divine!"

"But one can have lovers without going into society," she resumed, after a palpitating pause. "Mamma does not wish me to go into society. She says I

can go to operas and plays if I have the opportunity, but that she wishes me to eat at home, and see my friends in private."

"That is my guardian's idea," Aurelia remarked.

"I have had five offers,—made to mamma," the other said very coolly. "And she has refused them all. We will live together, mamma and I, when we have money enough."

"Five offers!" Aurelia exclaimed.

They spent half the night talking, and the rest in sleeping side by side, and sleeping so late that instead of waiting for Glenlyon he had to wait for them.

"Oh, it seems more hideous by daylight than it did last night!" Aurelia whispered, as they all went into the drawing-room together after breakfast.

"I have something to tell you, sir," she called up courage to say at once. "And Aurora need not go away, for she knows everything." And then she told her story in a faint voice, Aurora sitting beside her, holding her in a half embrace, and looking eagerly at Glenlyon, while his ward could not raise her eyes.

He listened in silence, and seemed quite calm, but felt a terror of which they had no conception. He could hardly have believed that Aurelia would so far forget herself. When she had finished her story, he rose.

"Stay here till I come back," he said, and went out by way of the anteroom.

What did he mean to do? The two girls looked at each other. "How did he look?" whispered one. "He looked pale and resolute," whispered the other.

Glenlyon went down-stairs and called Gian. "Bring an axe, and follow me," he said, and went out on the narrow terrace at the south side of the castle. "Cut down that tree," he said to the wondering Gian, who had followed him, axe in hand.

"Now, signore?"

"Instantly."

The brittle fig-wood was not hard to cut, and Gian, under the steady gaze of those stern eyes, worked with a will. In

a few minutes the great tree came down with a soft crashing of all its boughs and branches, half of it leaning over the parapet.

"Put it all over," said Glenlyon.

"What! signore?" exclaimed Gian in amazement.

"Cut off the under branches," his master said impatiently.

Gian obeyed. The under part of the trunk was clear.

"Now!" exclaimed Glenlyon, and, starting forward, he put his shoulder under the trunk, and, assisted by the speechless servant, lifted it with a powerful effort, and sent it crashing down the rocks where Mariù's lover had gone the night before. "No marauding rascal will ever climb to the windows of my house on that tree again!" said Glenlyon to himself, and went into the house with a drop of satisfaction in the fountain of his bitterness. "I request you to stay in the house to-day, Aurelia," he said, entering the drawing-room. His face was still red with the unusual exertion he had made. "And if that fellow comes here, do not admit him, or speak to him. Signorina, I rely on you not to assist in any intercourse whatever between my family and Don Leopoldo." His voice was tremulous and deep, his tone severe. He went into his own room, and came out after a moment with his hat and cane.

"Oh! what are you going to do?" exclaimed Aurelia, starting up.

"I am going to talk with the duchess," he replied coldly.

"I beg you not to!" she entreated. "It will be betraying a confidence. I need not have told you."

"If you had not, then you would have deceived me," he said, looking at her sternly. "I never have believed you capable of that. It was your duty to tell me; and it is my duty to put a stop to this business, and I shall do so."

"What will the duchess think of me?" cried the girl, bursting into tears of mortification. "I wish that I had not told you!"

Glenlyon's face softened. "You can trust me, Aurelia," he said more gently.

"I know what your delicacy requires. If any one tells of that foolish kiss, it will be the person who received it."

She blushed deeply, and her eyes drooped. "I do not believe that he will ever do or say anything to harm me," she said faintly.

Glenlyon went toward the door.

"Oh, I will promise anything, if only you will not tell them!" she exclaimed, putting herself before him.

He put her gently aside. "Aurelia, I go to save your reputation," he said.

In any other circumstances Glenlyon would scarcely have gone to the villa at such an hour; but he was anxious to lose no time in enlisting the mother on his side, silencing her tongue, and evading her enmity. And he was none too soon. Already the duchess had said everything to her maid, her daughter, and the Countess Emilia, that an angry woman can say, and she grew more angry every moment, and, as she did not wish her husband to know the whole affair, more unrestrained. Not knowing the facts,—for her spy could not speak, and Don Leopoldo would not,—she imagined the worst. There was nothing too bad to believe.

Her judgment did not become more gentle when she was told that Glenlyon was in the garden and wished to see her. Her maid, going up to the castle to see if she could cull any news, had met him on the rocks, and come back. "He is waiting in the passion-flower arbor," Pippa said. "And he told me that I need not mention his name to any one else."

"That's right. Don't say a word that the duke may hear," her mistress said. "Oh, something disgraceful must have happened."

"Try to be calm," the countess urged, "I do not believe that things are as bad as you fear. Be a little careful what you say. Wait and hear what he has to tell you."

Scarcely hearing a word that was said, the duchess caught the veil and parasol that were offered her, went out at a side-door leading under a trellis, and ran through the shrubberies, but moderated

her pace a little as she approached the arbor.

Glenlyon stood in the midst of the arbor, his hat off, and his white hair so near the leafy ceiling that a passion-flower touched it with its large mournful blossom. He bowed when she appeared, and saw at once that she knew what had brought him. "I see that I need not apologize for coming at such an hour," he began—

"Oh, don't waste time in apologies," she interrupted impatiently. "Tell me what is to be done in this miserable affair."

"It is simple," he replied with dignity. "You will probably tell the Marquis of Vannosa that he is not to come to the castle any more, and that he will do well not to expose himself to the mortification of being refused admittance."

She breathed more freely; but her anger increased as her anxiety diminished. "It is not my son alone who needs to be counselled," she said, drawing herself up. "A young man will always flirt when he is encouraged."

It went to Glenlyon's heart not to be able to deny that her son had been encouraged. "My ward does not understand Southern character and manners," he said. "She did not deliberately give him any encouragement. She has twice been taken by surprise, and now I hope that her lesson is learned. The proof of her perfect innocence of any wrong intention is that she told me everything immediately."

"What did she tell you?" the duchess demanded.

He would not notice her unpleasant tone. "It seems that the marquis came last night to serenade her. She had stepped into her balcony a moment, not knowing that he was below. He said something which left no doubt as to his feelings, or pretended feelings. She lingered but a moment, then went into her chamber and shut the window. This morning she told me all."

"She shut her window too late!" the duchess cried. "What business has a young lady out in her balcony at night, if she does not wish to be spoken to?"

"Why she was there is no business of mine, nor of yours, madam," Glenlyon said calmly; but a light began to flicker under his heavy white eyebrows. "The night was beautiful, and she may have wished to admire it and to dream in that enchantment of moonlight. What do elderly people know or recollect of the delicate fancies of a young and virgin heart? Her chamber and balcony are her empire, to do as she pleases in, and no one could have expected intrusion in that lonely place hanging over a ravine. Besides, you must remember, duchess, that there is a vast difference between England and Italy, and that those romances which are so common here are almost unknown among us."

"It was just the place where one might expect a lover," the duchess struck in sharply.

Glenlyon paused an instant in doubt. He could not be aware that the lady knew as much of his household affairs as he knew himself.

"There is a tree by which one may climb into the balcony," she said.

Glenlyon's heart sank. "One could not climb into the balcony," he returned, "and, if he could, he did not. He would not have dared."

"He could have got into the balcony if she had helped him," the mother exclaimed. Her companion became crimson. He would have spoken, but the words stopped in his throat. "Who knows how many times he has been there?" she went on recklessly.

"Silence, madam!" exclaimed Glenlyon, finding voice, and bringing his foot down on the pavement with a stamp which made the duchess start and crimson in her turn. "Not another word of that!"

She stood silent and red, but recalled to her more prudent self. She perceived that she had gone too far, and, though angry at the imperious command, was more afraid than angry. What if he should go to her husband? What if he should punish her by favoring Don Leopoldo?

"I will allow no slander of my ward," Glenlyon went on. "Be sure I will

not be trifled with there. If the Marquis of Vannosa utters a word to her disadvantage, I will horsewhip him with my own hand. I am strong enough yet for that." And he held out a hand that was trembling, indeed, but not with weakness, and, grasping one of the sticks that supported the vines, snapped it like a twig. "My ward is accustomed to the society of gentlemen of honor. Your son is the first *roué* who has ever obtained admittance to her presence."

The duchess was terrified, for the old man towered before her in such anger that she was almost ready to believe that he might seize her arms and shake her breath out.

"There is no call for so much anger," she said, trying to be dignified. "Don Leopoldo, so far from intimating anything against the signorina, declares that she is an angel. Neither do I mean to say anything against her. I dare say it is only a little nonsense on both sides. But you must recollect the feelings of a mother. After all the pains I have taken to arrange a suitable match for my son, I cannot patiently bear to see it put in jeopardy for such folly."

"It is true that you have had provocation," Glenlyon owned, willing to conciliate.

"I have been nearly distracted!" she exclaimed. "And now, what if that man should die!"

"Why should he die?" Glenlyon asked, not well knowing what he said.

"You think it a trifle for a man to be flung over the parapet into the ravine!" she exclaimed impatiently. "If Leopoldo had flung him a foot farther he would have been dashed in pieces. When they found him he was on the very edge of the last precipice, and, fortunately, quite insensible. He was foolish. He went too near."

She took for granted that the throwing of Lorenzo over the parapet was known to Glenlyon and had been witnessed by Aurelia.

Glenlyon's face grew ashen. He looked about in search of a chair, and sat down. "Where is he now?" he asked.

"He is with a contadino family that I know, and has every care," she replied. "The matter will be kept private. The surgeon has hopes of him. I only spoke of a possibility."

"Duchess, I knew nothing of this, neither did Aurelia," said Glenlyon faintly. "She must have shut her window before it occurred."

He leaned his head on his hands. She thought that he was going to faint, and beckoned her maid, who was posted as guard at the end of the alley leading to the arbor. "Run and bring a flask of wine from the little grotto," she said, and gave the girl a key which was her own pass through several doors about the place.

Glenlyon did not raise his head or speak till she offered him the wine, some of a past year from his own little vigna. He did not understand at first. Then he took the glass she offered him, and drank, and in a few minutes a faint color came into his cheeks.

"I do not wonder at any excitement that you may have felt," he said then. "You have suffered cruelly. Pardon my impatience. Is there anything that I can do?"

"Nothing," she replied; and, being kind of heart when not angry, she began to reassure and soothe him.

"If your family were not going to leave so soon," he said, "I should take Aurelia away at once. Perhaps I had better as it is."

But no; she would not hear of that. Leopoldo should go in a day or two, the affair could be hushed up, and all would end well if only they were careful. Such troubles would come where there were young people, but one should not think too much of them. Besides, if he took Aurelia away, Leopoldo would assuredly follow her where perhaps it would not be so easy to keep guard over him.

"And, since the signorina does not know about Lorenzo, it is better not to tell her," she concluded. It was her opinion that the young lady would find such an act of prowess irresistible.

"Not unless it should be necessary,"

replied Glenlyon, who knew that the incident would disgust and terrify Aurelia.

The duchess was all amiability. She offered her arm to Glenlyon; and, though he declared himself revived and quite able to walk without help, she accompanied him to the rocks. She began to be grateful to him for having warned her when he might have supposed her ignorant, and for having taken no advantage of his power to entrap Don Leopoldo for his ward. After all, it seemed to her that the Signor Mosè might be that *rara avis*, a perfectly honorable and transparent man. He had all the imprudence of honesty, all the foolishness of honesty, she said to herself. "We must not kill ourselves about this," she said cheerfully. "Young people will be silly; but you and I together will reduce them to order. When we shall have got rid of Leopoldo, you must all come down and dine with us again before we go to Rome. I shall not make any difference with the signorina. I'm sure she meant no harm. And we must not let people talk."

Glenlyon thanked her gratefully. He felt that she was really being very amiable, and that a continuance of relations with the villa would stop any gossip that might have arisen.

"He is really a *galantuomo*!" she thought, as she went back to the house, and felt quite an affection for him.

Don Leopoldo, from an upper window, had witnessed this interview and parting, Alfonso having warned him of what was going on. "So the whole grand army is drawn out!" he muttered, and laughed scornfully. "My brave generals, you are fighting against the south wind." And visions of rope-ladders, a private marriage, flight, and triumph, began to dance before his mind. How delightful were difficulties when love was sure! "The south wind blows!" he said, and laughed again. "The south wind blows! It ought to be a song."

But later, when Alfonso came back with no reply, nor promise of reply, to his letter to Aurelia, and with news that his tree of paradise had been cut

down, he understood that she also had been called to account, and that he should not again rock in the leafy boughs underneath her loggia.

Nothing remained but letters; and in the evening he sent another to the castle, and learned that it had been placed in Aurelia's hands. But no answer came.

"I ought at least to write a line and tell him that all intercourse between us must cease," she said to her guardian, who knew that the letters had come, but had not read them.

"And so become entangled in a correspondence and give him a chance to say that you have written to him!" Glenlyon replied. "I will write to him, if you wish."

But she would not consent. And still another letter came,—a desperate one this time. Don Leopoldo wrote that he should go to the church the next day, and follow her out after the sermon. She must speak to him. He knew not what to think. If she did not give him the opportunity he sought, he should come to the castle. What had he done, that he should be left in such torment?

"I shall do as he wishes, sir," Aurelia said firmly. "He is right. He has reason to complain that no notice is taken of him. I will take Jenny with me and keep her with me, and allow him only to accompany me through the street to the gate here."

Glenlyon saw in her face an invincible firmness. "You think it best so?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I think it best to give you a piece of information which I have withheld to spare you pain," he said, and told her what had happened to Lorenzo, and that, though out of danger, he was disfigured, and poor Mariù made unhappy, for life.

She grew paler as she listened, but sat silent, her eyes cast down, and her lips compressed.

"You are still of the same mind?" he asked.

"The same," she replied.

"I must tell you all that the duchess said," he went on, and, though it was hard for him to repeat her insinuations, he did so. "Can you run the risk of such remarks being repeated?" he asked.

Aurelia had grown deadly pale while listening; but her mouth showed no yielding. "I have trusted you entirely, sir," she said, and lifted her steely eyes to his face. "It is now your turn to trust me. I shall see him."

Glenlyon sighed, and said no more. It was true that she had certain rights, and so had even Don Leopoldo.

And so the next morning Aurelia went to the cathedral, accompanied by Jenny, going in rather late, and seating herself between the pulpit and the door. Glenlyon always went early, and took a chair in a corner near the altar, and Aurora, watching for her mother to come up the rocks, ran out and went with her. It had come to be understood that the mother and daughter should be free at the hours of public worship, and occasionally for a half-hour before dinner.

When she took her seat, Aurelia had to exercise a good deal of self-control not to look about her. She did not give even the most fleeting glance to see if Don Leopoldo were in his usual place opposite her. He was there, and his face lighted with a sudden flash as she appeared. Then his eyes settled upon her, and never moved from that pale and stirless profile, that seemed to be sculptured in some delicate stone.

She sat motionless, not hearing a word of the sermon, steeling herself for the interview which was at hand. What Glenlyon had told her was quite enough to prevent any wavering; but still she was not able to be entirely indifferent to Don Leopoldo. His letters had revived and fed that fascination which had so subjected her when she saw him floating in the moonlight and the whispering leaves beneath her balcony. He had written with a fiery grace, using his own language. He had drawn her portrait as with a moonbeam, till, reading, she felt a poetical delight in herself. He had exhausted the graces of the

most graceful of tongues, and still he had not said all. "I bring a ship-load to the gates of expression, and have only a rose-leaf to float it out on," he wrote. "My love and my torment are beyond words. Can you doubt me? Can you, who have made me all yours with a glance and a touch, refuse me yourself? Ah! my Aurelia, you have half immortalized my body even; for where you kissed me on the brow the spot will never grow cold."

These words, glowing and confused in her memory, like the broken flowers we heap together to fling in the path of a queen, seemed to be tossed about her brain as her heart beat, and as the moment approached for her to leave the church.

Yet nothing of this inner stir was visible to the eyes that watched her. Her fair face against the dark pillar beyond it looked like one of those unmoved pearly faces which survive amid the wrecks of some frescos of those ingenious early masters whose pencils, not yet informed by the passions, were dipped in the still white dawn of art. To Don Leopoldo's adoring thought she seemed set in a golden calm, like a saint in an aureole. He stood and loved her, and it seemed to him that he loved God and all mankind. A beggar-boy leaning somewhat rudely against him, he dropped a hand softly to his rough hair, then felt in his pockets for a soldo, but could not bear to look and so lose one instant of that blissful contemplation. He and Aurelia would be good to the poor, he resolved, and they would go and hear mass among them as now.

"How they will adore her, my love!" he thought, and his breath came full, quick, and tremulous with delight as he gazed, marking the sweep of the soft hair under the veil which she had learned from the duchess's family to wear. "A bonnet in the country is ridiculous," the duchess said.

At length the preacher came down from the pulpit, and she rose to go out. "Do not leave my side for an instant unless I bid you," she said hastily to Jenny, as the heavy curtain fell behind

them, and they stepped out into the sunshine.

A moment later Don Leopoldo had joined her, making his salutations with ill-assumed composure, and waiting impatiently for Jenny to fall behind. But Jenny, obeying orders, clung to her mistress.

"Why have you not written to me?" he exclaimed in French. "What has happened?"

"I am sorry that you should have been kept in doubt," Aurelia replied, keeping her eyes downcast, "but I could not and cannot write to you. I have already made mistakes enough, and been sufficiently compromised. I have only come out to-day to tell you that all intercourse between us must cease. It seemed to me that you had a right to hear this from me, or I should have left it for my guardian to say."

He was speechless.

"It is my own fault, partly, that you have addressed me so," she went on in her clear, low voice. "I have seemed imprudent. I was taken by surprise, and I seemed to encourage you when I did not know what I did. If it has been the cause of your making a mistake, or of suffering to you, forgive me. I don't know what happened to me that night." Her face drooped lower, and he saw the blush that swept over it through her falling hair. "I seemed to have been intoxicated. I am deeply ashamed."

Still he said nothing. His face was white with the sudden revulsion from hope to despair. They had reached the entrance to the Gola, where a road branched away toward the rocks and the villa.

"Let us part here, and try to think of each other kindly," Aurelia said, looking up at Don Leopoldo for the first time. "Forgive the pain I have unintentionally caused you," she added softly, almost tenderly, "and say good-by."

"Ashamed!" he repeated, finding voice, and imprisoning the hand she offered in a grasp from which there was no escape. "Ashamed, Aurelia, of what was a drop of heaven's dew falling on

my soul! Am I then deceived in thinking that there was something of angelic tenderness in your heart for me? Is all that I have hoped an illusion? I thought that you might be my good angel, to keep me from sin, to help me to dedicate the rest of my life to good, to make heaven possible. And you—you are ashamed!"

She dropped her eyes to hide the tears in them. "Not if you take it so," she said. "If my forgetfulness, which the world would judge harshly, is sacred to you, then I will not regret it. But nevertheless we must part."

"For a while, if you command it," he said, "but not forever. I swear to you, not forever! Never will I give you up till you tell me that you cannot love me,—that I am antipathetic to you. Can you say it, my heart's darling? Can you say it?"

She felt herself failing. "You are making my duty too hard for me," she said faintly, "and you are exposing me to observation."

He instantly released her hand and drew back.

"You do me the greatest injury in making people associate our names," she went on. "All the blame falls on me. I alone suffer. It is unmanly!"

"I will go to Rome awhile," he said soothingly. "But may I not call at the castle before going? I will go to-morrow."

"I beg you not to call," she exclaimed, half turning away. "And I beg you to believe that our parting is final. Good-by."

"I shall call at the castle and take leave of the family to-morrow morning," he said.

"Good-by," she repeated, turning away.

"Good-by; but not forever," he returned.

She made no reply, but hurried on toward the castle.

Jenny, who understood tones, faces, and gestures, if not words, was weeping. "It is too cruel, miss," she said. "I don't see why you shouldn't have him, when he loves you so."

She was full of admiration for her mistress, and of sympathy for the lover. Nothing sets a woman up so much among her own sex as the adoration of the other.

"Jenny, you are not to utter a word of what you have seen," her mistress said severely; and Jenny promised, of course. Who ever replied to such a charge, "*I will tell*"?

And then came Aurora, who had known what was to happen, and there were a few words of breathless explanation before luncheon. The full account was postponed to that sacred hour of confidence when, prepared to go to bed, the two girls met, now in the chamber of one, now of the other, and, making an ottoman of the bed, exchanged their views of life, their bits of worldly wisdom, their hopes and aspirations, consoling and tenderly inspiring each other, and parting with a kiss, to drop into a sweeter sleep for that interchange of confidences.

Glenlyon was standing in the drawing-room waiting for Aurelia when the two girls entered with their arms round each other. "Well?" he said almost sharply.

"The marquis thinks of going to Rome to-morrow," Aurelia said. "He wished to come and take leave of the family before setting out, and I neither consented nor prohibited it. His family will be told."

Glenlyon dropped his eyes, looking grave, but said nothing.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### BOUNTY AND BITTERNESS.

AFTER breakfast the duchess was sitting with the Countess Emilia in her boudoir, a pretty room furnished in white wood polished like enamel, each piece ornamented with a large, single coronet, and upholstered with delicate cretonne having large single red rosebuds on a cream-colored ground. The duchess leaned back in a lounge, and displayed her pretty feet very conspicuously on a cushion. The countess was

opposite by a low table with quaintly-crossed legs. There was a tea-tray at her elbow, and she had just taken her companion's empty cup.

Don Leopoldo had excused himself from breakfast, having a headache, his valet said, and the two were talking the matter over.

"What can have happened?" the duchess said for the twentieth time. "Pippa slipped out of church after them, and says that they had a long conversation. I would go up-stairs and demand an explanation, but Leopoldo is so stubborn! And since he has known that girl he is simply ferocious."

A tap at the door relieved the countess from the necessity of answering, and Pippa brought her mistress a note: "From Don Leopoldo, duchessa." The mother tore it open. "He is going to Rome to-morrow evening," she announced. "So far, good! But he warns me that in the morning he shall call at the castle. What does it mean? What will Teresa say? The Scotchman declared that he would not admit him; and, if he keeps his promise, there will be a scandal."

Here there was another tap at the door,—the duchess never allowed her servants the privilege of opening the door of her boudoir without permission,—and Miss Melville's maid presented a note from her mistress.

"*Madonna mia!*" muttered the lady, and, with a terrified face, tore the missive open, but grew calmer as she read. "He has arranged it all with her," she explained, having sent the maid away. "She knows that he is going. She says that he had meant to go in the noon train, but she has persuaded him to wait till evening, as he is to see some friends of hers in Rome, and she expects to hear from them by the noon mail to-morrow. And see how she ends: 'Besides, that will give him time to take leave of the bishop and the people at the castle, which will be no more than civil.' You see, she suspects nothing," the duchess said delightedly; "and, once we are all away from here, there will be nothing to suspect." She stretched her

foot, from which the slipper had fallen, picked it up with her toe, rose, and went to her writing-table. "My dearest Teresa," she wrote, "everything that you arrange is perfect. Of course you are to dispose of Leopoldo as you please, and we will follow him on Saturday. I hope that you have ordered tea. Emilia and I have just had ours. When your letters are finished, let us see your beautiful face."

"I am so relieved!" she sighed, going back to her cushions. "*Avanti!*" For there was another tap at the door, and a third letter,—not a little card-note this time, but a large envelope ceremoniously directed to her Excellency.

"The Signor Mosè!" she muttered. "No one else would be so grammatical on the outside of a letter. Santa Catarina! What now?"

Glenlyon thought it right to inform her that his ward had had an interview with Don Leopoldo that morning and had expressly forbidden his ever again mentioning the subject of love to her; also, that the young man had declared his intention of coming up in the morning to take leave of them before going to Rome, and that he, Glenlyon, did not feel called upon to refuse him admittance for a last visit, and so create talk among the servants, unless the duchess wished him to. He closed by assuring her that his ward would see the marquis only in his presence, and that not a word would be spoken by them in private.

"That delightful old man!" she exclaimed, going back to her writing-table. "He is the most ridiculously truthful and straightforward being I ever encountered." And she wrote him a very cordial note, in her best English hand, on her finest paper, richly and gayly stamped in red, green, and gold, her name entwined with arabesques running down the whole left side of the sheet. She would prefer that he should receive her son just as though nothing had occurred, provided the two were not left an instant alone; and she invited his family to come down and dine with them on Thursday, as they would all go away on Saturday.

"The headache is real!" she said gleefully when she was again alone with the countess. "He has a bilious attack, thanks be to God! I must go and tell the duke."

The duke's study adjoined his wife's boudoir, with which it communicated by means of a small door hidden behind the cretonne hangings. The door was seldom opened, as the husband had gradually impressed on his wife's mind the fact that he liked to have one corner of the house entirely to himself. And, as she also had an occasional private colloquy at which it was not necessary that he should assist, the key was kept turned on her side of the door. But this was an exceptional occasion, and, turning the key in the lock, she tapped lightly before entering, opening the door without having received an answer, as people frequently do.

The duke lay half asleep on a wide sofa, a newspaper dropping from his hands.

"Excuse my disturbing you; but I have good news," she said, and told her story. "The Signor Mosè is really honorable," she concluded; "and even Aurelia has behaved well at last."

"*Evviva* the Signor Mosè and Aurelia!" yawned the gentleman, rubbing his eyes.

"And there can be no doubt that she was in earnest, and that he believed her," the lady went on, "because he has gone to bed sick. It is bile, you see. When my brother Alessandro lost his opera-girl,—she ran away with a Russian, you know,—he went to bed and turned as yellow as an orange. I am so glad!"

"If you think it a subject for rejoicing to have a son and heir as yellow as an orange, then I congratulate you," said her husband, leaning back on his cushions with his hands under the back of his head, and his elbows forming an angle at either side.

"I think it a subject of rejoicing that my son has been restored to his duty, even though he is forced to return by a bitter road," the lady responded with dignity.

"My dear, that was excellently well said," remarked the duke. "And now, if there is nothing else—"

The duchess returned in high good-humor to her boudoir. "Nothing now remains to settle but that annoying affair of Lorenzo's," she said. "The duke thinks that he fell from a horse,—it isn't necessary to tell men everything,—and has given me fifty lire for him. Leopoldo must give me another fifty, and I will send it down to-morrow."

"If you can spare me now to go to Aurora," the countess said, "I shall be much obliged. I see that Miss Melville has come down."

"Certainly. Go by all means. And salute the dear girl for me."

The duchess was in a mood to salute all the world, for the golden daughter-in-law seemed now secure.

The countess hastened out through the gardens, waving her handkerchief at a dimly-seen figure in a window of the castle, from which an answering signal waved out instantly. "Dear child! We have only six days more," she murmured, and hurried on up the rocks. She dreaded the long parting that was before them,—the longest they had ever known. She sighed to stay near her daughter in this her first experience outside the convent, and to watch over the unfolding of that mind that had sprung from her own like a fresh shoot from a broken tree. She sighed almost despairingly for the time when they might be able to live together in a home of their own. She had labored, and hoped, and been patient, and still the consummation was far off.

Aurora ran down to meet her mother at the door, and told her that the Signor Glenlyon would like to speak with her a few minutes at her convenience. "And please go at once, mamma, for I am impatient to know if it is anything about me."

"Oh, no! it will not be about you, dear. He and the duchess have been exchanging notes to-day about the marquis," her mother said, and went at once to the drawing-room, where Glenlyon sat alone, expecting her.

He rose to meet her with even more respect than usual. "I have a good deal of confidence in your knowledge of character, and in your good sense," he began, when they were seated; "but still I have a certain uneasiness in making my errand known to you. I have taken the liberty to enter somewhat into your affairs; and, though I am sure that you will give me credit for the best intentions, I am afraid that you may think the liberty too great."

"Signore, I could not be otherwise than grateful that you should interest yourself for me," the countess replied with cordial readiness, but with a faint misgiving at the bottom of her heart. So many persons, ignorant, though well-meaning perhaps, had wished to arrange her affairs for her according to their own notions, and even to make herself quite over after some hybrid model which had no existence outside their own complacent minds, least of all anywhere in nature, that she shrank involuntarily at the least interference. Yet she had not believed Glenlyon one of that sort. The nobleness and independence of his mind, and his perfect freedom from vanity and all pettiness, had seemed a security against such annoyances. Yet what if he even, after having bound her by his kindness to Aurora and by Aurora's need of him, should turn to her and say in effect, "You are grateful to me? I ask the proof. It is but a trifle: only your liberty of thought and action; only that you resign all your loftiest aspirations, come down from the height where your soul lives above the meannesses of life, and think my little thoughts, and put on my little bonds, and be a machine of which I will pull the strings. But always, be it understood, you are to continue your songs, and sing even more sweetly than before. You cannot sing so bound? Nonsense! Poets are capricious and full of silly notions. You can sing if you like. The meannesses, the littlenesses, cramp and darken you? I do not know how to pull the strings of such an instrument as you? Poets always think their little tunes the echoes of the choruses of heaven. Apollo was

once apprenticed to a swine-herd: why should not you submit to me?"

She had heard it all in effect. Was she to hear it again, and from a source whence it would strike most cruelly?

"It has seemed to me," Glenlyon said with a somewhat hesitating and even embarrassed manner, "that the time might come when you would not care longer to occupy your present position, and might prefer a home of your own, and that possibly you might not find it altogether convenient to realize your wishes. Moreover, I have received from Aurora the impression that this place pleases you, that Sassovivo is the native town of your parents, that you have passed many happy hours in this castle, and that you like to live in the country." He paused, and looked at her inquiringly.

"Your impressions are quite correct, signore," the lady replied, bowing, and thought, "What can he be coming at with this terribly long preamble?"

"I shall probably remain here as long as I live," Glenlyon went on with more assurance. "How long that may be rests with the Almighty. It cannot be very long. Aurelia will probably marry soon and go away. As long as she remains here we wish Aurora to remain with her; and when she is gone, I wish Aurora to regard this as her home, if she herself is content to stay, until she also shall marry." He paused with another interrogative look.

The countess blushed with a sudden pleasure and also with a sudden but half-veiled fear. "You are too good!" she exclaimed.

"If you should be willing—" he went on slowly, and he paused again, as if considering.

"*Dio benedetto!*" thought the countess with terror; "he is going to offer himself to me! How shall I prevent it?"

"But no," he continued, as if to himself; "that can be settled afterward. Of course you will understand, contessa, that I should not consider myself a sufficient protector for a young girl in Italy. All that will be for you to see to when

the time comes. I have only to add this,—that I have taken the liberty to arrange all with the duke, whom I found most friendly to you and your daughter and most happy to serve you, and he has spoken to his son,—I think that he did so privately,—and Don Leopoldo made no difficulty whatever in signing the papers which I hereby consign to you. The castle and garden, just as I have them, are yours from the moment of my death, to be held by you and your daughter as long as you shall either of you live, on the same conditions on which I hold them. It was the wish of the duke to give them rent-free; but, as the proposal was mine, I did not consent. And I trust, contessa," he concluded with a noble air, bowing respectfully to her, "that you will allow me to leave that provision which I have already made in my will for the rent of this place, to be a perpetual testimony of my admiration and esteem for your gifted daughter."

The countess remained silent a moment after he had ceased to speak, but her expressive face showed what emotions held her speechless.

"The rent of the place is a trifle," Glenlyon said carelessly. "Of course, if circumstances should render it desirable for Aurora to receive this little annuity in any other form, she can do so."

The countess found voice. "Signore," she said, rising, "after the Lord Jesus Christ, who has given me the hope of a mansion in heaven, in all my life I have had no other benefit equal to that you now bestow on me and my child. I have no words to thank you. I feel that you, who have read so well my wishes, will understand how glad I am,—how grateful I am!" She spoke hurriedly, in a trembling voice, and, dropping on her knees beside him, before he was aware had taken his hand and kissed it in the midst of a shower of tears and a prayerful benediction.

"There! It isn't worth so much!" Glenlyon said, half laughing, half embarrassed. "You exaggerate. And now go and see if the idea pleases Au-

ror. She will not like my taking so much of your time."

Going to her daughter's room, the countess paused in the corridor to wipe her eyes and compose her face before entering. The door was open, and opposite to it Aurora stood facing a niche in which was placed a Parian statuette of the Madonna. It was a present from the duke, given her when she went to the convent and her mother to the palace. "To be a mother ever near," he had said kindly, pitying her grief at this parting.

She was placing flowers about it now,—a few large lemon-blossoms, a carpet of passion-flowers beneath the feet, and tuberoses in a garland on the head,—and she was speaking: "The crown becomes thee, O thou flower of the sweetness of God!" And then, standing back, with her clasped hands hanging before her, she softly sang,—

*Tota pulchra es, O Maria,  
Et macula non est in te.*

And, singing, her arms slowly rose like a wreath about her own head, and with a floating motion she began to dance before the statue, and presently danced into her mother's arms.

The countess had not expected her daughter to appreciate as she did herself the benefit which they had received. She was yet too young to know what a refuge a home may be from misfortune, what a basis for effort. She still looked out into the world, like the young bird just learning to fly,—not to the nest, like the weary bird returning at evening to its longed-for repose. She could not even know fully what a relief it would be to her mother, for the countess had tenderly spared her the knowledge of certain discomforts inseparable from her subordinate position with a lady who, though often kind, was often capricious too. There was also the thought that the full possession of their inheritance could come to them only through the departure of Aurelia and, perhaps, the death of Glenlyon, though the countess understood that she need not wait for that. Still, there was enough to rejoice over and be grateful for, and the mother

now allowed herself to confess that there had been times when she had found herself treated as a servant, and not a favorite servant either. "But, then," she added hastily, "persons of that position are often not aware how arrogant they are. You must not be so angry, dear, or I shall be sorry for having told you. Now forget it. The duchess is very kind-hearted, and you know her family have for centuries been accustomed to command, and she sometimes forgets the pride and dignity of lesser people."

Aurora had been angry and distressed, but consoled herself with the thought of their promised independence. "But, mamma," she said thoughtfully, "it seems to me that one family ought not to command so long. When a family have commanded for centuries, isn't it time for them to stop and give some one else a chance? In so long a time they must have forgotten how to obey."

"What! my child a revolutionist?" said the mother laughingly.

"No matter what name you call it by," Aurora went on seriously, still studying the subject.

"But from whom can you have learned such ideas?" the mother persisted. "Neither in the convent nor from me."

"From nobody, mamma," was the grave and quiet reply. "God folded them up in my soul when he made me. It seems to me that our consciousness is like a long scroll with many seals. Life breaks these seals with a succession of blows, and, if we look intently within, we read the truth which is the lesson of the moment. When that night at the villa you defended the poets, and the duchess looked at you as if you were a worm which she was about to step on, a great seal snapped in my heart; and I read a golden text there when I came home and sat by my window, with the stars and the mountains before me: 'The arrogance of power has no support save in the cowardice of the subject.' It was there as plain and deep and inerasable as that motto damasked with a gold wire into the dagger the duke showed us one day. If only those peo-

ple had spoken that night, they would have seemed strong and respectable. You replied, you all alone at first, and immediately they seemed questionable, and weak, and mean; and the battle rested with you. I shall always believe in future that courage is the only strong thing in the world. Every submission makes a tyrant stronger."

"Well, my dear," the mother said, rising, "don't speak to any one else of these things till you have thought them over a little more."

When the countess went away, she found Mariù standing at the outer gate of the castle, looking off into the town with a vacant and melancholy gaze, and stopped to say a few comforting words to her.

The girl was very reserved, not at all disposed to confide in any one from the villa, though she knew the countess for a friend. Perhaps the lady's joy transpired in spite of her and jarred on poor Mariù's heart. She listened with downcast eyes, and only muttered a word of thanks, and, when the countess left her, fell into the same gloomy reverie in which she had been immersed. Night was coming on, an autumn night, and dark clouds were moving across the sky, catching tints of dull red from the west, where already a large star peeped through their ebon folds.

Mariù was about to return to the house, when she heard her name spoken in a loud whisper and saw Martello issue from a hiding-place near. He had come up the little ravine, and sauntered along the road as if entirely without intent or business, looking only in fugitive glances where he wished to see, and gazing intently where he was indifferent.

Martello was one of those men whom we now and then meet in Italy, and never without some touch of fear. He was the crude wild creature which, cultivated and inspired, became a Dante. Dark, thin, smileless, laconic, with steady inscrutable eyes that penetrate and suspect but never divulge, they seem to be the victims of some irreparable wrong too great to utter, and ever on the lookout for as signal a revenge. No

softness or joy looks out of those set faces, which appear to speak with a certain reluctance; yet they are not brutal. They are, on the contrary, not without refinement. They might be the remnants of some princely race that has been overthrown and downtrodden for centuries, yet that ever retains a bitter and tantalizing memory of its former greatness. The graceful compliments and sunny smiles which spring so naturally to the lips of the other Italian poor are never heard from them. Looking at their furtive, saturnine faces, you feel that they hated you before even they saw you, and see you only to hate you still more.

Such was the man who, having hidden himself at the appearance of the Countess Emilia, now approached Mariù, looking everywhere but at her till he was by her side, then striking her to the heart with his two black eyes. "Renzo wants thee," he said. "He is going away." His voice was strange, as of one used to long silences which had left the throat rigid.

"Where is he going? How can he go?" she cried.

"Thou art to keep silent," the man said, his eyes immovably fixed on her face. "He wants thee to come down."

Mariù struggled a moment between passion and prudence. "Well, I will come," she said then. "Go back and tell him that I will come at once."

Martello turned away without another word, and in a minute was out of sight. Mariù went to the house to take in some clothing that had been put to air on the great terrace. She had already been twice to see Renzo that day, and her heart was sore. She had found him morose and gloomy, thinking ever of his disfigured face.

"I can never go out with thee into the street, as we used to talk about," he said. "Thou wilt go to the fairs and dances, and I shall have to hide my face in the hedges and behind the stone walls. It would be better for thee to marry some one else."

She had done her best to comfort him, and had even reproached him with

trying to get rid of her, till he had declared that he thought only of her, and would still marry her if she was willing. But she had left him with a dull pain in her heart.

And now, the clothes gathered up from the terrace, either her head grew dizzy, or her eyes were dim, or something caught her foot, she knew not which, and there was the sound of a fall, and Gian and his wife ran out, to find Mariù lying senseless at the foot of the terrace stairs, with her head against the stone wall.

Instantly the house was in confusion; a surgeon was called, and remedies applied. No bones had been broken, and only a few bruises were visible; but Mariù sat on the sofa where they had placed and still supported her, her arms dropped like dead arms, her face slightly tinted with violet color over its pallor, her eyes wide open, bloodshot, and immovable, and her breath coming in a succession of faint moans of which she was entirely unconscious. She saw and heard nothing, and the bright lamp passed before her eyes produced no least movement of the balls or tremor of the lids.

And so she remained for an hour, with a dozen leeches drawing her blood. The surgeon had ordered bleeding, and Giovanna had run for the bottle of leeches which she kept constantly by her, she and Gian using this simple remedy for all the ills their flesh was heir to, and thriving on it.

When the disgusting creatures had dropped off, Mariù moved, presently began to weep hysterically, and after a half-hour was quite herself, except that her head felt a little *tondo*, she said. The next day she would be about her work quite as usual, with a slight heaviness in the head, and a little soreness here and there, but otherwise none the worse for having fallen down fifty stone steps and beaten her head against a stone wall. So much for the fibre of the Italian mountaineer.

When Mariù had recovered her consciousness and was able to stand, nearly an hour and a half had passed from the time she had spoken with Martello,

and another half-hour passed before she could quiet the anxieties of those about her and persuade them to leave her alone.

Then swiftly and softly out with her into the night, over the rocks with uncertain steps, and down the avenue for more than dear life. Her head whirled now and then, as if some sudden touch had set it swinging, and her limbs were weaker for the blood she had lost; but her heart's love supplied what was wanting to her muscles, and she did not fail. It was almost nine o'clock when she reached the farm-house, and as she ran across the yard some one was locking the doors.

Oh, Renzo would not go without having seen her!

She knocked softly, hearing a step inside, and Betta's voice called out the "*Chi è?*" scarcely waiting for the answer, "Friends. Mariù," before opening.

"Oh, Betta, don't tell me that he is gone!" she cried.

"Why didn't you come sooner?" demanded Betta, with that roughness which sometimes covers compassion. "He waited almost an hour. He couldn't wait any longer, for he had to meet Tito Cencio at the cross-roads at eight o'clock. Tito took him in his car. You know he is hardly able to walk. There! there! *poveretta!*"

For Mariù, sinking on the doorstep, was crying as if her heart would break.

Betta sat down on her heels inside the door and put her arm around the girl's shoulder, comforting her as best she could. Renzo was going to a cousin of his who had written that he could find work for him. Mariù ought not to expect him to stay about Sassovivo. He had promised to write and let her know where to find him. He was sorry to go without seeing her.

"After they had gone out a piece, he came back to me," Betta said, "and told me to say *addio* to thee and tell thee to keep quiet."

"It was Martello who coaxed him away!" Mariù exclaimed amid her sobs. "I knew when I saw him here that

he would do Renzo no good. He is one who never has his place, but always goes sliding about, or stands staring at the world. He is as wild as a wolf."

"Don't talk of him," Betta whispered. "Say that Renzo is gone to his cousin and is going to have work, and don't utter the name of Martello to any one. There are certain things, Mariù, that are best not said."

Mariù raised her head suddenly, and looked at the woman.

"It is all right, of course," said Betta. "But if the poor do not stand by each other, who will stand by them?"

Mariù wiped her eyes. "He had no money," she said. "See! I have brought him some. *Povero* Renzo! what will he do?"

"He had enough," Betta replied. "The duchess sent him down something from the duke, and the American came herself and left him a purse. I don't know how much was in it."

Mariù rose and prepared to go home. "I had a fall down the terrace stairs, was the reason why I did not come sooner," she remarked, tying a handkerchief on her head.

Betta insisted on giving her a glass of wine, which she needed, and went out with her to the road, where they parted. The castle loomed far above her, and she could see a broad yellow light that shone from the double window of the drawing-room, within which sat the family, Glenlyon with the shadowed snow of his hair above the lamp-shade taking a faint tint of evanescent blue, like a snow-topped mountain at twilight, while his beard sparkled like frost in the light. His head leaning on his hand, he listened while Aurora read. She, leaning on the table and steeped in the full light, had her arms half around a large pamphlet book, one of the volumes containing Father Segneri's new translation of the New Testament into Italian. This beautiful translation of the later Scriptures, besides the learning and the literary grace for which it is worthy of all praise, has the further merit that its laborious author, unmoved by partisan

bitterness and seeking only for the truth, has given full credit to the learning and zeal of Protestant Biblical scholars, and availed himself of their studies when he found their conclusions just, always giving full honor where honor is due. The notes to this translation, which are very full, were read in connection with the text.

A little apart, half in and half out of the light, Aurelia sat knitting a shawl of fleecy white wool. Presently she dropped her work and looked up in surprise at Aurora, then glanced across at Glenlyon, whose face was still hidden; for the reader, pausing an instant, had stretched her hand for a guitar that lay on the table, struck a chord, and was singing instead of reading:

*L'anima mia magnifica il Signore,  
Ed esultò lo spirito mio nel Dio mio Salvatore.*

Nor did she resume the reading tone, but, passing with a simple chant through the intervening recital, broke into song again with the prophet as he foretold the near coming of the "Orient from on high."

"The harp would be better," she said, laying the guitar aside. "And the organ is best of all. The Scriptures seem intended to be chanted. And one might dance to them." She had risen, and stood looking down at the page as she spoke quietly. Glenlyon, his head lifted from his hand, which still retained its position, regarded her intently across the soft light above the lamp-shade. "Don't you think so?" she asked, glancing at him.

"Yes," he replied.

She stood a moment longer, slowly closed the book, then seemed to put the whole subject aside. "If you please, I will go and inquire how Mariù is," she said, and went out of the room, softly singing,—

*L'Oriente ci ha visitato dall' alto.*

"How strange she is!" Aurelia murmured.

"She is inspired!" Glenlyon replied.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LONDON SEASON.

AN early Easter, such as that of the present year, has certain social consequences for Londoners, which probably escaped attention when the Golden Numbers were compiled. We are a methodical people, and love to conform to custom; and, though we may outwardly denounce the folly of observance, we secretly hug our chains, and cherish the conviction that we are not as other men are. In the days when robbery and murder were the leading genteel professions, holidays scarcely enjoyed their present social importance. The wear and tear of cutting other people's throats did not tell seriously upon the iron constitutions of our ancestors. The age, too, was unfavorable to scientific habits of mind; and our rude forefathers failed to recognize that a periodical "closetime" for the protection of those whose obvious mission was to have their throats cut would have promoted at once the interests of sport and of professional success. However, they were nothing if they were not religious; and every robber-chief readily admitted the necessity of hallowing his simple pursuits with the sanction of religion. Consequently, the feasts of the Church were carefully observed, and the pious baron, comforted and purified, betook himself again with a light heart and a clear conscience to his ordinary routine of benevolent activity. Thus the dates have become fixed of many of our modern holidays, and, though we attach less importance to the feasts of the Church *qua* feasts, we still dutifully preserve them as intervals of repose which the constant strain of modern life imperatively demands. This adherence to antiquity, however, has its disadvantages. There is no particular propriety of association between an ecclesiastical festival and a secular holiday, and the pious zeal which established the former took no heed of the weather, which is so important to the latter. An

Easter falling in March condemns the Londoner to a holiday of shivering wretchedness in the country or by the sea at a time when he would sooner remain quietly within reach of the cosy shelter of his club.

But the effects of an early Easter do not end with its holidays; for when these are over the London "season" technically begins, and thus an early Easter means a long "season."

This is a prospect which presents itself variously to various minds. Eighteen (female) looks forward to it with a rapture which springs partly from an inaccurate estimate of her physical powers, partly, perhaps, from a misplaced confidence in the endurance of the pleasures of flirtation. Eighteen (male)—well, it really does not matter in the least what this young gentleman thinks on the subject. Those who have learned what a continued round of pleasure involves regard the four months before them with a certain amount of dread, and fortify themselves with a number of prudential resolutions, which usually go to repair the pavement—elsewhere. The business man either ignores it altogether or hates it cordially. The matron dissembles as best she may.

However, happily perhaps for all parties, when the season is going to be a long one its very hugeness seems to induce torpor, and for the first three weeks at least London wakes up but slowly to a sense of its duties. Moreover, the world of fashion is for the time without its leaders. The grandees of society hardly assemble in town before the middle of May, and their presence gives a stimulus to festivity which reaches far beyond their own circles. But the early part of the season has entertainments of its own, excellent after their kind, though they differ in glory from the parties of June. These are the balls of the City Companies, which are always among the first events.

The City Companies are the different trade-guilds of London, which acquired important privileges from the impecunious monarchs of early England, whose necessities they were often called upon to relieve. Their wealth is immense, and if there is a certain amount of jobbery in their administration they nevertheless do an immense amount of good, and their hospitality is princely. A City ball is a curious and impressive sight. Most of the company "halls" have fine reception- and dancing-rooms. The music, decoration, supper, etc., are all on the most costly scale.

Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.

Or, more strictly, perhaps, man is rather "mixed." The East and the West mingle, but hardly combine. The worthy citizens of the East, swelling with the pride of membership and gorgeous with purple and fine linen, are objects of a languid and contemptuous pity to the gilded youth of the West. End who condescend to grace the entertainment with their presence. As for the dancing, it baffles description. The City has a style of its own which does not easily strike root elsewhere; and, though this is a matter for general congratulation, as an individual experience it is rather the reverse. But the great feature of these balls is the supper; and a very instructive spectacle it is. Plovers' eggs are a delicacy peculiar to the English spring, and much esteemed by epicures. Possibly their fancy price invests them with a dearness not their due, but, from whatever cause, they are eagerly scrambled for. It is a mournful commentary on modern culture that the ethics of good manners should collapse at the touch of so simple a solvent as the egg of a plover. Yet so it is. Long before the supper-room is opened, a solid phalanx has gathered round the entrance, hoping all things, enduring all things, under the sustaining prospect of eating and drinking. The doors are opened, and there is a wild plunge of portly civic worthies and plumed and jewelled civic dames. Neither age nor sex is spared in the struggle for the

front row. "Plovers' eggs, please," gasps out a successful competitor. Vain man! The City waiter is quite equal to the occasion. "None left, sir," is the glib reply. Expostulation is futile; but display half a crown, and a neat little nest will be promptly produced. The system is really scandalous; but, as nobody is specially interested in correcting it, it goes on unchecked. Of course it is not always pure gluttony which inspires the struggle. "Do you really care so very much for plovers' eggs, Mr. —?" asked a lady of her partner, who, after battling gallantly, had obtained a couple for her. "Oh, no," he replied, with a laugh, "but it's the glory of getting them."

At the latter end of May come the Epsom races, crowned by the immortal Derby. London fills suddenly for this important event, and by the beginning of June the season is in full swing. It is easy for a moralizer of Arcadian tastes to denounce the folly of wasting the glory of the June-tide among pavements and chimneys. But Arcadians are apt to be narrow-minded, and man cannot live by rural simplicity alone. Moreover, there is a human element which cannot be left out of sight. When the world had less business, and it may be added, less brains, the life of a healthy animal, wandering about the country and softly musing about nothing in particular, if hardly to be regarded as the ideal existence, was at least permissible for a man of simple tastes or low capacities. But progress moves on apace, and leaves the old ideals hopelessly behind it. A brutal world of workers is apt to call the latter-day Arcadian a useless loafer; and, for all its brutality, the criticism is often pretty true.

London in June is denied, no doubt, the pastures green and the fresh breezes, the indisputable charms of country pastimes, and the more doubtful associations of the farm-yard. But it possesses something which all these lack. It presents the spectacle of a great social organism throbbing with life and in the fulness of its power. Society is busy

indeed after its own fashion, but there are other and higher energies which the season taxes to the utmost. Not only the Park and the *Salon*, but the Law Courts, the Stock Exchange, and all the countless centres of commerce, thrill beneath the strain of a constant activity. Some of this may be feverish, or unwholesome, or even vicious; but it is life,—hard, strenuous life,—which, with all its faults, is at least free from the taint of ignoble sloth.

By provincials, and particularly by provincial ladies, the Park is not seldom regarded as the chosen resort of the upper ten thousand; but, except on special occasions, this is hardly the case. A good many of the nobility ride, and at the meets of the four-in-hand and coaching-clubs there may be a sprinkling of them on foot, and perhaps to a lesser extent on Sunday afternoons among the crowd that assembles under the trees at the back of the statue of Achilles. But, as a rule, they keep a good deal to themselves. The normal components of a Park crush are a substratum of regular Londoners, country-people who are up for a short visit to town, officers from Aldershot or on leave, later on, an infusion of under-graduates from Oxford and Cambridge, and, last but not least, a type of youth on which the world has bestowed the name of "mashers." The etymology of this word is lost in obscurity; the creature which it denotes is a palpable and melancholy fact. Brainless, bloodless, vapid-looking youths; faultlessly dressed, whose energies of mind and body seem to culminate in the supreme effort of sucking a cigarette, they must be presumed by courtesy to have souls, but, if so, they keep the fact dark, unless indeed this endowment may have disappeared by disuse. If they were actively vicious there might be some hope for them; but activity is alien to the whole being of the "masher." It is difficult to ascribe them an origin; it is impossible to conceive their use. They cannot dig, obviously. They would not be ashamed to beg, but they could not make it pay; and the mental paralysis with which they seem to be

afflicted debars them from any of the higher branches of industry. Perhaps they were intended by Providence as an example and a warning, to illustrate the depths to which civilized man may sink. However, we may dismiss the masher with our *requiescat*, confident that he will never take the trouble to do anything else; and, mashers notwithstanding, the "Park" is a pretty sight. Its joys are forbidden, as a rule, to the busy man, but an occasional visit has a humanizing effect. From the walks of the irregular triangle which stretches from Hyde Park Corner to the Albert Gate, between the "Row" and the "Ladies' Mile," it is easy to command a view both of the riders and the carriages. The Princess of Wales usually drives in the Park in the evening, and, if it were needful to strengthen the loyalty of Englishmen to the royal family, the beauty and grace of the consort of their future king would do much to further this. At mid-day the Park is thronged with those who have leisure for this form of amusement, and again between five and seven, when the crowd is reinforced by some of those who are occupied during the day. Many a hard-worked man will make an effort to pass through the Park on his way home and shake off the cares of business in the company of his fellow-creatures. But the golden evening sun has sunk below the level of the trim branches which shade the walks, reminding us that it is close upon seven o'clock, the hour of dressing for dinner, and, though nature's day is drawing to a close, the world of the season has much to do before its repose is earned. In another hour the streets will be full of carriages, revealing glimpses of dainty toilets as they whirl past, while strings of hansom cabs rattle noisily along, bearing their white-tied occupants dinnerward.

Concerning dinner-parties the opinion of mankind is divided. It is perhaps too much to say that all dinner-parties are good,—this being the view of exuberant youth with few daily cares and an unimpaired digestion. On the other hand, it is an error to condemn them as

absolutely bad, as the toil-worn man of business is apt to do in the weariness of his heart. Like other gifts of the gods, they must be used, not abused. If madeira does not agree with you, banish the reflection that it is old and rare, and let it pass untasted. If crab rises up in judgment against you in the stilly night, leave it to the foolish or the fortunate for whom it has no terrors. So shall your dinner-parties be unto you a relaxation, and not a penance. This is not the place for a disquisition on dinner-parties in the abstract, but the season dinner-party is so far distinguished from the general type as to justify a little further consideration. In London, as probably in most capital cities, the pleasure of uncertainty always attaches in a greater or less degree to a dinner-party. You never know whom you may meet, nor with whom you may have to share that brief partnership which begins at the top of the stairs and ends as you rise from the table to let the ladies retire. But in the season this uncertainty is increased fourfold. London is now full of country M.P.'s and their families, wealthy provincials who have come up to their town-houses, savants, scientific men, and distinguished foreigners, attracted by profit or pleasure from all quarters of the globe. The M.P. is often rather a bore, because he seldom takes too low an estimate of his own importance, and is too fond of diverting, and, if possible, confining, the conversation to parliamentary channels. This, of course, is a vicious tendency of all specialists, which a wise hostess will contrive to neutralize by balancing a politician against a savant, a barrister against a poet, etc. However, unless the specialist domineers outrageously, his presence is not a very active annoyance to the undistinguished individual who can listen while he likes and leave when he chooses. On the contrary, under proper social dilution, it will probably interest and possibly amuse him. As you enter the drawing-room on your arrival, among some familiar faces you detect some which seem strange. A little Scotch girl fresh from the North

is intrusted to your care during dinner. It is her first season, and she is struggling between the impulsive enthusiasm natural to youth, and the repressive educational *régime* of her fatherland. She is very patriotic, and can hardly understand the easy cosmopolitanism of London sentiment. The climate of her country is a tender point. If you incautiously observe that it has been known to rain in Scotland, she will be up in arms in a moment, and ready with statistics of rain-fall to show that Scotland is a parched and arid desert when compared with the rain-sodden swamps of England. Very likely London will come in for some special criticisms, and she is amazed and discomfited when these are accepted with the toleration of indifference. Her native land and all its associations are sacred to her, and a word against Edinburgh is flat blasphemy. Thus she finds it hard to understand the absence of a similar sentiment in the degenerate South. But away from the forbidden topic she is bright and intelligent, and will give a welcome fillip to your weary brain. On your left hand may be an authoress, or some one who has just returned from exploring Siberia, or perhaps an apostle of woman's rights; and with these surroundings, if your dinner-party fail to amuse you, it is probable, fair sir, that your liver is out of order. It will be after ten before you rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room, and soon after eleven departures begin. It is time for you too to be moving, seeing that there are two balls at least at which you ought to appear. A hansom soon bears you to your destination. It is a little early yet, and the room is hardly filled, but that suits your purpose admirably, for you are able to find your hostess at once, and by means of a minute's chat (which later on she could not have spared you) you secure her mental registration of your presence. Some one bows to you from the opposite corner. It is a handsome girl whom you were kind to last year as a neglected *débutante*, but who has now grown out of all knowledge. Still she cherishes a grateful memory,

and, though she has many an admirer now, does not forget her old friend. As yet there is still room to dance, for the night is but young (as nights go), and you secure her for the waltz which is just beginning, and get five minutes' talk with her on the stairs when it is over. The strains of the band begin again, and the room is rapidly becoming more crowded. You should be getting on if you are to do your duty: so you take her back to her chaperon, and, after receiving a parting injunction to be "sure to come to lunch on Sunday," you slip quietly away.

When you arrive at the house of your second ball, the revelry is in full swing. It is of little use trying to force your way up the crowded stairs. Turn into the tea-room, and possess your soul in patience. Here you find some friends in a similar plight, and pass a quarter of an hour in chatting. "Let us at least make an effort to reach the drawing-room," says one of the ladies at last: "if we are baffled we shall be no worse off than before, and, having attempted to do our duty, our consciences will be easier." The staircase is freer now, for supper has begun, and that elastic appetite of society which can always rise to the occasion has produced a marked clearance in the drawing-room. The hostess is not to be seen, but this is no marvel, and you are soon busy exchanging greetings with your friends. At these season-"crushes" dancing is usually out of the question, except at the beginning or end of the evening; and, consequently, for the young and enthusiastic, to whom dancing is the *raison d'être* of a ball, they are rather disappointing. But the maturer members of society generally prefer them to the more business-like dances of the winter, inasmuch as they are far more successful as social gatherings. In the winter-dances people are generally expected to dance, and, indeed, generally do dance. Accordingly, at these dance-programmes are usually provided. In the season, however, when dancing is a secondary consideration, and when people are coming and going all night, pro-

grammes are generally dispensed with, and under the circumstances it is far the most comfortable arrangement. You are free from the responsibility of a long string of engagements; you dance from hand to mouth, so to speak, not binding yourself far in advance. If you come late, you are not hopelessly out of it; and if you find the partner of your choice, you are not likely to be deprived of her company by the claims of other people.

And here a few words about English dancing may not be out of place. In London and some other big towns it is decidedly good. In the country it differs in different districts. But both in town and in country its excellence varies inversely with social position. In suburban society, which usually contains a certain *bourgeois* element, the dancing is very good. Among the aristocracy a violent, irregular, and rapid *deux temps* obtains almost universally. It is not easy to determine why the "best" people should be the worst dancers; but the fact is beyond dispute. Perhaps something is due to the real or supposed preference of the Prince of Wales for this obsolete style; though this can hardly be taken as a complete explanation. But opinion sometimes goes further still, and good dancing is actually condemned as "bad form." The whole question was brought into some prominence by the introduction of "reversing" a few years ago. It was said to hail from America, and, if so, this ought to have been a strong point in its favor, seeing that Americans are confessedly the best dancers in the world. However, society set its face strongly against the new importation, which never really took root and has now virtually died out. As a practice it is undoubtedly open to abuse, and as a matter of fact abuses did appear. But the real condemnation which crushed it was, "Oh, the best people don't reverse!" This was strictly true; but it might have been added with equal truth that the best people could not have reversed if their lives had depended on it. The whole thing was of course the merest triviality, and the commotion which it

provoked seems hardly less ridiculous than the Big-endian controversy of Lilliput. Still, it threw an instructive light on the value and origin of the minor social ordinances. The great people hardly knew of the existence of reversing, and probably never troubled their heads about it. The imitators of the great went further, and positively condemned it. The imitators of the imitators, whose social position was less firmly established, opposed it vehemently and bitterly, and bore the brunt of the battle which has resulted in the rout of reversing and its advocates.

However, to leave the abstract for the concrete. There is the little Scotch girl whom you took down to dinner, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, enjoying herself as only the young can. Her national reserve is rapidly thawing under the wholesome influence of honest amusement. She has forgiven all your disrespectful criticisms of Scotch weather, and grants you the next dance with a bright smile. Dancing being merely an ineffectual struggle, it will be your duty to explain to her that the higher purpose for which stairs were designed is to act as seats for people in their best frocks. Perhaps, if you are very engaging, you will be introduced to mamma, who will probably ask you to call, but with a caution which betrays her suspicion that you may be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Three or four more dances have been disposed of in much the same way, and a still small voice within you begins to whisper, "Champagne," when another voice from behind you says, "You're a base deceiver." Turning round, you confront your accuser, and a very charming accuser it is.

"Did you not soothly swear that you would be here by half-past twelve at the latest? And now look at the time, sir! However, take me down to supper, and perhaps I'll forgive you."

This seems to be the right way out of the difficulty: so down you go, and in all probability the ball-room will see you no more,—for half-way up the stairs there is a recess, which by the garish light

of day is a landing, but is now transformed into a fairy bower, decked with the waving foliage of tropical plants and furnished with just two seats. It offers a tempting retreat as you ascend from the dining-room, and under its shade you will while away a very pleasant half-hour. Love-making! says sweet eighteen, with a thrill of half-conscious delight. Not so, maiden fair. Love-making is not the business of life, except in novels; and, though proper enough on certain occasions, it would be an intolerable nuisance if universally practised. Flirting! says the young married woman, with the easy air of worldly wisdom which marriage is always supposed to confer. No, madam, not flirting either. Nor do your mutual feelings claim kinship with the mystical rubbish of Platonic affection. They simply go to form a friendship which the merest suspicion of conscious love would shatter, but which just gathers a touch of hidden warmth, a tiny vein of half-realized tenderness, a magic something which gives it its delicate charm, from the fact that she is a woman and you are a man. Very young people cannot apprehend this. They either keep aloof from shyness or plunge headlong into love. It is a possession which belongs to slightly maturer years; and though "some who find it lose it,"—by marriage, or what not,—yet "all have found it fair." However, all things must end, and perhaps this is a wholesome necessity.

"I think you must take me up-stairs now. Poor mamma has been out every night this week, and she will be getting so dreadfully tired. We shall see you on Tuesday, of course. Good-night."

And so, after handing your charge over to her chaperon, you prepare to depart yourself, and emerge with a cigar from the blaze and glitter into the cool light of the early morning and make your way home.

Of course there is another side to all this, as you speedily discover if you are a busy man. Once or twice a week late hours may not make much difference to your working capacity during the day. But after several nights in succession it

begins to tell. There is an inevitable "next-morning" frame of mind and body which robs both of their spring. Editors suddenly seem to grow hypercritical about the quality of your "copy." Law-books and papers strike you as more than usually repulsive. The hustle of the city becomes ineffably disgusting. Perhaps even your appetite fails. Then, indeed, be advised, and take a rest. In these experiences there is, of course, nothing new, nothing that has not fallen in all probability to the lot of most men and women. Their chief claim to interest in the present connection lies in the influence which they exercise on the constitution of London society. There are always, as there must be in a large city, a certain number of well-to-do men who are disinclined to or incapable of regular work. These, of course, are invaluable when they can be got; but, after all, we are, on the whole, an industrial community, and the available number of loafers is insufficient. On the other hand, in London, men who are still quite young—between five-and-twenty and thirty—will, as a rule, retire almost completely from the more exacting kinds of festivity, such as balls, afternoon-parties, and so forth, the moment they begin to make any progress in their profession. Whether this is altogether wise may perhaps be questioned: it is only needful here to state it as a fact, of which the result is that in so far as loafers fail society is compelled to draw for its "men" upon the ranks of boyhood. This tendency has increased very much during the last few years, and it is frequently observed how very young many of the society "men" are.

As spring melts into summer, the grounds of Hurlingham become a favorite resort, where rank, fashion, and not unfrequently royalty, are to be seen. The grounds lie on the banks of the Thames, opposite Putney, and are extremely pretty. They belong to a private club, every member of which has a certain number of free tickets for ladies and vouchers for the unworthier sex at his disposal. Polo, pigeon-shooting, and lawn-tennis are the nominal attractions,

but it is really the *spectacle* and the social merits of the Hurlingham meetings which allure the world thither.

Clubs form an important element in London life, and in the season particularly they are largely resorted to. The principal political clubs, such as the Reform, Carlton, Junior Carlton, and Conservative, naturally become during the session of Parliament the recognized centres of unofficial political activity. But besides this the social value of clubs comes out into prominence. During the season there is a perpetual influx of the country members,—a most useful body of individuals, who during the greater part of the year support the club by their subscriptions without encumbering it by their presence. Human nature, however, is apt to be ungrateful, and the habitual Londoner, oblivious of the country member's unobtrusive merits, is wont to grumble at the interference with his comfort occasioned by this influx of parsons and squires.

Up to the end of May the season will wax in vigor, bustle, and festivity; but the first week of June brings a short breathing-space. The Ascot races, lasting four days, are a fashionable event at which it is assumed that the whole fashionable world will be present. To a great extent this is actually the case. All the houses in the neighborhood are taken for the week,—it need hardly be added, at fancy prices,—and the cream of London society betakes itself thither. Those who are left behind shrink from proclaiming the fact by entertaining in town, and consequently there is a marked decrease in the number of parties till the races are over.

Turn we now to a different scene. Up in the northwest of London a broad green expanse of perfect turf is embedded like an oasis in the midst of bricks and mortar. Round this is ranged an immense multitude, to be numbered by thousands, seated in carriages, crowded into "stands," lying on the grass at the edge of the enclosure, or wandering round the roped circle, talking, laughing, or looking for lunch. In the middle a game of cricket is going on, the varying fortunes of which are watched with in-

tense interest. It is the Oxford-and-Cambridge match; and if the day be fine—a contingency not always to be relied on—it is a very pretty sight and a very pleasant gathering. The “lower orders” (as we call them from our own superior level) are represented to some extent, but the greater part of the assembly are ladies and gentlemen. The universities themselves are naturally present in great force; but even busy men will often make an effort to get up to “Lords” (the name of the cricket-ground) for an hour or two in the course of the match. Subject to the weather, all the elements of success are combined. The cricket is almost first-rate; the keenest interest is taken in the result, for university associations are deeply interwoven into English life; pretty dresses and fair faces abound, and the cup which cheers (and occasionally inebriates) is added to make festivity complete. The moment the play ceases for the elevens to lunch, there is a sudden inroad made from behind the ropes, and the ground is covered in an instant with swarms of people, looking for their friends, discussing the prospects of the match, or inspecting the “pitch.” Meanwhile, on the carriages and drags busy preparations are being made for lunch, and before long the whole scene is that of a vast picnic. There are, however, other equally important though less obvious purposes to which a match-day at “Lords” effectively ministers. Friends meet there who perhaps never meet elsewhere, and the occasion is propitious for rekindling old memories. Moreover, the solitude of a well-dressed assembly is singularly suited to the thousand-and-one little social episodes which contribute so much to the interest of life. Is there a visitor to be secured, a partner to be scolded, an impression to be strengthened, an introduction to be made? Commend me to “Lords” on the days of the “Varsity Match.” There is a sort of recognized license on that occasion which permits young ladies to wander off with young gentlemen and roam about practically *à discrétion* without being called upon to give any account of

themselves; and if there is anything particular to be said—well, there are certain recesses in the racket court which possess the solid merit of being far from the madding crowd. The Eton-and-Harrow match, which takes place a few weeks later, in July, is the same sort of thing,—“only more so.” It excites, for some reason, more interest even than the University match, and, though equally crowded, is more exclusively select. But between these two comes another great society picnic, which attracts more visitors every year and is threatening to assume unmanageable proportions. This is the Henley Regatta, an institution of which Englishmen are justly proud, inasmuch as its prestige suffices to tempt crews from America, the Continent, and our own colonies. Special trains run in rapid succession straight into the sleepy little Oxfordshire town, which wakes up each year into ten days of feverish activity. Though the rowing is of the highest order, “Henley” lacks some of the necessities of an ideally-perfect regatta. The course is notoriously unfair, and the crowd of boats with which it is nowadays encumbered imports a most undesirable element of chance into the races. But as a pageant it is almost perfect. The old bridge crammed with spectators, the motley crowd in many-colored raiment which extends right down the course on the Berkshire side, the barges, launches, and pleasure-boats decked with flags, the flutter of dainty costumes which line the opposite shore, the brilliant colors of the competing clubs, and the rich green woods and pastures of the English landscape, combine to form a picture which is not easily forgotten. Moreover, there is a very general sense of being out for a holiday, which adds immensely to the spirit of the thing. “Lords,” “Ascot,” and other events may claim more social importance, but their very grandeur is sometimes oppressive. They involve tall hats and black coats, which are opposed to any wild exuberance of spirits. But when you start for Henley you leave fashion behind, and set out with a light heart, a straw hat, and a pair of flannel trousers.

After "Henley" the season rolls on apparently in full splendor, but the beginning of the end is nigh. Wearied out with the dissipations of the preceding weeks, society is beginning to get pale in the cheeks and black under the eyes; and the heat of midsummer comes as the last straw. After the Eton-and-Harrow match a few of the strong-minded, who have also wealth and leisure, depart for the cool of the country forthwith. But the general run of people grumble and stay on, relieving their fatigues by constant picnics and water-parties or snug little dinners at Greenwich.

Once more, however, society collects itself for a supreme effort. "Goodwood," the race-meeting *par excellence* of high life, takes place at the end of July. And here, under the pine-trees and on the lawn, is gathered together perhaps the most brilliant assemblage of the kind which English society can display. But when "Goodwood" is over, the dream collapses. A strong contingent of the fashionable world wanders off to the Cowes regatta, but after this society may be said to disperse. Ladies want rest and change. Men are beginning to turn their thoughts to the grouse, and an exodus to the north begins with August.

On the 8th of August the Law Courts

rise, and one of the great ties which keep people in town is forthwith relaxed. London gets rapidly deserted, and its houses are swathed in holland and brown paper. In the city, indeed, the great heart of London still throbs, but if the pulse is steady it is somewhat slower. In fact, it is recognized that a holiday is a necessity which no busy man can afford to forego, and, consequently, taking a holiday presents the somewhat rare combination of pleasure and duty.

As for the dead season which we have revelled in, endured, and execrated in turn, a holiday will enable us to do justice to its memory. It may have brought us some *ennui*, some weariness, some anxieties, but it has brought us some pleasures also, and many of its evils were of our own making. In any case it can hardly have failed to teach us something, and that in itself is no mean gain. All its strange medley of work and play comes back to us, with colors softened perhaps, but more truly proportioned, as we recall it to memory amid the mountains of Switzerland, the rugged grandeur of the lonely sea, or the purple blossom of the "loch"-side in the land of

The lake and the stream and the heather brown  
And the double-barrelled gun.

NORMAN PEARSON.

## VANTAGE-GROUND.

WHO always can discern pale, sad defeat  
From shining victory? Look where they rise,—

Those radiant mountains rivalling the skies,  
That we two climbed with eager steps and fleet.  
Midway I faltered, fell, and sought more sweet,  
Less perilous scenes. He gained the heights, but lies  
With mangled limbs and wide unseeing eyes,  
The world beneath, the clouds his winding-sheet.

I walk in safety my low, level land,  
My golden harvests bright on either hand;  
Yet sometimes hath my soul in longing cried,  
"Death hath no pain, life hath no joy denied,  
If where he stood I might a moment stand  
And see the things that he saw ere he died."

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

## POOR JACK: HIS SORROWS AND HIS JOYS.

THOSE ingenious landmen, the playwrights, are in the habit of portraying the life of a sailor as made up of one long round of festivity and abounding in romance. When not indulging in the "cheering grog," the stage-sailor is engaged in dancing horn-pipes, chaffing bumboat-women, and coiling rope *against the sun*. A swash-buckling, jovial blade is he, on uncommonly familiar terms with his captain when afloat, and ready to ruffle it with the best when ashore. This is the ideal sailor. It is of the real sailor that we propose to speak,—who reefs the top-sail or "lays out" on the fore-yard in the blinding storm, who, escaping the dangers of the sea, finds other dangers awaiting him ashore, and who at last, when disabled in the performance of his duty, is cast upon the land, a helpless, friendless wreck.

The true sailor is the same the world over. He is generous, amiable, fearless, lazy, and aboard ship—where, to prevent his demoralization, he is kept busy—he is frugal in the extreme. He will wear his old clothes and go barefoot in order not to draw his pay, which he hoards up as the child hoards up the pennies that fill its little tin bank. But, like the child, he will, upon occasion, develop the most wasteful extravagance and draw upon his store with almost senseless prodigality. These qualities render Jack, as may be imagined, an easy prey, and, beyond changing the process by which he is plundered, the attempts that have been made from time to time to rescue him from the toils of the land-sharks have failed signally. Unfortunately for Jack, his friends and those who urge his cause are, as a rule, landmen, who do not comprehend his position. Thus, the advanced-pay system, established, no doubt, in what was believed to be Jack's interest, has proved greatly to his disadvantage. This advance-pay, given to a sailor by the

owners upon his signing the shipping articles, would, it was thought, enable Jack to provide for his family before quitting port. But the amount of the advance rarely exceeds the sum demanded by the boarding-master for supplying Jack's wants for the time he has been ashore. The advance-system, therefore, instead of a blessing, proves a curse, for it leads the boarding-master to encourage Jack's extravagance, leaving a burden of debt to be cleared off from wages not yet earned.

As opposed to the boarding-master and ship-owners, Jack's interests habitually go to the wall, and, practically speaking, judgment may be said to be entered up against him without a hearing. As a proof of this, let us look for a moment at the proceedings of the recent Congressional investigation into the causes which have led to the decline of our merchant marine. Embodied in the recommendations that were handed in by the representatives of most of the maritime associations was one for the repeal of the law which compels the payment of three months' wages to all seamen discharged at foreign ports. The point was urged in such forcible phrase by these representatives that their auditors, could they have forgotten that the speakers were ship-owners, would, no doubt, have been led to believe that this law imposed a most iniquitous tax on commerce, and that its repeal was a *sine qua non* to the re-establishment of our merchant marine. Nobody gave Jack's side of the story. The case for the plaintiff was ably set forth, the defendant being neither present nor represented by counsel. Nevertheless, the jury, so to speak, was practically asked to bring in a verdict after an *ex parte* hearing.

Let us examine into the causes which led to the passage of this law, and into its bearing on the question of cheap ships. Before its enactment, some

masters of vessels were in the habit of discharging their men before the completion of the voyage, in order to obtain head-money for shipping another crew, this head-money being paid by the keepers of sailors' boarding-houses to secure the selection of men who were in their debt, and whose advance-pay went to discharge that debt. The result was that Jack had no chance at all. The advance paid in the home port to the man that had lodged him was no sooner worked out than he was discharged, and compelled to go through the same process in a foreign port. Under the present law, if the captain is an honest man no loss can result to the owner. If he ships a man as a first-class seaman who proves to be only an "ordinary" hand, he is allowed to dis-rate him and pay him only as "ordinary" seaman; while, if the man is in reality just what he pretended to be when he shipped, why should he be discharged before the completion of the voyage?

The United States Shipping Commissioner at the port of New York, being appealed to on a recent occasion, frankly acknowledged that he was powerless to prevent a sailor's being swindled, unless it was done before his eyes. He knew that sailors were being plundered and ill treated by captains, boarding-masters, and, in many instances, by the owners themselves; but, owing to the irresponsibility of the sailor, there seemed to him no means of legally preventing it. Time and again he had taken the affidavits of sailors and procured warrants for those who had robbed them, but in not one single instance could the complainants be found when sought for to justify the charge. They had either been smuggled out of the city by those who fleeced them, or dissuaded from following up their complaints. From this he drew the conclusion that sailors, being opposed to their own interests, cannot be protected.

Those who have lived at sea and had opportunities for studying saline humanity will, without doubt, object to this view. They will insist that the sailor must not be measured by the

standard in vogue among landmen,—that means have been found to protect him in England. Indeed, should they assert that the lot of the American sailor is worse than that of his fellow in other lands, abundant proof may be found to warrant the assertion.

When a merchant-ship enters the port of New York she is waylaid by the keepers of sailors' boarding-houses. These men are so anxious for Jack's comfort that they cannot wait until his ship is anchored or docked, but go down the bay in small boats to meet her and make arrangements with the sailors for board and lodging. These boats constitute the "Mosquito fleet,"—a fleet manned by as unprincipled a crew of villains "as e'er scuttled ship or cut a throat."

The boats are made fast to the incoming ship, and their crews come aboard, fraternize with the sailors, and, if the captain is not watchful, give them liquor. Before the captain of the port assigns a berth to the ship, her crew begins to leave her. It is distributed among the boarding-houses on the streets adjoining the North and East Rivers. There Jack, being furnished with a plentiful supply of liquor, is apt to begin an orgy that lasts until the accounts of his ship are ready for adjustment. Under the new law, a sailor must be sober when paid off; and so, the supply of liquor being suddenly checked by the boarding-master, Jack comes to himself, is brought by his landlord before the shipping commissioner, and paid off. What is left him after his captain has deducted from his pay the sum he claims is due him for tobacco, clothes, and advances, Jack puts in his pocket along with his sheath-knife, and follows his landlord back to his den. There the orgy is renewed until his money is gone, and then the boarding-master, anxious to be rid of his guest, looks out for a ship about to depart. Formerly it was customary to kidnap Jack while intoxicated and sell him to the captain of an outgoing ship for what had been advanced him for board and liquor, together with a premium varying from one hundred to two hundred per cent.

on the same. Under the present law this cannot be done; but the advantages which have accrued to the sailor by the change are not very apparent. The boarding-master visits the captain and offers him from five dollars to ten dollars a head for the privilege of naming his crew. Then Jack and a number of his mates who are fellow-boarders are taken before the United States Commissioner, with instructions to wear their caps turned inside out, or put their arms akimbo. His money and credit being gone, the landlord and his assistants have begun to maltreat Jack and deny him liquor. He is ready, therefore, to again tempt the hardships and lesser dangers of the sea rather than bear the greater ones that await him ashore. He obeys his instructions, and is selected by his new captain to form one of his crew. The advance demanded by Jack's boarding-master of his new captain includes a charge for board, liquor,—Jack has probably paid for this several times over while intoxicated,—and double the sum paid for finding Jack a ship. This latter charge must not appear upon the papers presented to the commissioner, so it is set down as a cash advance. Jack is now asked by the latter if he is paying any money for the privilege of getting a ship. If he acknowledged the fact, the captain would not get his head-money nor the boarding-master his exorbitant fee, and another man would be substituted. All this Jack knows, as well as that he would be treated with great harshness upon his return to his boarding-house. Nor could he escape. The boarding-master has a lien on him at least for board, and would not permit him to depart from his sight. Jack therefore boldly swears that he is not paying any "blood-money," so called, and is immediately sent aboard.

Now, it is to the advantage of his new captain to get rid of Jack and his mates at the earliest opportunity, for he can obtain from five dollars to ten dollars a head from foreign boarding-masters for naming the crew of an American ship. He treats his crew with great severity, therefore, feeds them badly, and puts

them in irons and on rations of bread and water for slight offences. This encourages them to desert the ship at the first port she makes; whereat the captain reports to the American consul the names of the deserters, absorbs their pay for alleged boarding-house bills, clothes, tobacco, etc., and proceeds to ship another crew, each one of which is made to pay a total of ten dollars for the very questionable privilege of sailing with him.

The bark *Atlanta* left New York some time since, bound for Mediterranean ports. Though of six hundred tons' burden, her captain shipped a crew of only six persons, little more than boys. While at sea they were treated with great cruelty,—being forced to take turns in remaining eight instead of the customary four hours on deck, hauling tacks and sheets, steering, or handling sail aloft. When nearing Marseilles, the captain plainly intimated to them that an attempt on their part to desert would be winked at by himself and his mate. Thereat four out of the six boys made the attempt. Two succeeded; one, Daniel Lynch, was drowned while attempting to reach shore on a plank outside the harbor of Marseilles, and the fourth, Henry Kleinsang, was arrested at the instigation of the American consul and sent back to the ship. The captain claimed his right to nineteen days' pay out of Kleinsang's wages, besides the expenses of arresting him and the fees of the consul for his agency in the matter. To this Kleinsang objected, and on the return of the ship to New York the case was brought into court. Here is the decision: "It is evident that the *Atlanta* was criminally undermanned, and that these lads, whose stipulated pay was thirteen dollars a month, were overworked and roughly used, and that their desertion was a desperate attempt suggested by their captain to gain relief from suffering and peril, and was, under all the circumstances, justifiable. Kleinsang must receive his full pay."

The fact that vessels are being continually sent to sea from American ports undermanned is notorious. If there

could be any excuse for such injustice, not to say cruelty, to the sailor, it would no doubt be found in a desire on the part of the ship-owners to save enough on running expenses to offset the excessive tonnage-dues, consul-fees, and port-charges to which American ships are subject. Old hulks are sent to sea that require the attention of the whole crew to keep them from falling apart. When sailing "by the wind" in little more than a whole-sail breeze, these craft often have to be brought up into the wind's eye to repair standing or running rigging and thus prevent them from racking themselves to pieces. Such manœuvres upon an under-manned vessel require the attention of all hands; and thus a watch that have been hard-worked for four hours are again called upon to exert their already exhausted limbs. These old hulks are continually springing a leak, and then the poor fellows, when not working the ship, are called upon to man the pumps. In fore-and-aft-rigged vessels, such as the *tern* or three-masted schooner, the winch plays an important part, and is made an excuse for going to sea with a ludicrously small crew. Winches are used to hoist the large deck-sails; and when they get out of order—which not infrequently happens—all hands are kept almost constantly on deck.

How easily the law requiring the carrying of stanch boats on all seafaring vessels may be evaded any one may see for himself by carefully examining the boats of almost any American sailing-ship. As a rule, they will be found lashed in the waist of the ship, bottom up, with canvas made fast from gunwale to gunwale. The constant exposure of the bottoms of these boats to the sun results in opening the streaks and rendering them worthless. The plugs are usually not under the flooring of the cockpit, where they belong; and the oars, though sometimes lashed in the boats, are more frequently stowed away in some other part of the ship. Who that has read of the shipwreck of an American vessel but will remember that the canvas tops on the boats could not be

removed in the moment of disaster, or that the oars could not be found, or that when the boats had been safely lowered away from the davits the plugs were found to be missing? that when the men had stopped the inflow resulting from this they discovered that the bottoms of their boats, warped by the sun, leaked from stem to stern? or, if the ship was a steamer, that the life-rafts on the hurricane-decks, which had for years been under scrutiny of the inspectors, were full of holes, as in the case of the ill-fated steamship *Emily Souder*, which went down several years ago on the Southern coast?

If the American sailor is ill treated at home, he fares still worse abroad. The American consuls at foreign ports are under the law constituted shipping commissioners, and according to their instructions should personally supervise the shipment of American seamen. Instead of doing so, they, with few exceptions, delegate their powers in this respect to a professional shipping-master, usually a retired or broken-down merchant-captain. At his hands the sailor need expect no quarter. He is generally in collusion with the boarding-master and the captain. He furnishes a crew to the latter at so much a head; in utter defiance of the "tariff of fees." Jack is made to pay extravagant prices not only for board and liquor received, but also for a "kit," or chest, said to contain clothes, which, when opened at sea, proves to be filled with rags. Then there is a bonus demanded by the pretended shipping-master, and, lastly, the legal fees to the American consul. Jack must stay by the ship several months at least to work out these advances that have been made on his behalf by the captain; nor will he receive any encouragement to desert. Indeed, it is ten to one that he will not be accorded the usual liberty ashore when port is reached, for fear he may slip away before he is "square" with the ship.

So much for the dark side of Jack's life. Its sum is not made up entirely of trials and tribulations. It has what, at least in his eyes, are deemed its com-

pensations. Should you see him in the dog-watches, when, to the music of an old fiddle, he skips about nimbly with his mates, you would think that his sorrows have been greatly exaggerated,—that though, like the sultan in the famous drinking-song, he cannot drink a drop of wine, he is nevertheless a happy man.

The bane of Jack's existence afloat is washing-down and holystoning the decks, slushing spars, tarring the rigging, rubbing brass-work, scraping paint-work and oars, and setting up standing-rigging. Its agreeable side is to be found in steering his trick at the wheel with a beam or quartering wind and a smooth sea. His four hours' watch on deck is spent in taking in or making sail or performing the work already described. His watch below is apt to be divided between listening to and relating yarns, smoking his pipe, and growling about the food the "doctor" (the galley-cook) gives him.

Occasionally, however, what might not inappropriately be termed an "intellectual craze" strikes the ship. Then pipes are put away, the professional yarn-spinner and the "sea-lawyer" are compelled to desist for lack of listeners, and ditty-bags and chests are overhauled for books and writing-materials. The thirst for knowledge seems to grow with what it feeds on. The man who was struggling all through his early watch below with the sum of a column of figures has now passed a successful examination in addition in the presence of the bos'n, and has gone on to what the latter describes as "subtraction."

Here are three men sitting at the table that runs around the foot of the foremast. That is the quartermaster who is kneeling down and leaning over the table. He has a pen in his big tarred fist. He is trying to form the letters of the alphabet, and follows the motions of the pen with his tongue, because he thinks it assists his memory. Beside him is a man spelling out word by word a child's history of the United States. His ship-mate, looking over his shoulder, has already proved himself an adept at reading this book, and is now engaged

in correcting his mate's pronunciation. Occasionally the reader objects to the correction, and appeals to "Chips," the carpenter, whose reputation for learning is so well established that he usually refrains from arguing the nice points often brought up in the fo'c'sle, for fear of damaging it. "Chips," when called upon, is pretty sure to give a different pronunciation from that of either the reader or his companion, and this is generally conceded to be authoritative.

It is very queer how the "craze" affects the men whose watch is on deck. They cannot have book, pencil, or paper with them. That old fellow forward, who is standing ready to repeat the order soon coming from the captain of "tacks and sheets," wears a singularly puzzled, perplexed expression. He is thinking out some intellectual conundrum propounded to him by one of his mates.

"Helloo there aft!" shouts the captain in indignant tones from the break in the quarter-deck where he is standing. "What do you mean by letting her come up into the wind? Give her a good full, and keep your wits about you!" The man at the wheel had become so absorbed in an example in division which he was tracing on the glass of the binnacle with his wet finger as to forget that he was the helmsman of a great ship. Sextant in hand, the captain works out his latitude on the top of the to'-gallan' fo'c'sle. As he rises from his recumbent position he collides with an old salt who has been peering over his shoulder just to see how the thing was done.

Jack has an abiding faith in the ability of his captain, who, in his eyes, possesses a panacea for the various ills to which saline humanity is heir. He has no confidence in those who have not had "the advantage of a seafarin' eddication,"—mistrusts their intentions, and condemns their methods. The captain is his physician, surgeon, dentist, aurist, oculist, and, "if so be as how" he comes to die, his minister. Backed by his medicine-chest, the captain doses Jack with the confidence of an old practitioner; and, no matter how unpalatable the medicine, Jack swallows it with equanimity.

The medicine-chest is filled with little phials containing the principal substances in the *materia medica*. Ignorance of medical treatment on the part of captains being presupposed by the designer of the medicine-chest, the name of the substance contained in a phial is not indicated upon its label. There is a number instead, which refers to a like number in a little medical manual accompanying the chest. Thus, should a sailor be troubled with rheumatism, the captain looks in his book, and under the head "Rheumatism" reads, "For rheumatism take a teaspoonful of No. 28 and rub briskly on the parts troubled." A series of general rules preface the description of the uses for which the contents of the bottles are designed. These were laid down by a well-known naval surgeon who had given to the maladies of sailors intelligent and careful attention. Here are a few which will perhaps prove as interesting to the landsman as to the sailor:

"Avoid the use of ardent spirits, even in moderate quantities. Strong drink invariably predisposes to disease. Use tobacco sparingly, if at all. It never defends from disease, and its free use deranges the powers of the stomach, induces trembling, and increases the susceptibility to every indisposition. Pay strict regard to cleanliness of person and clothing. Let the vessel always be kept clean, well ventilated, and as dry as possible. Use the purest water, and eat freely of vegetables, especially on long voyages. Keep the bowels open. Observe regular hours for sleep, and let it not be indulged on deck or on the shore, especially if the season be warm and the men are unused to the climate. Keep the clothes as dry as possible, and adapt them to the temperature of the climate. It is generally best to wear flannels next to the skin. Correct the moisture of the lodging-apartments every evening by a fire in the stove. Select anchorage to windward of the land. If disease of a fatal character be already aboard, separate the well from the sick; and in case of death, the clothing of the dead should be thrown overboard with the body. If the hammock be retained,

it should be smoked and thoroughly washed. Let the vessel or sick-cabin be frequently aired, and upon the death or recovery of a patient fumigate the apartment in which he was confined by burning nitre or charcoal and sulphur on a hot shovel or iron; sprinkle with hot vinegar and whitewash the bulkheads and sides, or scatter about freely chloride of lime."

A trouble to which sailors are peculiarly liable is what is known as "channel fever," sometimes called "bay fever." An old sea-captain who has had long experience with it thus describes its effect upon the sailor, and the most approved mode of treatment: "Channel fever is more apt to break out among the crew just after quitting port; and the most curious thing about it is that when once it obtains a firm hold upon a sailor it may never be entirely eradicated from his constitution. A sailor comes to me with a long face, and says, 'Cap'n, I feel awful bad.'—'Where does it hurt you the most?' I inquire.—'Well,' he replies, 'I feel cur'us pains all over,—alow and aloft, on the beam, and on the quarter.'—'Do you feel anything in your ears?'—'Yes, sir.'—'A sort of tingling, burning sensation?'—'Yes, sir: that's it exactly.' Now I feel his pulse, and have correctly diagnosed the case. I go down below to the medicine-chest and get a good dose of castor oil, which I bring up and give him. You see, this is always the first thing to do in cases of 'bay fever.' 'Now, my man,' I say, 'cast off the lashings from those eight oars in the long-boat yonder, and scrape them all white with your sheath-knife, and then come to me and tell me if you feel any better.' You see, the mind has much to do with this species of fever, and you must always begin by keeping the thoughts from the growing malady. 'I'm afraid I'm too sore and stiff to scrape them oars, cap'n. I can just about stand up, and no more.'—'I know,—I know; that's the very thing you want to avoid. Don't think about the fever at all. Keep your mind on the work, and be sure and let me know how you feel when it is finished.'—'All right,

cap'n; I'll try,' he says, and off he goes. But when he gets through his task he complains of feeling still worse, and thinks if he turned in it would do him good. But I give him some more castor oil, and cut out another piece of work for him, and when that is completed he comes and tells me that he'll need no more castor oil,—that the pains have left him, and he is all right again. Thus I cure him of a very bad attack of 'bay fever,' which ashore is called 'laziness.'"

But, seriously speaking, captains have from time to time gained no little reputation for their successful treatment of fevers. Captain Stephen Sutter, formerly of the old Black Ball line of clipper-ships, and later engaged in the South-American trade, was said to have had more success with yellow fever, virulent smallpox, and cholera than any of the regular practitioners along the Spanish main. His was heroic treatment, however: it either killed or cured: there was not any lingering. Just what it consisted in no one seems to be able to say; and, as the captain is dead, it is to be presumed that the secret died with him.

It has been alleged, and those familiar with Jack's nature will be slow to deny the allegation, that the success of the average sea-captain in treating his crew is begotten of his knowledge of Jack. Jack believes that a big pain will succumb only to a big remedy,—that is to say, a strong dose. If the remedy is unpalatable,—burning, biting, or griping,—it is so much the better in Jack's eyes. Sups of jalap and attenuations of aconite and belladonna are, therefore, unknown aboard ship.

The captains insist, and in this they are sustained by the sailors, that they don't lose any more cases than do the doctors ashore. They often have opportunities to measure their own skill in handling fever cases with the faculty ashore; and, if their stories may be relied upon, they invariably come out the best. Not long ago—so the story runs—six seamen of an American ship lying at Caracas, having drunk immoderately ashore, were taken down with cholera.

They were given the choice of being treated ashore by regular physicians or aboard ship by their captain. Four decided to accept the captain's treatment, while two went into hospital ashore. The latter died, while their comrades afloat recovered.

"How does the captain doctor a sick man?" said a sailor when appealed to on this subject. "Well, I'll tell ye. First he gives a big dose of castor oil fur a feeler,—that is, fur a base to work from. Then the man feels so bad that he can tell the captain just the wery spot where it hurts him the most, and he gits a big dose of medicine that just touches that spot, and he gits well. No, the brains isn't furnished by the medicine-chest book: they're furnished by the captain himself. It ain't every or'ery sailor-man as can work out their reckonin' with the medicine-book. I see that tried onct with no great success. It were in the clipper-ship Adabel, a-lyin' in the harbor of Valparaiso. My mate Tom Billings was took with dyspepsy,—though how he ever got dyspepsy none of us never couldn't find out, for, accordin' to his own story, he hadn't had a square meal o' wittles since he were a kid, and at that time we were a-feedin' on salt horse and lime-juice to save the expense o' vegetables. Well, be that as it may, he was took with dyspepsy, and, the old man bein' laid up ashore, Tom axed the mate fur to give him somethin' out of the chest that would cure it. Now, this yer mate—which his name were Blanderhurst, though it oughter have been Blunderbuss—he goes below and fetches up the medicine-chest, and he takes the little book and reads aloud out of it, 'Fur dyspepsy take a tablespoonful of No. 17.' Then he goes fur the bottle No. 17, but it were empty. I said I thought he better give Tom some of No. 16 or No. 18, which were nearest to No. 17. But he wouldn't take no advice, this yer Blanderhurst wouldn't. There bein' no No. 17, he just takes No. 8 and No. 9 and mixes them together, and gives it to Tom. It killed him 'dead.'"

The prevailing idea that sailors have

no appreciation of the fine arts is a mistaken one. They delight in pictures, but, owing to their vocation, their quarters are cramped, and there is no room to hang them. They bridge over this difficulty by having their favorite pictures traced on their arms, their chests, and even their legs. Few persons who have had any acquaintance with Jack but have remarked the artistic spirit many of these pictures possess, and wondered at the ingenuity of the artist in making allowance for and taking advantage of the projecting sinews and tendons and of the almost protruding veins. Though these pictures are often pastoral, yet are they the work of marine artists,—artists who, between the various portions of their work, “lay out” on the to’-gallant and royal yards, handle tacks and sheets, or perchance stand an hour’s watch in the galley, stirring the duff-pudding. In nearly every ship’s company will be found at least one India-ink artist. During his watch below, this man is usually occupied in ornamenting one of his mates,—sometimes with scenes out of a sailor’s life, such as his departure from home when a boy, his first experience aloft,—crawling through the “lubber’s hole” instead of climbing around it. The artist and his subject sit facing each other. Near by there are three little saucers, containing a thick glossy substance, one red, one blue, and one black. The instrument used in pricking in this substance is formed by binding together a number of very fine needles. The artist first shaves the arm of his subject, then traces the lines of the picture that is to be indelibly injected, so to speak, into his flesh. As the cuticle is pierced, the blood partly obliterates the tracing. Then a wet towel or rag is passed carefully over it, and the work continues. Many sailors prefer religious subjects: the Crucifixion may be seen depicted across many a stalwart chest. But the majority go in for the patriotic. “Fashions in pictures change all the time,” said one of these sailor-artists not long since. “Time was when every sailor-man wanted a eagle with a American flag a-hangin’ in fes-

toons from his beak, a olive-branch in one talon, and a bunch of arrers in the other,—which were indeed the nat’ral position of the bird. But now there ain’t no more call for eagles. Whether patriotism is a-gettin’ played out, or furrin-born sailors is a-takin’ the place of Yankees, it’s beyond me to say; but if I was axed to make an Alfred-David I’d say it were the latter.” The goddess of Liberty was to be found on the arms or chest of many an old salt who sailed the seas aboard merchantmen or followed the colors aboard American war-ships at a time when there was much and serious objection made against Britannia’s ruling the wave. “The Patriot”—a sailor-boy with drawn cutlass standing under the stars and stripes—was also very popular at one time, as was also “Faith, Hope, and Charity,” represented by an anchor, cross, and heart, and a full-rigged ship with every stitch of canvas drawing, including stun’-sails. On this latter a big ensign floats from the peak of the spanker, and the union-jack from a staff set over the top of the dolphin-striker, while an enormous pennant like a huge snake waves in myriad folds from the main truck.

When punctured by the needles the portion of the arm or body swells and becomes very sore, and if much ink has been injected the system receives sometimes serious injury from blood-poisoning. But this does not deter the sailor from increasing from time to time his private collection of pictures.

Though perhaps every sailor can upon occasion spin a yarn, not every sailor can spin a good one, and a good yarn-spinner is as popular afloat as a good story-teller is ashore. The professional yarn-spinner, though, as a rule, an experienced sailor, is not necessarily more travelled than his mates. But he is more impressionable than the average sailor. Everything he sees or hears sticks to him; he embalms it, so to speak,—if it be of trifling importance, joins it to other trifles, until at last you find that out of these pickings—these bits and ends—he has reared a colossal yarn. Every time he tells it he embellishes

it, fashions it anew, and finally, after some time, makes such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own invention.

It is when spurred on by a younger member of the crew, who has related what he takes to be a remarkable performance, that the champion yarner is at his best. "Why, that ain't nothin' at all!" he exclaims, as a young sailor finishes a yarn about a friend of his that swam the English Channel. "It ain't nothin' at all; you wouldn't never think of a-mentionin' such child's play as that if you'd 'a' knowed Bill Hollinsworth."

"Why, what did he do? Tell us about it," comes from all parts of the fo'c'sle, and the port-watch of the ship *Queen of the Seas* gather about their favorite story-teller.

The old salt rolls his quid from side to side in his capacious mouth, as if recalling the particulars of the story, clears his throat, and begins:

"Me an' this yer Hollinsworth was shipmates on a v'y'ge to Liverpool. Bill were the most entertainin' chap I ever met. Couldn't he spin a yarn! an' weren't he a jovial fellow, an' a honest man from keel to truck! Ye've heard me tell how he were discharged from Her Britannic Majesty's sloop-o'-war *Who's Afeard*—which he joined to stand in fur the grog-ration—fur a-bein' drunk in the tops. Well, he were always the same; an' no misfortune in life couldn't change his pleasant sunshiny ways an' make him knuckle down to the starn realities of life. Now, we hadn't been out more'n five days on the trip to Liverpool when the glass" (barometer) "began to fall, an' we knowed we was a-goin' fur to catch it. We wasn't disappointed. All hands was sent aloft fur to take in the royals an' to'-gallan' sails, an' pretty soon we got the order fur to reef the top-sails. When our side went below, I missed Bill. 'Where's Bill Hollinsworth?' says I.—'I ain't see him since he were out on the fore-topsail-yard with me,' says the bo's'n. Well, we looked all over the ship, an' Bill were nowhere to be found: so we came to the conclusion that he had fallen overboard, an' he was set down as havin' lost the

number of his mess. A few days after this, when the storm had passed, we began to hear strange sounds down in the after-hold, which were chock-a-block with provisions an' wine. 'Make less noise for'ard there!' says the cap'n one evenin', as he looked down into the fo'c'sle.—'There ain't no noise here: it's all aft,' says the carpenter. Just then, 'We're a jolly crew that sail the main,' came from the after-bulkhead.—'It's ghosts!' says the cook.—'Ghosts don't sing as well as that,' says the cap'n. Nevertheless, the word was passed that there was ghosts aboard; an' you can give a good guess that the sounds of singin' an' dancin' that came up out of the hold every night didn't do nothin' to contradict it. Then somebody said it was rats; but rats couldn't sing 'A-Rollin' Home in the Mornin', Boys,' which were a favorite song of Bill Hollinsworth's. Well, one night when the songs an' choruses were a-goin' on at a high rate, the mate came for'ard with the cap'n. Both was pale as ghosts. 'There's some one drunk down in the fo'c'sle,' says the cap'n. An' he made a dive all round in the darkness with a hand-spike. 'It's cur'ous,' says the cap'n one day, 'how all these stores are disappearin', an' no one a-eatin' of 'em.' Well, pretty soon we got in to Liverpool, an' me an' my mate got our liberty an' went ashore. We was a-strollin' into a saloon, when I'm blessed if we didn't see the ghost of Bill Hollinsworth a-leanin' on the bar an' a-talkin' with the landlady in a voice which were the wery image of Bill's! Me an' my mate was about to wear around an' run away, when Bill he sees us, an' he sings out, 'Back yer main top-sail and come alongside!'—'How did ye get here?' says I, when I made sure it were really Bill an' not his ghost.—'Swum,' says he. An' he never wouldn't let on that he got here any other way. Well, the story of Bill's big swim soon got over Liverpool, an' he was a great man. Most people believed every word of it; but most of the chaps aboard our ship didn't believe he swum at all, but said he slipped down into the hold where the provisions were, an' en'j'ed

hisself the hull v'y'ge, a-eatin', a-drinkin', a-singin', an' a-dancin'. Sich a sight ye never seed as when they broke out the cargo. Empty bottles, ham-bones, half-eaten cheeses, an' cans that had once had fruit an' vegetables in 'em were thrown around in every direction. The cap'n was like a crazy man, an' swore he'd get even with Bill, or his ghost, or whatever it were that had like to eat the cargo up. But Bill swore he didn't know nothin'

at all about it, an' was took aboard on the return trip. Sing'lar to relate, however, he was really lost overboard in a storm. Some said as how Bill was lost on the last trip, an' that it was on'y his ghost that we see a-talkin' to the land-lady an' who afterwards shipped for the return v'y'ge. But, be that as it may, we never again set eyes onto Bill Hollinsworth or his ghost."

FRANKLIN H. NORTH.

### LEANDER.

Not love, quoth he, but vanity, sets love a task like that.

"YER see, the only kind o' ranch wuth havin' up yar's a cattle-ranch. Them thar farmin'-ranches ain't much good. 'Tain't the kind o' soil to raise things on; good stuff for sheep to crop, but for no other kind o' crops."

So spake the oracle, and we all listened with profound attention. Archie Davenport sat on the edge of a barrel, swinging his feet, and letting his cigar go out in his humorous appreciation of our host's remarks. The other men stood about the counters, or sat comfortably tilted back, with feet high above their heads, on any convenient support. Archie looked a very polished gem indeed amid these rough diamonds. I suppose I appeared equally out of place, but I didn't think of it at the time. I was a student of human nature, and I liked, at times, to view it in the rough. A pitiful little white-headed chap I must have seemed among these great toiled-hardened Colorado ranchmen. Archie Davenport, however, made himself more at ease than I could ever do: there was never anything inharmonious in his presence; he could always blend with his surroundings. Viewed from a high or a low stand-point, his fascination was always manifest, and always victorious. To me he was a magnet; he had drawn me with him, in search of adventure,—fortune,—who knows what?—even to

the Far West. The barrel he sat upon that evening might have been a throne, and he the king of good fellows. I can see him now,—his blue shirt a little open at the throat (the patrician in masquerade!), his chestnut curls lightly waving above the white forehead and sunburned face, his eyes shining with laughter, the cigar twirled idly in his fingers, a half-filled glass in his right hand. (The glass contained very bad whiskey; but that statement would not fit well into the foregoing sentence.) For my own part, I sat silent, but smiling, watching, and listening. I was at that time engaged in writing the inevitable novel.

Old Joe Garvin was a "character," as we say of an odd specimen of the race whom we do not care to spend words in describing. He kept the "store" in which we sat: in it he sold as many things as he could scrape together, and also dispensed whiskey, tobacco, and wisdom. He firmly believed that there was nothing sold anywhere that he did not sell, and nothing known anywhere that he did not know. For old Garvin had been a teacher—save the mark!—in his youth, and in his own eyes and those of his boon companions he was now the typical schoolmaster abroad in the land. He was invaluable in one respect,—he always had an opinion on hand: his stock of tobacco, pins, calico, molasses, or strong drink might at times be "out" and need replenishing,—his

stock of opinions, never. His store had become a general lounging-place; and Archie and I strolled into it at times, to study human nature.

Old Garvin was holding forth on the subject of cattle-ranches, farm-ranches, etc.

"Now, thar's old Merrill," said he, "diggin' away at that durned old farm of his up on them hills. Well enough for pasture-land, is them flats; but" (here various blanks must necessarily occur in this faithful record) "how much wheat do yer reckon he puts through that thar mill o' his? Sho! Got a good stream, too—"

"Hold yer jaw, old man!" cried one gigantic loungee sweetly; "you'll have Leander down on yer. Ain't he comin' yere to-night?"

"What's the odds, if he ain't yar yit?" asked another lazily.

"Leander! Oh!" (etc., etc., etc.) observed old Joe Garvin. "Who keers for Leander? He ain't no more sperit than an old steer, peggin' on with old Merrill, jest for that gal o' his'n, when he might be keepin' hundreds o' head o' cattle an' gittin' a pile of his own—"

"Look yar, fellers," said a great-bearded man, suddenly raising himself from a bench whereon he had been stretching his lazy length; "look yar, fellers: Leander's a mighty soft one, and a poor sort o' trash at the best, but—"

Old Joe uttered another tremendous cannonade, which effectually checked the speaker and made the company look at one another and grin: "Oh, soft, is he? Poor trash, is he? Jist you try Leander at a fair shot or a good wrestle. Jist you wrestle with him, Jim Bond. I'd love to see ye. Or try him on a run, or a swim, or a gen-teel variety of *usthetic* sports too *numberous* to mention, and you'll observe which end yer come out at, ef yer've got yer senses about yer to do it with. Which I should wish to remark again, jist tackle him on one o' them *usthetic* sports!" And the old man drew himself up, repeating his "show" word with great emphasis.

Archie Davenport laughed out long and loudly, but with a fresh music that

made many worn and callous hearts and faces merry. The men winked at each other.

"Yer see, stranger," said one of them to me, in explanation, "old Joe'll abuse that thar Leander all day; but if another fellow says a word agin the ornery chap, he goes on that ar way."

At this juncture a heavy step sounded on the porch outside. Some of the men said, "Hush!" or uttered an elaborate equivalent for that word, and a gigantic figure appeared in the door-way. The classic figure of Mrs. Garvin was just then seen approaching from the back door, and the lamps which she carried threw their full glare upon the features of *Leander*. For it was he, and no other, who came stumping in, gazing in some bewilderment at the faces of the men, who were silent and embarrassed after their fashion. Who likes to be suddenly confronted with the object of his unguarded remarks? Old Joe Garvin alone was undisturbed. "Well, now!" he said slowly; "what's brung that ar great hulkin' critter in yar?"

"Halloo, Leander!" said several men politely.

To which Leander replied, "How are yer?" and subsided.

He was tall and strong, not stout, but muscular, with mild, bluntly-shaped features, and large dark eyes, soft and deep as a woman's. His dark hair curled closely around a large, shapely head; his mouth was very noticeable for its broad, bland, gentle curves. I thought there was great beauty in the lips and eyes; for the rest, he was in truth a "great hulkin' critter." His voice was full and mellow, but he seemed to have nothing to say. At times I saw his eyes deepen and grow keen and his lips fix themselves sternly; but in general there was a mild, awkward, elephantine softness about him which made him an object of ridicule among his hard-headed and hard-featured companions. Besides that, he was neither a drunkard nor a gambler, and he stayed at old Merrill's for the sake of old Merrill's "gal." In love, it seemed, Leander was a sort of Jacob.

"Yer see, he ain't no kind of a

feller," one of the men remarked to me, confidentially: "he jest digs in the ground and spoons around, when he *kin* ride a horse and handle a gun like blazes, ef he'd a mind to do it."

Leander's surname, I regret to say, was Boggs. His mother had been a Mexican creole, his father an Englishman,—which combination was surely sufficient to account for poor Leander's eccentricities. Perhaps the English blood supplied him with a certain unreasoning, indomitable determination which we afterward discovered in him.

"Which we've been criticisin' of yer, Leander," remarked Joe Garvin serenely.

"Like enough," said Leander, in his quiet way.

"We—hev!" continued Joe emphatically.

"Well, what about?" asked Leander, lighting his pipe deliberately, and then looking mildly around, as if in no fear that he could have been open to lively censure.

"Sho! Don't you be askin' no questions," said Garvin, whose evident liking for Leander triumphed over his teasing propensity. "Look alive, man, and fill yer glass."

"No, thank ye; not to-night," said Leander.

A shout of derision arose.

"'Fraid o' spoilin' yer breath for kissin'?" asked some one, satirically. While another said, with an oath, "Let the pooty little feller alone. He's goin' a-courtin'."

"Say, Leander, how's Fan?" called out a rough voice.

It was then that I saw that gleam in his eyes, that tightening of his silent lips.

"Oh, look here, boys," called out Archie Davenport; "I say, that's not fair!"

"That's so, stranger," answered one man.

I was strongly prepossessed in Leander's favor, and, following the lead of his defenders, I said quietly, "Boys, there isn't one of you who couldn't knock me in pieces with a blow, and yet if I had a sweetheart, and a fellow

spoke slightly of her, I'd try my chance for life with him,—big or little."

This bravado was a lucky hit, and the murmur that passed around the circle was generally of an approving character. Best of all was the look that Leander turned upon Archie and me,—a look of gratitude, soul-deep and full of meaning and strength. Yet I noticed afterward that he seemed uneasy, and soon he made his way to me, and said, "Look yer, stranger, don't be thinkin' I'm a coward because I didn't lay a-hold of my Derringer when them fellows spoke that ar way. I kin handle it when I've a mind to; but—yer see, old Merrill, and his wife—and—*and—Fannie*" (the name seemed to choke him, as if he were too tender of it to speak it openly), "they're a-goin' to stop awhile to-night, to git some pervisions; they've been down to Colkett's ranch to-day, yer see,—and, so long's *she's* comin' yere, and I'm goin' up home with 'em, I—I—"

"I understand," I answered, helping him. "You want to be all right for her; no liquor, no bloodshed—"

"That's it, that's it, stranger! Thank yer, thank yer. Her little hand may lay *here* to-night,"—looking down at his own great hand as if he already saw and felt the delicate treasure there,—"*and somehow I—*" Again the flood-tide of emotion stopped his utterance. The tenderness and passion of this big simple fellow touched me inexpressibly.

"I believe you would die for her, Leander!" I exclaimed, in a fever of youthful romantic ardor.

"Wouldn't I?" he said, in a voice that almost awed me, it was so low, so deep, so intense.

"Stranger, I don't know who you be," he said suddenly, "but thar's my hand, if you'll take it! You've been a friend to me this night, and so's your pardner there,"—he nodded toward Archie,—"*but you*,—you're the kind o' chap a man could talk to. I'm glad you're goin' to see Fannie to-night,—yes, I'm glad!" he exclaimed heartily, as if his good will could suggest no greater pleasure for me than the sight of his beautiful and well-beloved maiden.

"So am I, Leander," I replied, with equal fervor; "and if you want a friend while I'm here, Charlie Worth's your man!" I thought afterward of the absurdity of this covenant between us,—I offering myself as a sort of protector to this simple-hearted giant! It was the old story of strength and reason.

Suddenly Leander turned aside, and listened keenly; then I saw the red flush mount to his forehead.

"Thar they are!" he cried, as a wagon stopped before the door. In a few moments old Garvin was welcoming a party consisting of a large, kindly, grizzled old man, a stout woman, and a young girl of a light, graceful figure, carefully draped and hooded.

"How are yer, Joe? How are yer, pardner? We've been down to Colkett's. Cold out to-night. Kin yer give us a sniff at the big stove, and a sip o' somethin' hot? And I've got a bit o' business with yer, Joe, 'fore I git up home."

Old Joe exhibited a cheerful acquiescence in all these propositions, and the rough fellows shoved each other out of the way of the two women, whom Garvin's wife led to the stove at the back of the store.

I glanced at Fannie's face as she stood in the bright lamp-light. An arch, round, rosy face it was, framed in a dark-blue hood,—a little face like a flower, with blue eyes and a small bud mouth. But the blue eyes had a downcast, side-long look; the mouth was pursed into a smile, to show the dimples; and the high-arched eyebrows gave a look half timid, half sly, and wholly coquettish. She ogled the men furtively, her pert smiles came and went, and occasionally the small head went up with a little toss. A pretty, fairy-like, quaint creature she was; but, on the whole, I was disappointed.

"Vain and frivolous!" I thought; and then I shot a rapid glance into Leander's deep, soft, dark, adoring eyes. Somehow, my heart was pained for him.

Meanwhile, Archie Davenport had thrown away his cigar and alighted from his barrel. He said something aside to old Joe, who forthwith advanced with

great solemnity and importance, holding Archie by the hand:

"This yar is Mr. Davenport, and this yar is Mrs. Merrill and Fannie Merrill, which I hev been requested to introduce yer, and"—here he relieved his mind profusely, muttered, "I ain't used to this yar business! Sho!" and went off, wiping his forehead.

Handsome Archie bowed with great gravity, and began to converse with the women as seriously as if he were in a New-York parlor. The men stood by and admired this scene, affirming, with many ornaments of speech, that it was "a durned high-toned proceedin'!"

Soiled cards, bottles, and whiskey-glasses were hastily thrust away, and several began to "slik" their hair and readjust their homely garments. Leander looked on solemnly, divided between love, pride, and hopeless bewilderment, mingled with uneasiness. Fannie dimpled, and blushed, and glanced sideways in a manner that she evidently considered irresistible.

Conversation, however, progressed but lamely, despite Archie's *savoir-faire*; and at last he looked around, saying, "Come, my friends, we must do something to entertain these ladies. I propose that we form a circle, and every man that can tell a story, or sing a song, shall do it!"

There was a great noise of shouting assent, and scraping of many chairs along the wooden floor. When all was arranged, old Joe Garvin cleared his throat impressively.

"Go 'long, Joe!" cried old man Merrill loudly. "Git on, pardner! We know what that means!"

"Sho!" replied Joe, looking conscious; but he was soon prevailed upon to open the ball by telling one of his famous stories. Startling tales were these, indeed, compounded of his classical recollections, his experience of life, and the efforts of his vigorous imagination.

"Wa-al," he drawled, Yankee-fashion,—"wa-al, I hev jist been struck by an idee. Lend us yer eyes, pardners, and gaze on our friend Leander, sittin' yar. I hev a story in my head referrin' to a

chap of that same durned queer name, *Leander*. That ar chap, my friends, was an ancient Roman" (the Romans were the sole survivors in the world of Mr. Garvin's once profound knowledge of antique races), "and, like all the rest of 'em, that ar chap had a sweet-heart." Here Leander blushed, Fannie dimpled, and Archie—wicked flirt!—gazed at her with deep *empressement*. (I must add that I am obliged to omit some of the epithets which Joe introduced by way of embellishment, and which seemed to afford his hearers an eminent degree of satisfaction.)

"Her name was—her name—was"—here Joe scratched his head, and consigned her name to perdition. "I've seed a big dog that name once!" he continued. "Carlo?—Towser?—no! I hev it! 'twas Nero!"

"Oh, sho!" exclaimed a deep voice, derisively. "Nero was one o' them kings, he was! I've heard o' him. He sot the town afire, and stood on a roof pickin' out fellers with a long-range rifle, and arter he'd shot 'em he et 'em!"

This astounding historical statement awoke a shout of derision and a storm of forcible English from Joe, who graphically expressed his belief in the inability of the last speaker to teach *him*—Joe—anything.

"Which Nero and Leander has been the name of that ar story from time immemorable," he ended, and, being earnestly adjured to "git on," he proceeded, as follows:

"Well, that fool Leander he loved Nero good and true, he did; but Nero she wouldn't b'lieve it till he gin her some proof. Leander was up to any game yer might suggest, but he was the deatheast on swimmin'."

At this point the modern Leander became a mark for all eyes, and looked a trifle conscious.

"That's just like this here Leander, ain't it?" piped Fannie, somewhat proud of her lover's distinction. The poor fellow looked at her with happy, grateful surprise. Why, she had publicly noticed his excellence! Surely this was hopeful.

"Oh, yer needn't bristle up!" continued old Joe. "He wasn't no ornery chap like you—that ar ancient Roman Leander! No, *sir*! There was a place 'long about thar, called Hell's Pond, 'cause the water was so durned treacherous that none o' the Romans ventur'd to swim it. Don't see how't could 'a' been a *pond*,—ponds bein' ginerally still,—but it mout 'a' been some sort o' whirlpool. Anyhow, Leander he sot to work to prove how much he loved Nero, and" (etc., etc.) "if he didn't swim right across that thar Hell's Pond! You bet that gal hugged him some when he got over!" Here Joe hugged himself vigorously, and revelled in the picture conjured up by his fancy.

"Do yer love me now?" says Leander, when he got his breath. "You bet!" says she; and you may kill me ef they warn't happy! So Leander he required a considerable amount of *felicity* in swimmin' over Hell's Pond."

This sentence I construed to mean that he *acquired facility* in the above-mentioned feat. At that point I caught our Leander's eye. The great dark orbs were shining with an eager prismatic light, like those of a watchful dog. Just then Fannie said,—

"I bet it wasn't as hard to swim as our mill-stream!"

"Well, now, I tell yer, Leander he tried that little game once too often—yes, *sir*! He was a-goin' over mighty fine one evenin', lookin' fo'ward to a fust-class bit o' sparkin'; when he got the cramp in one of his legs, and he jist kicked the bucket afore he'd time to whistle, and went *ker-chunk* to the bottom of Hell's Pond, and thar his bones lays yit!" Old Joe paused, and looked solemn.

The audience drew long breaths of sympathy and consternation. Fannie clasped her hands and sighed; but when I glanced at Leander I saw that the light in his eyes had not gone out.

"Look yer, Joe," he said, in his deep mellow voice, leaning forward as he spoke, "was there really a man o' my name that did that thing?"

"It's writ in a book!" said Joe, as if

that settled the matter. He then leaned back in his chair, stuck his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and said,—

"The next man who kin entertain this yar company kin now fire away!"

It was settled that Archie Davenport should fire away, since it was known that he possessed a highly-cultivated barytone voice. His classical German songs were wonderfully acceptable to these rude settlers, showing that the highest art is fit for all people save those who live "in the middle," on the level table-lands of the commonplace. Archie gave them translations of those wondrously beautiful "miller songs" of Schubert. I saw that Leander's soul was attuned to this melody. Three songs were chosen out of the series,—the brook song, "*Whither?*" then that exultant lay of happy love, "*Mine.*" Last of all he sang "*The Brook's Lullaby,*" the death-song of the unhappy lover. Tears stood in Leander's large soft eyes, and he looked wistfully at Fannie's hand, as if he would fain have held it in his own.

After the singing, the Merrills rose, and prepared to depart. No one seemed to think of offering any further entertainment. The farmer conferred with Garvin for a few moments, and carried out a number of sacks and parcels. There was a general turning out with the party, and Archie and I found ourselves standing with the others around the great wagon, under the clear star-lit sky. Old Merrill seemed to have been greatly impressed with the two "down-East chaps," and cordially invited us to accompany him home.

"Git in—git right in, strangers!" he vociferated. "Plenty o' room in the wagon, and likewise in our old shanty. We'll make a reg'lar night of it up thar"—and so on.

"Let's go!" whispered Archie, and I was not unwilling. We expressed our thanks, and clambered into the huge white-covered vehicle, leaving the other men to "make a night of it" in their own favorite way, with cards and dice and whiskey.

We went creaking and rattling up the

long bare street, with its straggling row of new wooden houses, and its freshly-painted "hotel" with glaring sign,—less frequented by the settlers than Garvin's store. The village was soon left behind; on either side lay the broad pastures, with their short brownish grass, so rich in food for sheep and cattle. The "live stock" was now safely "pounded" (i.e., penned, or put in fold), and the fresh, pure breeze swept across long desolate stretches of meadow-land undulating darkly in the gloom of a moonless night. The stars shone with a wonderful lustre in the keen, clear air: they seemed to hang between heaven and earth in tiny globes of fire. Before us lay a hilly district, spread out in large table-lands, whereon old Merrill raised his somewhat scanty "crops," and beyond loomed the dark forms of the mountains.

"It'll be well," said he, "when there don't need to be no farmin' done round yar; but jist now it's one o' the ways we've got to live. But one uncommon thing I hev got is a fust-rate mill. Fan and I we're down thar most o' the time; she likes it. Yer see, thar's a little river runs through my ranch and tumbles down a good slope; it gits a deal o' power up above the mill, goin' down a good smooth slope. Leander, yer see,—I brung him up,—his father was shot down here, and his ma she died o' the shock,—well, he oversees most o' the farmin', and I 'tend to that ar mill. Thar's his house—see it? A poor bit o' shingle, but he hez to stay down this side the stream to see to some few sheep and cattle I've got; but 'tain't a reg'lar cattle-ranch. *Git* up, Jerry! This yar slope's steep. Thar's the bridge—see? We got to go over it."

As we crossed the wooden bridge, we looked down into the deep, strong stream, gliding heavily with a sullen murmur over its sloping bed. The starlight was broken in its black depths. I was sitting at the back of the wagon, silent and observant, when suddenly Fannie's voice sounded out behind me with increased shrillness, though in a subdued tone.

"You darsn't do it!" she said triumphantly.

"Oh, yes, Fan; I dare to do it," said Leander steadily. Something in his tone reminded me of the lines,—

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

I basely listened, and heard Fannie say, "Well, you shan't come over to the mill to see me 'thout you do it *every time*. So there!"

"Well, I'll do it *every time*! Will you love me then, Fannie? Will you?"—but here I fairly stopped my ears.

When at last we reached the primitive dwelling which Mr. Merrill, with just humility, designated as a "ramshackly old structure," we were very heartily welcomed, and set about "making a night of it." It was a comparatively quiet evening, after all: the women sat with us, and we drank cider, New-England fashion, told tales, and sang songs. For my part, I studied human nature. Archie Davenport bent his graceful head toward Fannie, and looked into her pretty face with his blue, beguiling eyes. Leander bore this sight with a pathetic patience that almost provoked me. He watched her unceasingly with his great mournful eyes; but there was a flush on his dark cheek, and I fancied I saw a *purpose* in his face, which indicated that his patience was fortified by a desperate hope.

I learned the whole story in the fresh early morning, when, having spent the night with the hospitable family, I salied forth to watch the sun rise over the hills, and found Leander pacing dog-like back and forth by the house.

"Why, Leander, where are your sheep?" I asked.

"Jack Flynn he's lookin' arter 'em for me this mornin'. I come up to the house 'cause I thought I'd like to see *you*, stranger."

"To see me? Good! Come along, and let's have it out!"

"Stranger, I can't say the right words to thank yer; but you—you—you're a good sort,—blest if you ain't!"

"Now, never mind that, Leander;

and don't call me 'stranger,' but Charlie. I've taken a liking to you! Go on."

He looked his thanks, but spoke them no more. In a few words he told me how it stood between himself and Fannie. He loved her with a passionate faithfulness that would endure all things and triumph over them for the sake of the beloved; and, if all failed, he could lie down at her feet and die. She did not love him, he was sure; she had teased and flouted him and put him off for years. "Yer see, she can't be proud o' me," he said. "I ain't nothin' but a poor sort o' hired hand as her father's been kind to. But I'm strong, and kin do a few things as I thought might win her; and now she's got her head full o' that ar story Joe Garvin told, and she says she'll like me, maybe, ef I swim over that ar mill-stream, jist as near as I can git to the place whar it's too dangerous to try, every time I come over to see her. And I'm a-goin' to do it. Ain't it a glorious chance?" And he spread forth his strong arms exultantly, as if he already felt the wave against his breast.

"Leander, do nothing of the kind!" I exclaimed hotly. "The heartless girl! It's a piece of folly—of vanity—"

But I stopped suddenly, and recoiled. Leander's hand flew to his breast, and there was an awful flash in his black eyes.

"Good heavens, man! Would you shoot me?" I cried.

"Don't say them things ag'in!" he said, low and huskily, and with a strong conjuration. "It drives me mad! it puts a devil in me! I could shoot my best friend, and that's you, ef thar's a man on earth that is! I humbly beg pardon, sir:—you don't know—you don't know the pain of it! You won't tech my hand ag'in, I know; but—"

I seized his hand, and reassured him: "My poor fellow, I wounded you first. But you Western men are a dangerous lot! I'm not afraid of your pistol, Leander. I'll not hurt your feelings, but I'll have liberty of speech in a free country! And I tell you you can't swim that stream: it's suicide!"

He laughed. "I kin do it fast

enough!" he said. "I only wish 'twas harder! But ef I died of it, it's better than *this* life. You see, I ain't got no life but hern, and I've got to hev her or die, that's the long and the short of it."

"Oh, be a man!" I said. "Don't talk of *dying* for any girl! A man's heart must be made of sterner stuff."

He shook his head with an invincible melancholy. "No use talkin'," he said. "I know I'm soft,—I know I'm a big fool,—well as you do. But I tell *you*,—" and his great chest heaved with emotion,—"I tell *you*, I'd lay down in her path for her foot to step on; and ef she struck me down and killed me, I'd die smilin' up at her!"

"God help you, Leander!" I uttered impulsively. I had no other word to say.

The tears stood in his eloquent eyes. "And God bless *you*, Charlie!" he said, turning abruptly away. "Good-by! I must go see after them sheep. But—" he turned back and called out to me, "I'm goin' to swim that ar '*Hell's Pond*' to-day!"

"Father," said Fan Merrill at breakfast, "Leander's goin' to swim the stream to-day, jist above the mill. We're all a-goin' down to see him."

"Sho!" said her father, coolly; "is he, now? Which he's welcome to show what he kin do,—but I reckon once'll be enough for that ar game!"

At noon we all assembled to see Leander imitate, according to his opportunity, that illustrious namesake of his whose story had been related with such amazing accuracy by old Joe Garvin.

The man was a magnificent sight as he stood on the other side of the stream, his fine muscular limbs clothed in a close-fitting suit of dingy flannel, his splendid chest partially bared, to meet the water dauntlessly. At the spot selected, the stream was very broad, and so swift as to be fatally dangerous to an ordinary swimmer, with the thought in his mind of that rushing dam and that great wheel not very far below. But Leander plunged in bravely, diving out of sight, and reappearing below the point of his entrance, so strong was the current. Then, in a steady, straight,

diagonal line, he swam, with quiet, powerful strokes, toward the opposite shore. He reached it in safety. We heard him breathing as he came near to us; his face was set as if carved in marble, and with that sternness had taken on a wonderful beauty. Despite his utmost effort, he was carried farther down stream than the point for which he aimed. As he sprang to the shore, exhausted but triumphant, we all drew our breath, and gave a ringing shout, and Fannie laughed! She had looked on all the while, smiling and unmoved.

No one but myself knew that Leander had done this thing for love, and not for fame. But they all saw that his eyes turned to Fannie pleadingly, and dropped away again with a puzzled, baffled look.

"Worthless little minx!" I thought angrily.

After this, unwitnessed save by Fannie herself, poor Leander swam his Hellespont every morning. And his sweet-heart rewarded him with many marks of favor: she was vastly proud of this strong man's prowess, *all for her!*

On that first day, Leander suddenly turned to Archie Davenport, and said, "Stranger, what was that second song you sung last night? I'd like to hear it ag'in: maybe I kin learn it."

Archie obligingly warbled a rough translation of the song, "Bächlein, lass dein rauschen sein:—"

Brooklet, cease that song of thine;  
Mill-wheel, pause where waters shine;  
Woodland birds on branch and vine,—fair and fine,—

Your sweet melodies resign!  
All combine—voices twine—  
In one only song divine,—  
The dear beloved miller-maid is mine, is mine!

As the exultant tones rang forth, Leander lifted his head and boldly echoed the last line in a soft, clear tenor voice. After that I often heard him humming the song to himself. For some time he was so wonderfully happy!

I used to go up to the sheep-pasture day after day to confer with my favorite. Archie laughed at me; he went higher,—over the wooden bridge to the mill, or up to Merrill's "ramshackly old

structure," where Fannie's smiles were dimpling.

Leander began to suffer the pangs of jealousy. He would not remonstrate with Fannie: he was too thoroughly her slave to risk a frown from her fair arched brows. In this lay his hopeless lack of power over her nature. She could not be touched by the pathos of love; she could be won by its tyranny. This is the case with better women than poor little trifling Fannie Merrill.

"I know I can't stand ag'in' *him*," said Leander to me, "with his songs and his handsome face. But she *said* she'd let me keep her comp'ny ef I swum that ar stream, and I do it every day. She *must* give in to that, don't you think, Charlie?" he asked anxiously.

"I hope so, Leander. I wish I could help you."

"One thing," he said slowly, with knitted brows,—"one thing you *kin* do. You can find out, p'raps, from that chap what his intentions are t'ards my Fannie. If he ain't in earnest, ask him for heaven's sake to go, and let her be; ef he wants to marry her, let her choose; but—*ef—he—*" Here Leander's voice sank, his gentle brows grew dark, and again his hand wandered toward the pistol in his breast.

"I'll talk to him, Leander," I said hastily.

So I did talk to him, and, what is more, I quarrelled with him. His power over me was diminishing; I had learned to estimate him at a truer valuation. "A bit of fun" he wanted, forsooth, and to tease that great clumsy clod I was so fond of. He smiled and showed his fine teeth, and looked at me as he had looked at Fannie. Oh, Archie Davenport! I, a student of human nature, once loved you well. It gave me a pang, even then, to think that I had quarrelled with him. I cannot say that he was wicked; but he was so light, so heartless! So he went on singing his dainty love-songs into little Fannie's ears.

I entreated Leander not to shoot his rival; but he assured me that I need not fear. "God help me!" he groaned.

"If *she* loves him, I couldn't touch a hair of his head. I'd defend him with my life, whatever he be!"

"And she still makes you swim over to her, instead of crossing the bridge like a civilized being?" I asked.

"Yes; and she's kind when I go, but more like her old self,—laughs, and puts me off. Yes, I swim over; but 'tain't so easy as 'twas,—my heart's heavy and weighs me down. But she lets me go to her that way."

"There's hope in that. But she won't give you an answer?"

"No; she can't seem to give herself up yit awhile. I kin wait,—ef 'twasn't for *him*."

I execrated him,—yes, my friend Archie,—I execrated him under my breath, and shook hands with Leander.

The crisis came soon. One evening, early, Leander came to my room in the little town. "I'm in a leetle trouble," he said. "Kin you come?"

I went with him, and he told me that Mr. and Mrs. Merrill had gone again to Colkett's cattle-ranch. Colkett was Mrs. Merrill's brother, and they had some sort of entertainment down there; but Fan had begged leave to stay at home.

Leander had grown thinner of late: his face was drawn, his eyes hollow. "Davenport's been walkin' with her all the arternoon," said he in a low voice. "I don't know what we kin do, Charlie; but jist come with me, anyhow."

"I guess it's all right," I said cheerily.

When we reached the shore of the little river, the twilight was falling. Leander peered through the dusk, and saw—or fancied he saw—a white dress fluttering. "Thar they are!" he cried; "in the clump o' trees behind the mill."

"What in the name of common sense are you doing?" I shouted, as he began pulling off his coat and boots.

"I'm goin' to—swim over to her—fur the last time," he panted, "an' make her choose—between that chap and me."

In vain were my efforts to restrain him: spent as he was by his hurry and agitation, he flung himself headlong into the darkening water.

Every nerve was strained as I watched

him struggling in the powerful stream. It was a hand-to-hand fight for the strong man's life,—for to-night he was unfit to cope with the current, swollen as it was by recent rains.

The light faded gradually; some melancholy night-bird sang; still it was not dark. Suddenly from the high ground behind the mill sounded a loud, strong voice; clear and deep and joyous it rang through the still evening, like an exultant cry,—

*"The dear beloved miller-maid is mine, is mine!"*

I looked up; the swimmer raised his head. There, along the brow of the hill, passed a light buggy, driven swiftly. Within it sat Archie Davenport and Fannie Merrill. We could not mistake them,—his gray suit and light straw hat, her white dress and fluttering ribbons. They were off together, and he was singing.

It all happened in an instant. Perhaps the strong limbs failed; perhaps the loving, gentle heart broke: who knows? I saw his arms flung up, his noble head thrown back,—and then he sank. I shouted in vain; the cruel stream sped on. I started to run, but stopped. No, I *could* not go on toward the mill and see his body carried into the foaming fall and flung against that terrible wheel.

But I did not lose my senses; I was wonderfully calm. In a short time I had collected a score of men, told them of Leander's fate, and left them to do what they could; then I got a swift horse, and galloped along the hill-road after the fugitives. I knew they would make for a railway-station a few miles ahead. They reached it before me, and were waiting for the train when I flung myself from the horse's back and stood before them. Fannie screamed, and Archie muttered an oath.

"I know what you have come for," I said very steadily. "You are going to Denver to get married to-night. You

needn't be afraid, Fannie; I have come to take you back, or else to go with you, as you please. It is all right. You needn't scowl, Davenport: I'm in deadly earnest. I have seen a sad sight this evening; it isn't likely I would joke. Leander is drowned in the mill-stream!"

Fannie shrieked again, and begged me not to take her back. At that instant the train thundered up to the platform, and I swung her up the steps with little ceremony, Archie attempting no remonstrance. He seemed dazed. She cried piteously until he sternly told her to stop and behave herself, which frightened her so that she only wept softly to herself all the rest of the way. By midnight we were in Denver: we rang up a sleepy and astonished clergyman, whom I succeeded in persuading that all was right and regular. So they were married.

The next morning we returned to Merrill's ranch. Many words had to be spoken; but Leander's gentle spirit seemed to have fallen upon us all. The old people received their daughter and son-in-law forgivingly, though with a subdued sadness. After all, the simple creatures were proud of both the young people,—such as they were.

As for him who was so far—so far!—beyond either in all excellences, he did not sleep, after all, beneath that fierce dark water. They found his body caught in the mill-wheel, and buried it tenderly.

Poor old Joe Garvin came to me, the tears running down his leathern cheeks, and said, "Stranger, I never thought to do it,—I never did,—but thar! durn it all! I killed that thar boy with that thar blasted story about Hell's Pond. Don't talk to me! Thar!" And he gave utterance to his grief in a manner seemingly more expressive of rage than of sorrow; but I understood.

"No, Joe," said I, "it was not you who killed him. Don't regret him, old man. May he rest in peace!"

MARION COUTHOUX.

## A ROMAN PENSION.

AT the top of one of the pleasantest streets in Rome stands the Casa Portinari. It is a large house,—far larger than many of the so-called palaces,—and over its wide door is a great window, framed in hanging wreaths of ivy, that lends a certain picturesqueness to the commonplace façade. Inside there are wide, cold halls, and staircases of stone steps and iron railings that go up and down to perfectly inexplicable localities. There are wheels within wheels in the Casa Portinari: one may live in it for months and have no more idea of its internal construction than of that of the Vatican. Just as you think you have mastered its true inwardness, you stumble upon another door, or a new staircase, and are forced to begin your imaginary plan all over again. The one thing certain is that the house is five stories high, though from the street it looks but three, that it faces the southwest, and that all its rooms above the second floor (or *third*, as it would be called in America) are *pension*, and all the back ones are studios. And yet I feel that I am rather rash even in this limited assertion, when I think of those mysterious places known as “*loggie*” and “*catacombe*,” because, as they do not belong to any known floor, it follows that there must be more than five stories to this most complicated dwelling. At the back is a wonderfully picturesque old garden, full of orange-trees, and flowering shrubs, and ivy, and bits of old statues, with a thatched summer-house in one corner, and a general suggestion of being as many-storied and as incomprehensible as the house. The *loggie* form what in Philadelphia would be known as the “back building,” and in one of the *loggia* rooms a well-known American artist has a studio. But the mystery of the “*catacombs*” I have studied from within and without, and it remains insolvable. With the second floor begins our *pension*,

and the rooms on that floor, contrary to the general rule, are all *pension*. Then after a wide and dreary interval of hall and staircase comes the third floor, where the studios occupy the north side, while on the south you suddenly encounter an almost concealed door in a blank wall. You open it, and gaze down a short flight of steps into a long vaulted passage, from which are entered three vaulted chambers. These are the so-called “*catacombs*,” and quaint and queer enough they are. The windows open above a high broad step, on which one can plant a chair and gaze out between the houses opposite and see the column of Marcus Aurelius towering above the nearer roofs. They are picturesque rooms, and they are sunny; but they are rather weird, and the *catacombs*-passage has another door, fastened up now, leading to an occult staircase, said to be in use at present as a wine-cellar.

The pension is called “English,” probably because it is kept by a Florentine lady and until very lately there were no English in it. It was once kept by an Englishwoman, however, who rejoiced in the name of “Bloke,” and whose cat and whose *cosey* are still extant, while a portrait of a grim, iron-gray individual in the *salon*, who appears to be steeped in gloom in consequence of the perpetual contemplation of his own ugliness in the opposite mirror, is supposed to be that of some former Bloke alike to fortune and to fame unknown. The *salon* is a large square room, well lighted and well warmed with a bright wood-fire, and made comfortable by many easy-chairs and sofas, while plants and flowers and books and music scattered about give it a cheery and homelike air. Here in the evening gather the *pensionnaires*, trooping in by degrees from the adjoining dining-room, where the smokers linger late over the beloved cigar. The dining-room should be called the Tower of Babel, on account

of its confusion of tongues. There are about sixteen people at table every day, and there are always at least four languages talked at once, and it is an absolute fact that four languages make four times more noise than one. Indeed, the confusion is so great that one of the guests suggested that portions of the table should be ticketed, like the confessionals at the Vatican, "*Pro lingua italica*," "*pro lingua gallica*," "*pro lingua anglica*," "*pro lingua germanica*." The division exists, although its banners are not hung on the outer walls.

If the Casa Portinari is remarkable as a structure, its inmates are scarcely less remarkable as characters. To begin with the hostess, for whom, as she herself would say, we wish "to have prepared the way." She is a remarkably pretty Florentine of some thirty-six summers, and the expression is peculiarly appropriate to one whose life seems to have consisted of summers only. Her eldest daughter is just eighteen, and is generally taken for her mother's sister, her gentle gravity and the other's gay vivacity going far to equalize their ages. Madame would be taken for a Frenchwoman anywhere, her brown hair and her clear complexion, where the roses of youth still bloom, having nothing of the Italian type, and her pretty airs and graces being just those of the typical Frenchwoman. With a strong love of luxurious comfort there is singularly combined in her temperament a fund of latent energy, which accounts for her present position. Married at sixteen, the match, made by the parents probably, has evidently proved a most happy one, and only madame's restless energy and boundless ambition for the education of her daughters have induced her to forsake her Carlo for a time and leave him to make money in Florence while she comes to make money in Rome. "My poor Carlo!" she said one evening,—a conversation carried on in her own tongue having taken her beyond the commonplaces of talk,—“my poor Carlo! He was brought up by parents who neglected him, and who lavished all their

love upon his brother, and so he grew up cold and reserved and shy. When even I have felt this coldness sometimes, and have reproached him, he would say to me, 'But what wouldst thou? It is the fault of my parents: it is they who have made me so!' Ah, but I have had hard work to thaw him out, to brighten him up! But what a nature! A heart of gold! and a voice,—oh, a barytone truly superb!" Madame was evidently created to hold a *salon*; there she is in her element, every fibre of her nature responds to the demands made upon her, and her graciousness is un-failing. Her flatteries are incessant, and she likes to have her pretty speeches returned in kind. Not for one moment does she cease to do the agreeable; her bright eyes and her sparkling little smiles fairly light up the room; and it is no small task to keep a party of people amused from dinner-time till midnight, and after, for the Italian visitors seldom drop in till ten or eleven. Next to her at the table generally sits a queer old English Ph.D., who speaks three languages with perfect fluency, and offers up daily for madame's delectation those dainty bits of flattery of which she is so fond. In fact, it is a regular battle of compliments, in which it would be hard to tell who comes off victorious. The general conversation at table is in French, as a compromise between Italian and the other languages. With English madame has struggled valiantly, and by dint of setting her teeth and making tremendous exertions she gets through a few words, but German, she confesses, is too much for her. Not even her energy can carry her through the difficulties of that tongue. There are four Germans at the table,—two of them, mother and daughter, being countesses, the daughter bearing the additional title of "honorary canoness of the illustrious royal and imperial chapter of —." This dignity obliges her to wear black, except on very grand occasions, when she may appear in pale blue or white (the virgin's colors), with the grand *cordon* of the order, and also to renounce dancing. Of course she loses the position if she marries; but

while she holds it it gives her the rank of a married woman. She is an authoress, too, and, although still under thirty, has written many books: one of her romances has been translated into Italian, and one of her dramas has been played in England. She has a very fine voice, and sings with great force and feeling,—rather too much, in fact, as her performance is characterized by the exaggeration of sentiment peculiar to the German school. She is not beautiful,—if it were not an irreverent expression to apply to an honorary canoness, one would be inclined to call her “chunky,” she is so short and thick-set,—but she has very fine blue-gray eyes that fairly beam with sunshine, a bright clear complexion, and beautiful hands,—a most unusual thing among the Germans. She has none of the sentimentality that is usually affected by poetesses of her age and race, but is as full of fun as a playful child. “*Bei mir ist die Schwermüthigkeit nicht zu Hause*,” she says; and we can well believe that Melancholy would find it hard to live in the home of so blithe a creature. It does one good to hear her laugh; and to hear her talk English is something to tickle even the ribs of Death. She is quite proud of her accomplishments in that tongue; she thinks she knows it even better than French, a proof that even an honorary canoness of the illustrious royal and imperial chapter of — may be mistaken, and the expressions she uses are sometimes most extraordinary. It is needless to say that the Gräfin Eufemia is really a person of great refinement; but her *naïveté* when she drops into English in the light of a friend, as Silas Wegg puts it, is astounding. All the foreign ladies in the house smoke, but the countess prefers to do it in private. “No, I shall go to my own room,” she says in her strongly-accented English, “and there I shall smoke like a chimbley. But first I shall ask Mr. Charles to teach me to box, yes? I haf always heard it is vary nice to box, is it not, yes?” And the pretty little hands are doubled up, and the merry laugh comes ringing out.

Mr. Charles mildly explains that ladies are not supposed to learn to box.

“Ladies cannot box, yes?” replies the countess, with another laugh.

“No, they cannot.”

“Well, I haf heard that a good kick in the stomach will do just as well! Yes? Will it not?”

Poor Mr. Charles, a very young English artist, does not know what to say to this new view of woman’s capacity for her own defence, and takes refuge in a discreet silence. Of course the countess laughs at him.

“I like to *nick* you, yes?” she says to him again. “I like vary much to *nick* you!” This alarming statement is at last found to be a transformation of the German *necken*, to tease, and Mr. Charles’s mind is somewhat relieved. He goes through a good deal of agony, however, before the countess has done with him, and she finally leaves him with a parting peal of laughter, as she says, “Poor Mr. Charles! if he does not behave I am afraid he will gather up vary much boxes on the ear!”

It is a perfect comedy to watch Mr. Charles when he is trying to carry on a conversation with the countess. He is a great hulking young Englishman of about twenty, brought up in the country by a rough-and-tumble process, and with about as much *savoir-faire* as a bull in a china-shop. To use his own favorite saying, however, he is not such a fool as he looks. He is quite uneducated, but, though he has learned nothing, he has guessed out a good deal, and his ideas on art would do credit to an older head. He is the son of a rich English squire of the old-fashioned kind,—the rough, kind-hearted, hard-fighting, hard-drinking variety, fond of practical jokes and boisterous horse-play, but also an ardent lover and student of Shakespeare, of whose plays he makes his children learn large portions by heart. He boasts of being still “a better man” than any of his boys, and is always ready for a fisticuff encounter with any or all of them. It is hard to fancy the son of such a man living in Rome as an art-student; but this is only one of the many incon-

gruities that one constantly meets with here.

Mr. Charles is overcome with admiration for the Gräfin Eufemia; and to watch his struggles to be polite and to make pretty speeches amuses her as much as it does the rest of the world. To see him laboring with a compliment, to catch his delighted expression as the idea first strikes him, and then to view his struggles to bring it out in a presentable shape, is a spectacle for gods and men. And then to hear the honorary canoness laugh when the offering is at last laid at her feet is most refreshing. "Mr. Charles quite comes out to-night; yes, he comes out again," she says, with another burst of merriment, which quite sweeps away Mr. Charles, compliment, confusion, and all, in its genial current.

In strong contrast to this breezy being is a Greek lady, who is like a Southern twilight to the other's Northern dawn. "Cosmopolitan" would more fitly describe her than "Greek," as she was born in London, of a Greek father and a German mother, was married at sixteen to a Swedish count, and has since lived in Italy. She speaks Italian better than any other language, but her English is excellent and her French very good. She is tall and rather slender, and barely looks her twenty-four years. Her hair is dark and remarkably luxuriant, her eyes are of the soft and melting black that the French call velvet eyes, her neck is long and round, like a Greek column, and seems hardly strong enough to hold up the head with all its weight of dusky hair. There is a graceful languor in all her movements, a gentleness and softness in her voice, a dreamy look in her dark eyes, across whose shadowy depths sometimes darts a flash of animation, like lightning through a thunder-cloud, and reveals the possibility of hidden fires of passion beneath the outward calm. She has the simplicity of a child, but she has far more intellectual ability than her languid manner would lead one to suppose. She has written and published at least one article characterized by earnest study, painstaking ability,

concise narration, and a poetic and picturesque style. More than this one I have not seen; but that was sufficiently indicative of her ability. Her intellectual growth, however, one fears, will always be hindered by the leading-strings of conventional restraint in which she is closely held by her family.

If the literary element in the *pension* be represented by the two young countesses, the artistic comes in under a more masculine form; for, besides the young Englishman before mentioned, there is a really good painter from South America, whose works have made a figure even in the Paris *Salons*, and whose pictures have been engraved for the magazines. One must take the exact opposite of every attribute popularly supposed to be "artistic" to describe Don Pedro. He is a meek and lowly little being, with furtive ways, whose singular face, with its little aquiline nose and very underhung jaw, suggests the White Rabbit in Wonderland, or some timid marmot only half awake. He is not only *buonissimo*, but *devotissimo*, pietistic to a degree, and even goes so far as to believe that his hands are marked with the *stigmata*. He generally sits about in corners and meditates; but when Monsignore appears, then comes Don Pedro's hour of joy. As soon as that vast form, clad in flowing robes of purple silk, appears in the door-way, as soon as that unctuous cackle is heard approaching, Don Pedro flies to greet it, fairly fawns upon Monsignore's fat hand, and clings to his side with an expression of devoted rapture that is almost pitiful in its intensity. Don Pedro draws with great facility the most exquisite and dainty devices for ladies' albums, but his forte is said to be big battle-pictures. Fancy a white rabbit painting a battle! He has a little mandolin, and he brings it out sometimes of an evening and plays little tunes on it, and then he looks almost as happy as when he is sitting by Monsignore. The little tunes are very pretty, but they are so overlaid with *tremolo* that all the character is shaken out of them and they all sound exactly alike. Given one air to begin with, it would be a wise

child that would know when he had got any further. And yet the little artist will go tinkling on for the rest of the evening, apparently one bar over and over again, till you feel like saying, "Tinkle, tinkle, little bar; how I wonder what you are!" But it is such a kindly little creature that one would be loath to interfere with its harmless joys, and then the mandolin at its worst is not a stentorian instrument.

In strong contrast to Don Pedro is a lofty being from Oxford, usually known as "the Ineffable," for he is quite too-too. If it were possible to find a human being more majestically exalted than a Boston young man of æsthetic tendencies, that elevated creation must be sought in Oxford. Just at present he is in Rome, on a vacation, if such supernal beings can be supposed to have vacations. He is tall and slender, with curling hair romantically streaked with gray, "but not with years," for he is still a youthful Adonis. His face somewhat resembles Swinburne's, and he is evidently of Grosvenor's conviction,—that to be beautiful is his mission. He comes into the breakfast-room of a morning with the air of a newly-risen Apollo, and smiles a gentle condescending smile upon the awakened world. He has a slow, soft way of speaking, as if he were

afraid to turn the whole beautiful volume of his voice upon you all at once and wished to accustom you by degrees to its music; and at times he even veils the splendor of his violet eyes with a double eye-glass. To see him survey mankind from his lofty altitude with an air of sweet and patient toleration is one of the most "precious" things that can be imagined. We have sat at his feet, metaphorically speaking, and listened to the pearls he occasionally condescends to drop from his lips; and we have not even winced when he sweetly said that Shakespeare's sonnets were quite unreadable,—so subtle was the conviction he imparted that to him indeed they were. But what matter? To the truly Ineffable all things seem to be revealed, and we lesser creatures, crawling between heaven and earth, have but to listen and admire. And we do.

There are still other figures in our collection, as individual, if not as beautiful, as this; but can we take a handful of people anywhere without finding interesting studies among them? Therefore, lest perhaps you weary of *pension*-life in Rome, the showman will modestly withdraw, merely observing, as the curtain closes, that, in the language of the poet, "much remains behind."

KATE HILLARD.

## TWO DAYS.

ON the breast of my love a red rose lay,  
Silently burning its life away,—  
(Was it long ago, or but yesterday?)  
And never a rose more sweet and fair  
Than my love that day, in her beauty rare,  
Her radiant eyes, and her shining hair.

On the breast of my love a white rose lay,  
Silently giving its life away,—  
(How cold and still was my love that day!)  
With the westering sun they laid her low,  
Under the grass where the violets blow,—  
(Was it days, or months, or years ago?)

HARRIET TROWBRIDGE.

## A NIGHT WITH REMENYI.

**A**MONG the many insolvable debts I owe to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" I count not least the happy accident which made me acquainted with M. Remenyi. It happened on a local railway in the mountains of Colorado. Fatigued with the monotonous spectacle of the plains, and not quite in that mood which makes the contemplation of the rugged and bizarre mountain-scenery fitting and acceptable, I had turned to my book for a more active distraction. I was deep in the garrulous reminiscences of Maxime du Camp, when a queer, piquant physiognomy thrust itself in between my eye and the page, and a guttural voice, with a strong Hungarian accent, exclaimed, "*Ah, voilà ma chère Revue !*"

The "Revue" is like a host under whose ample and gracious roof they who meet are friends and kindred, and on this occasion the unrepresented guests, as common tasters of her Attic salt, were soon engaged in talk. I knew the famous virtuoso at a glance, the love of the people had made his features so familiar among the photographic celebrities of shop-windows; and I had been promising myself the pleasure of hearing him in the evening at the small town where he was to play. But now I was listening to him in momentary forgetfulness of his being a musician. He was indeed full of matter. He talked of the Hungarian, his mother-tongue, of the wonderful faculty of improvisation among his countrymen, of their rich but almost unknown stock of ballads and *volkslieder*. Finally, he was led to speak of Chopin; and here language failed to suffice him. Taking up his violin-case, he unwrapped the instrument from its heavy folds of cloth as if he were unswathing some precious mummied relic, and, handling it with affectionate care, bowed his chin upon the shell and began the "Fantaisie-Improptu" of the master. The first trial dissatisfied him, and he played it

again. The strings trembled as the car rolled and rattled over the narrow-gauge, and the tones were somewhat jagged and broken. But, with his ear close to the heart of the violin, he seemed to hear only its perfect resonance, and smiled.

The crowd in the car listened respectfully, with the stolid politeness of Western people, amused by Remenyi's eccentric earnestness rather than interested in the music. They did not know, many of them, that they had heard that day one of the most unique masters of the bow.

At the public concert that evening he played with his usual conscientious force and vigor. "Everywhere," he said afterward, "in the smallest frontier town, just as well as in Boston or New York, I do my best. There is sure to be in every audience at least one heart to which I may talk. That is enough. I fix my eyes upon his; we understand each other. Or I may not see him, but he is there. I feel it. As for the rest, if they do not understand, I will make them *feel*; I will *make* them pass for a moment into my world." He said the people to whom he played interested him as if they were a single individuality. After a piece or two he thought he could definitely measure their ignorance or their knowledge, their lack or their possession of imaginative emotions. It interested him on returning to a place where he had previously performed to see if they had grown in taste, if they understood him a little better.

There was this side of his character as a man, but there was another side as an artist. To him, as to so many artistic temperaments, the "public" was a kind of ignorant and ungainly *bête*, a huge, many-headed monster of dulness, bred in some foggy Bæotia far away from his own inner world of bright fancy and wonderful visions. Often he alluded to his art as a species of magic, and, un-

consciously, to himself as a magician. He believed in some hidden, I know not what, electric force which made the hearts of men vibrate to one another like the strings of his violin; and then he told a story of the effect of propinquity in diffusing enthusiasm. He was to play once at a small French watering-place, and found the *salle* set apart for the purpose filled with *fauteuils* placed far apart. "Ah, this will never do," he said to the manager. "For heaven's sake, take away these big comfortable arm-chairs, where each person sits isolated as on a little island, and bring me the long wooden benches I see on the piazza." The manager was appalled. *Mon Dieu!* Impossible to ask the *grandes dames* to sit on wooden benches! But Remenyi insisted. "You do as I say," he said, "and you will see: I will explain it to you later." So the awful wooden benches were substituted, and the fashionable people that had come to bathe and take their ease and be cool were crowded together, cheek by jowl, elbow to elbow, on the long rows of hard seats. "*Eh bien! regardez le résultat,*"—tremendous enthusiasm, laughter, and tears, an ovation to the artist. The next time M. Remenyi visited the place he accepted the *fauteuils*. "Now," he said to the same manager, "you will see my little explanation." On this occasion the same audience was present, but each on his own little island in comfortable ease, remote from his neighbors; and the result,—absolutely no enthusiasm, no laughter, no tears, but a cold, undisturbed complacency. "The electric charm," the violinist added, "that mysterious influence which kindles from one to another, was lacking, and what could you expect?"

It was after the concert, at the house of a friend, that he got to talking of these things. He had supped with us, and the good cheer had thrown him into a rare mood. He found himself in an atmosphere congenial to his temperament. The warm, cosy rooms, with their soft sights and cheerful hearth, seemed to give him a sense of security and gladness. The objects of art, the

paintings, the statuettes, aroused at once all that was fine and sympathetic in his nature. Each most trifling product of art had a lively interest for him; it seemed indissolubly connected with some idea, some memory, or touched at some point some phase of his own art. When he first entered the room, before removing his great-coat, he ran up to the Madonna on the easel. "My Guido Reni!" he cried out with a kind of childish delight. Every beautiful thing that he loved was to him his own, an enduring possession. He discovered with the same *naïf* expressions of pleasure the bronze Dioscuri in miniature, interpreted a picture by Raphael, called the Doge's Palace, of which he saw a colored photograph in the corner, and perceived at once the merits of some ideal heads by a young American artist. He pointed out an imitation of an antique shield, and showed in what it differed from the original, and the next moment got greatly excited over a richly-carved Venetian sideboard, which he recognized as genuine. So he went on, chatting and laughing, running from object to object, always keen in his insight, always sensitive to any glimpse of lovely form or expression, often witty in his manner of characterizing things. It was singularly delightful to meet with this spontaneous and original spirit. His *naïveté* was so great, his remarks were so fresh and independent, that it seemed as if we were watching some child of precocious intuition letting his mind play freely and curiously about all things that met his eye and touch.

Later in the night the conversation became interspersed with music. As he told us of Lizst, or Schumann, or Wagner, he alternately took up his violin to play or laid it by to relate some reminiscence. It was not strictly playing: he touched a fragment of melody to supply a thought or illustrate an idea whose verbal expression eluded him. It was a kind of musical punctuation, a veritable "tuneful discourse," a manner of translating inexpressible fancies. From these preludings he fell presently into some of the familiar themes of Chopin,

interpreting with exquisite fineness of feeling that delicate waywardness, that vein of caprice and fantasy, which seems to touch him most in the master. Then he played a Gregorian chant of his own composition. I do not know Remenyi's rank as a composer, but this little study made a profound impression upon each one of us who heard it then for the first time. I may add that it had for the writer a peculiar effect of completeness, such as some sonnets of Rossetti have. It seems, indeed, akin to the sonnet in the quality of concentration. The thought—the *motif*, as the musicians say—has to be expressed within the limits of strict counterpoint, and this requires compactness, like the octave and sextet of the sonnet form. In this Gregorian chant M. Remenyi has taken a fragment of an old chant as the plain chant, and added to it the three other melodies which constitute the final harmony. A single melody first begins in the solemn recitative tone, full of the mediæval religious feeling; then the second melody is taken up and carried along with the first, and then the third and the fourth, until the whole four melodies are running along together, closely blended, a rich stream of intricate harmony. The effect of this archaic form of music is to me always delightful. In reality it typifies a growth, a gradual evolution of emotion. You have the sense of rising by degrees to a *dénouement*, so orderly is the development from a series of simple to a series of complete sensations. Ancient as the mode is, and ecclesiastical in its common use, it might readily become a channel for modern forms of feeling. There is something in the dominant minor in which the *canto fermo* is generally composed which peculiarly fits it for the expression of dark and troubled emotion.

M. Remenyi explained the technical points of the chant as he played, and when the violin sang in the intervals of illustration it seemed as if he were still talking to us, although in a different language. However, when he ended, it seemed we had each our little story to tell of the idea the chant suggested,

and each one was different from any other in proportion as it was concrete. Eliminating the accidental definite images, we had each received a common impression of something solemn and sad, but the "something" in one consciousness crystallized into an image of despair, in another into an image of spiritual agony, and in still another into an image of remorse, which, in the mind of one, took an even more visible shape, suggesting a priest in prayer and spiritual conflict in the convent-cloister. It showed how little a musical motive is susceptible of producing exactly the same image in even three minds, and yet how natural it is to form a definite mental picture. But this inevitably corresponds to the individual power of conception and the individual temperament, and is limited by them. Any literary description of music can therefore be only relatively true: I cannot expect my friend to perceive exactly the image I perceive, or feel the same emotion I feel. It is so much the best silently and tranquilly to absorb all that which is indefinable, and let each one receive his own measure of delight or consolation, without insisting on our own special interpretations; for if each one intrudes his own image, claiming for it a juster reality, we deprive music of its most beneficent characteristic, of that which makes it so essentially the modern art,—I mean its universality as the medium of deep human feeling.

After the chant, finding us interested in his original achievement, M. Remenyi went on to talk of a series of Castilian Ballibili, as I believe this species of dance-music is called, in which he designed to illustrate the old life of Spain, its gallantry, its passion, its wealth of tender romance. If my memory serves me, they were to be twelve in number, linked together by no closer connection than that of a sonnet sequence, and consisting of a polacca, a mazurka, a bolero, a tarantella, etc., reproducing the measure and spirit of the various Castilian and Andalusian dances. Weber and other composers have tried their hand at these quaint and exquisite forms, and

in "Preciosa" there is, I think, a brisk bolero with a rhythm of castanets. In Von Bülow's dance-numbers in the "Carnevale di Milano" there are also echoes of old Castilian music; but Remenyi's idea of making these dances the basis of a musical treatment of Spanish life and sentiment is quite new to me. He played one or two fragments for us, but I remember only a part of a duet between a courtier and his lady, which was exquisite.

It was a singular transition from these Spanish Ballibili to "Dixie," but it was "Dixie" he played for us afterward. I know not what to say of that marvellous piece of improvising fury. Since I have set down the word "fury," I shall let it remain, for his rendering of this noblest of our national airs cannot be described with ordinary words. It was hardly violin-playing. The violin is quite unequal to the volume and quality of feeling which the artist has discovered in this unrivalled march of exultation. As he played it for us that night, just passing into the dawn, having warmed and (so to speak) stowed away accumulating excitement, the man was as if transfigured. His countenance worked with extraordinary emotion; there was something almost demoniacal in its expression of triumph; each line and furrow of his curious physiognomy was alive, a new centre of movement. Under the tremendous pressure and friction of his bow, the poor strings of his violin were all whittled into shreds, which rolled away from his hand like the shavings from beneath a planing-tool. But if the physical capacity of his instrument was unequal to the strain, the eccentric and powerful genius of the man was visibly dominant in every phrase. To perceive the essential merit of a national tune as vulgarized as this is, to seize its higher spirit, is indeed a great deal; but to make *you* feel it and see it and wonder that you have been so long blind, that seems to me one of the clearest signs of the possession of genius, and also one of its most glorious exercises.

While he played to us in this intimate way, expressing his inmost thoughts and fancies, I think we quite lost sight of the professional artist. It was as if he had been speaking to an inner circle of friends; but I believe I have violated no confidence in thus frankly relating the reminiscences of a night. The reflection which stands most prominent in my own mind as the result of my acquaintance with M. Remenyi is the peculiar and happy influence of art upon the life and personality of the artist. What made an ordinary occurrence so interesting was that it illustrated the happiness, the gladness, the living interest, which an artist may find in his art, it so instantly in his case opened the way to the appreciation of other arts and forms of life and feeling. No doubt much of this lies in the mystery of temperament, of which we yet know very little; but how much is due to cultivation, personal and inherited, they only will be ready to believe who have framed an adequate notion of the perfectibility of the senses by the volition. The lives of some of the great composers were full of sorrow and trouble, and the existence of thousands of musicians nowadays is, no doubt, meagre and precarious, but it is impossible not to think that in most cases the unhappiness would have been greater and the consolation less if they had been without the knowledge and exercise of their art. What an eagerness, and what serenity also, the violin gives to this Hungarian's life! What self-respect, what seriousness of aims, as if time were deplorably short for telling of all that is in his mind! And, finally, what a warming and uplifting of the spirit, which for moments is snatched away from the bondage of pain and misery to be refreshed and made clean! If an easement for human trouble is to be found, it surely lies hidden, not altogether buried, in the rich and varied world of art, of which music is the most modern expression; and this, possibly, is what M. Remenyi was trying to tell us in his own way that spring night under the Colorado stars. L. J. S.

## ELON SLOCUM'S MIRACLE.

**L**AWS! I see it all before me now as ef it happened only yeste'day. And to think that it should all 'a' come about so unexpected,—but that's where the mericle comes in: strikes me there ain't no mericles that's planned and watched for,—not Bible kind, anyways. And I've never quite forgave young Mr. Messing for his share in it. When we'd set under old Mr. Harvey, Elon would go a-dozin' off o' a Sunday as decent as could be, an' wake up in time to sing "Corinth" wi' the big voice o' a Slocum,—for all the Slocums's got the powerfullest voices, 'specially the men part. But the second Sunday after we'd laid old Mr. Harvey to rest, and we was all on tip-toe to hear the new minister, which we'd hed a power o' trouble to git, writin' back and for'ard, and the like, I see Elon a-settin' on the fence as me and Sally come out on our way to church. "Land sakes!" I says, "Elon, you're never a-goin' to stay home?" He was eatin' a dandeline. "I don't know but I am," says he; "I'm not to be beholden to no young whipper-snapper, now old Harvey's ben took." It did seem un-pious to call a minister a whipper-snapper, and I told Elon so. Then Sally she ups and speaks: "Oh," she says, "come. It'll seem precious odd for you not to be there. Come,—for *my* sake. Do! there's a good father." He kind o' wavered: Sally hed the Slocum coax in her voice. So it ended in Elon goin' in and changin' his coat and hurryin' on after us. At the church door there was Tom, and he comes up to Sally. "He's come," says he, "and sech a 'swell.'" It was too much to hear the minister called out o' his name twicet, hand-runnin'. I was madded,—I don't deny it. "Tom Slocum," I says, "ef you come to church harborin' sinful feelin's like them, it's about time for you to stay away."

"Church is made for sinners," says he, a-nudgin' Sally. "But honestly, Aunt

Hetty,"—they all call me Aunt Hetty, all the Slocumses, whether I'm their aunt or not,—for Tom's only a second-cousin's son, though a Slocum, but o' course Elon bein' my brother, and Tom bein' mighty sweet on our Sally, kind o' made him seem nearer,—"but honestly, Aunt Hetty," says he, "I don't say anythin' ag'in' the youth, 'cept that I'm be-ginnin' to read human natur'; and this young man's a fizzle. I see it by the way he's acted to you all, a-waitin' and a-hagglin' 'bout the salary offered, and all that, before he'd say he'd accept." "Tom Slocum," says I, "I'm a year or so older than you, and I've come to the conclusion that the man that brags 'bout his ableness to read human natur' seldom's got a good word to say for anybody. Put that in your pipe and smoke it." (I've always regretted them words.) Now, I hed no ill feelin's towards Tom, for he's one o' the sensiblest and most accommodatin' o' young men I ever see. And it was through me that he come to our house and got to likin' Sally. For when Sally she come home from boardin'-school I didn't like her ways: she was finicky, and silly, and bad-mannered; talked 'bout cawfs, and fowls, and swines, and sech, and was 'fraid o' freckles. And I knowed ef some sensible chap didn't fall in love wi' her, the first rapscallion in a store-coat and a watch-chain that come along would snap her up and make her unhappy all the days o' her life. For everybody knowed Elon was bound to leave her a round penny, or, rather, Sally's mother's will was this,—that ef Sally married 'cordin' to her father's pleasure all was to go to her, but ef not, the Birds would git it. Ann was a Bird,—old Aaron Bird the rich lumberman's daughter,—you know. Poor Ann! she thought she hed to make that kind o' will for sort o' cuttin' Elon off, as she'd left him only the in-trust o' the money, not darin' to leave the principal, for it would 'a' gone to

the four winds in no time: I'll tell you how after a bit. So Ann tried to relieve herself by makin' that will, to kind o' prove in that way that she trusted her husband to take care o' the affairs o' other folks, but not his own. Yet ef Sally was to take up wi' a rascal, why, she ruled her father so that he couldn't for the life o' him go ag'in' her, even ef it broke his own heart and hern in the bargain. So I invited Tom to come and visit me, and he come, and stayed, and fell over head and ears in love wi' Sally, and Sally wi' him. "Aunt Hetty," says he, "how can I ever bless you for this happiness?"—"Don't be soft," I says: "none o' the Slocumses was ever that. Ef you hadn't liked her, somebody else would, so where's the odds?"—"And her beauty!" says he.—"Beauty!" I cries out, "wi' her hair that a-way!"—"Her hair's jest as she likes it," says he, "so where's the odds?" (He was an impudent scamp.)—"All a-hangin' down in her eyes," I says, "like a born idiot."—"No sech a thing," says he; "she told me the name o' it all: it's banged."—"Stop!" I cries; "don't be a-gittin' profane."—"Profane?" asks he.—"Yes," says I; "you know very well what I mean."—"Oh," he says, "I see. Yes, I b'lieve the Slocumses always says they're banged when they want to say things strong. But fashion makes that oath o' no account. And when Sally's hair is got Sarytogy waves on one side, a water-curl on t'other, kiss-me-quicks a-fadin' out towards her ear, and a bang in the middle, why, that oath's fit for an angel to swear by." So he'd go on by the hour ef I'd let him. Sally wasn't much better at first, but women gits over these things quicker'n men; and as she dropped her boardin'-school airs and graces, and tried hard to be sensible 'bout the butter-makin' and riddin' up the house, she didn't say so much crazy po'try nor play hifalutin' maidens'-prayers on the pianny.

Well, things hed got quite ship-shape, when old Mr. Harvey died, and that Sunday come 'round. Now, even when we'd got to the very door, Elon turns to me and says, "Hetty, I believe

I won't go in, after all."—I was riled. "No," says he, "I don't know as I could listen to this young man, when old Harvey, as christened me, married me, buried my wife 'n' little ones, ain't there no more. Seems I'd hear the echoes o' his kind familiar voice come out o' all the corners a-reproachin' me for the change; for it is a change,—this young man is a different school." There was tears in his eyes. I hed to cry myself. "Wasn't Mr. Harvey willin' to go, Elon?" I says.—"I don't know as he was willin' to go, Henrietty," says he; "but I'm perty sure he was obleeged to." Then I hurried him in. Land! I don't b'lieve I ever understood any mortal man less than I did young Mr. Messing that first time he preached. I don't b'lieve anybody there understood him. He seemed to be a-makin' fun o' religion wi'out quite sayin' so in so many words,—at least sech religion as we was brought up to. I couldn't make head nor tail of it, and I see by the faces 'round me no more could the others; there wasn't a sleepy eye in the whole congregation,—hardly a cough. After church we walked home, Elon and me, both wi'out a solitary word. At dinner it was the same, only Tom he kept up a runnin' fire o' funny things 'bout the young man. Oncet I see Elon look at him, a frown on his face, but that was all. Yet it didn't stop there. All the follerin' week Elon was quiet,—liked to set on the fence and hack the gate-posts wi' his knife. Tom seemed to pester him. I come to one conclusion,—that I'd done wrong in forcin' him to go to church, for his feelin's must 'a' ben shook powerful at the difference between the old minister and the new. What he'd said to me outside the door 'bout old Mr. Harvey's reproachin' voice hurt me now,—old Mr. Harvey, that used to speak 'bout our dead and gone even by name, holdin' up the hope o' our meetin' 'em oncet more; and young Mr. Messing sayin' our dead wasn't deader'n us for holdin' so to 'em, and that it was a religion o' sentiment, not o' intellect, that made the dead open the eyes o' the livin'. Poor Elon! I'd hed no business to coax him. But I

couldn't bear to go to him and force myself on him after I'd done the harm. I thought, let him be; men requires time to turn and twist things around in their minds before they see what a woman does at oncet: I know by poor Trask. So I was nervous when Sunday come ag'in. But, lo and behold! Elon was the first one ready, and went off by hisself, and was in church when we got there. He kept his eyes on the pulpit the live-long sermon! And sech a sermon! I really didn't think the 'Merican language hed such ridic'ulous words as proterplasms, and survival o' the convulsions, or fits, or suthin', and the Lord knows what all. Anyways, I know they're not in the Bible. Then there was talk 'bout books men hed writ,—men named Huxley, Darwin, and a whole kit and crew others. I never hear sech goin's on in a pulpit in all *my* born days. There wasn't a speck o' religion in it, and even young Mr. Messing called it science. I don't think he used the Bible oncet, but said everythin' outen his own head, and seemed to laugh at us because we couldn't take it all in. I didn't dare look at Elon; I feared every minute he'd git up and say suthin' right out to the young man: so I kitched on to his coat-tail and scroudded down real close in the pew, so that ef he meant to rise up he couldn't unless he took me, the pew, and all. But he didn't; no, not even when young Mr. Messing says wi' a smile, "I will dismiss my audience,"—audience, mind you, as ef we was a circus or fat-woman show,—"I will dismiss my audience wi'out hearin' the antiquated vocal performance wi' which they brung their devotions to a close last Sunday." He meant "Corinth." I don't know how I got out o' church; I think Elon helped me: anyways, I found myself walkin' beside him. This time he was quieter than ever, and frownin' heavy, and me a-tremblin' like an aspen. I hed the sick headache when I got home, I was that undone, and went to my room. I could hear 'em down-stairs, Tom a-laughin' and Sally a-talkin', and then both a-laughin', and I kind o' dozed off. All at oncet there was a crash, dishes

smashin', Sally screamin', and, sick as I was, I riz right up and run down-stairs,—for in a minute it flashed on me that Elon hed got a fit over his anger at that young Mr. Messing. Sech a sight as that room was! the table was clean up-sot, the dishes in bits, the dinner everywhere: gravy a-runnin' loose,—and what can't gravy do when it's let to hev its own way!—the roast turkey on the back o' the arm-cheer, up agin the dove-colored wall-paper. And there was Sally a-faintin' on the sofy, and a pair o' legs a-stickin' out from under the table and things. I got at them first: it was Tom. We burnt feathers under Sally's nose tell she sneezed. But where was Elon? "Oh, Aunt Hetty," cries Sally, "it was father. He was at the table, not a-sayin' a word, and Tom tried to cheer him by makin' fun o' Mr. Messing, when all at oncet he got up and upsot the table, fired the turkey at Tom, and—"—"And I'll do it ag'in," says a voice, and there was Elon in the doorway, red as a piny; "I won't hev a word said ag'in the man that's put me on the track o' sense." And then he was gone. We was thunderstruck.

Oh, well, I don't pretend to meddle wi' our feelin's, but I'll try to go right on wi' things that happened after this paralyzin' speech. In the course o' the week a big box full o' books come for Elon,—books writ by them men young Mr. Messing hed spoke about,—and Elon he set all day, sometimes all night, a-readin' 'em. Sunday come, and he went to church. I wouldn't go, and I wouldn't let Sally and Tom go. They say it was the same sort o' sermon, only worse. For three whole weeks the life at Elon's was suthin' not to be told in words: Sally was thin and mis'able; Tom didn't dare to come nigh the house, tell at last he comes one day bold as bold, and says, says he, "I'm a-goin' to see Uncle Elon: I'm a-goin' to ask him ef I can marry Sally. I've thought it was all understood; but the way he's actin' makes me take nothin' for granted, and I'm not a-goin' to hev him say I didn't respect him. It's all Messing's fault!" So he goes in. I don't know what he

says, but soon I hear a noise. In I went. The two was facin' each other. "Now come," I says; "what's the meanin' o' this?"—"That man's dared to ask me for Sally," pants Elon,—"my daughter, that I'll cut off ef she marries wi'out my consent. The Birds can hev the money,—that's her mother's will."—"And I'll hev her," says Tom; "and, though you accuse me o' wantin' her money, I'll not give that up neither; it's her rights, and a man should stand up for his wife's rights."—"Her rights!" screams Elon.—"It's her money," I says; "Ann meant it that a-way, and you know it. And a man would be a fool to pertend money's o' no account. That's the way they talk in books,—not in them books o' yourn, Elon. And you ought to be ashamed o' yourself actin' like you do. Ef Sally's got any spunk, she'll marry Tom whether you say yea or nay. It'll be a mericle ef a father's 'no' could stop a young gal from lovin'."—"A mericle!" cries Elon, his hands onclinchin', and him a-sinkin' down on a cheer white and stony. "A mericle! Oh, Hetty, Hetty! I can't b'lieve no longer in no religion. These books, as I understand 'em, takes away every hope o' life as a man used to hev. Do you s'pose I ain't hed agony all this time I've ben quiet? But I can't b'lieve no more. Oh for some mericle to turn religion back to me! Why is strong minds gev to men ef they write like these men?" He was wild, and shook. No use to say anythin' to a man when he's that a-way: I know by poor Trask. I got Tom outen the room. Then Elon he begun a-tearin' up the books, stampin' on 'em. "Ef I could only stamp on the doubt as well!" he says: "they make me doubt everythin', everybody. Tom Slocum needn't come after our Sally; Sally needn't come after Tom Slocum. I'm ag'in' everythin' I ever was in favor of, and I'm a-goin' to keep that a-way tell a change comes." I stayed nigh him now. I stayed there a week, not lettin' Sally come in the room. I thought Elon'd be sure to ask for her,—he never done wi'out her before,—but he didn't. And sech a sad man Elon was!

—half crazy, I do really b'lieve. Many's the time I was tempted to send for Dan'l,—our brother, the doctor, you know,—for I thought it was a case for a doctor; only I didn't want to propose sech a thing, for, strange to say, Elon now took to me,—I knowin' how to handle a peevish, unreasonable man: I know by poor Trask,—and I didn't want him to turn on me, for his own good. Sech a mis'able man I never see: he was horrified at the way he doubted, and yet couldn't help it; he tried to cling to old b'liefs, and felt himself a-slippin' through 'em like he was in a quicksand. Land sakes! how I pitied him, even ef I couldn't see it like him! He was a-fightin' hisself, and the odds was ag'in' him. Yet one thing,—I don't think I ever hed such respect for a Slocum as I hed for him while he was this a-way; for it's your strong man that doubts, as it's your weak man that doubts. But your strong man fights, or coaxes the doubt wi' reasons; while your weak man takes the doubt as reason itself: I know by poor Trask. But I see there wasn't any more church for him. Sunday come, and he stayed home. I didn't. I went and set under young Mr. Messing for the last time. There wasn't singin'; everybody was gloomy and nervous. Miss Johnson hed the hystrikes, and hed to be lifted out and laid on the grass. After church I went straight home; I didn't dare to talk to anybody. Elon was readin', and that frightened me. But he looked up to me not near so low-sperited-lookin', and kind o' chirpy. "Hetty," he says, "I'm a-tryin' to b'lieve all over ag'in; and I'm like one o' them poor ignorant Bible-folks as hed to be showed things before they'd b'lieve."—"Like Thomas," says I.—"No, furdur back," says he, "even one o' them that 'Gyptian wonder-workers turned from idolitry to God by means o' their magic.'"—"No," says I, "one o' them that went follerin' after the Master when He went to raise His friend Lazarus, and wept beside the body, all human, and a man,—one o' them that b'lieved then because the Lord was brought nearer to 'em by tears like their

own."—"Yes," he says, brighter yet, "it's only a mericle I want; that's what I mean: Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead." It wasn't percisely what I'd meant, though. I couldn't tell him what my opinion was o' mericles, and how every new day filled wi' life and light was to me the blesseddest mericle o' all. You mustn't argyfy too much wi' a man that's sot in his opinions: when you're a widder you'll know why. All the while Elon was turnin' over the book he'd ben readin', rather puzzled and sheepish-like.—"What's that book?" says I.—"Ah, there 'tis," says he. "It come wi' the others by a mistake, and I got it out to-day to destroy it like the others, when I happened to open it. It's a Catholic book. Mebbe there's suthin' in the Catholic religion that'll help me."—"Religion's religion," I says, "all the world over."—"O' course," he says in a hurry; "I'm so willin' to try anythin'—for, Hetty, Hetty, this here doubt o' mine don't only take me away from the livin', and prove that this life is the highest sort o' life, its aims the highest, and that we're only 'countable to ourselves,—and *that's* too much responsibility for *me*,—but it takes me away from them I loved and is dead. Well, well, I'm tryin' to be stronger now, so I won't upset. And this book is full o' 'counts o' mericles sech as happened over at Lords."—"Where at?" says I.—"Lords," says he.—"Well, what happened to him?"—"Him? Who?"—"Mr. Lord."—"It ain't a him: it's the Lady o' Lords."—"Well, what happened to his wife, then, *Miss Lord*?" says I.—"Henrietty," says he, frownin',—"Henrietty, you're mixed. The Lady o' Lords is the name they've gev to the Virgin Mary when she appeared at Lords, a place over in Europe, or France, or somewheres; I disremember now where it is. A little gal, a-settin' on the grass in the early mornin', see her like a white shadder standin' a-pintin' down to a pool o' water. Then she disappeared,—the lady did, not the little gal,—and ever sence that pool o' water has cured everybody o' everythin'. What do you think o' that, now?

—and there's millions sech."—"What do I think o' it?" says I. "Well, ef that little gal hed ben *my* little gal and a-settin' on the grass before the sun hed dried up the dew, I'd 'a' spanked her. And as for that water, ef them that's got rheumatiz b'lieves in it, let 'em. As for me, I'd a good bit sooner carry a white pertater in my pocket for any rheumatiz I ever hear of."—"You're unreverend, to say the least," says he; "and, oh, do you want to take even *that* hope from me?" I see that I'd made a mistake, and I tried to right it. "Far be it from me," says I; "and any religion's good that's got strong faith. Ef a pool o' water cures the faithful, it has Christ's blessin' on it: there was blessed pools in Bible times, you know. But what's all this got to do wi' you?"—"Never mind," says he; "nobody understands me. There; go now. But stay, Hetty; take this money,—it's what I've meant for the poor folks, and I've neglected 'em. I must try to do the little I can. Sally'll 'tend to it,—but *not* Tom Slocum: that man laughs at my weakness,—I know him. It'll take a mericle indeed to make me ever give my consent now for him and Sally to git married. Ef he will hev her, I'll write to the Birds; mind I tell you." He was maddened and sad at the same time, his voice a-shakin' wi' the two feelin's.

And now I'll tell you why Ann hed made that will,—though, poor dear, she never dreamt things'd go this a-way. I never see a man give so much away to every kind o' beggar, be he rich or poor, honest or not, as Elon Slocum done. Many's the time he's not hed a cent from one quarter-day to another; and as for his pockets,—land! they was always empty. Anythin' anybody asked him for was theirs; he almost built the new part o' the church; he gev the organ; he raised the tomb over old Mr. Harvey; he paid a big slice o' the minister's salary; all the poor o' the place blessed him. So Ann made the will to keep a roof over his head. I wouldn't hold this up so, for I can't a-bear braggin' 'bout your own, only ef it

hedn't ben for his way o' gevin', the mericle, which it seems I'm a long time a-comin' to, hedn't come at all. Well, I took the money that day, and went out next day to his poor. Also I went amongst the congregation. I must say they was pleased to see me, 'specially the young ones. For the truth is, young Mr. Messing didn't approve o' visitin' his flock, looked down upon 'em, called a few o' 'em clods and sech dampenin' names; and old Mr. Harvey hed ben like a father to 'em all, was wi' 'em in all their trouble and gladness, and they could go to him all the time. The difference was uncomfortable, to say the least. So all the people was for me when I talked and told 'em how it was at Elon's. Then the rest o' the week passed. Sunday come. I was very fearful that Elon, now he was a-readin' a book that was religious, might be tempted to go to church, ef only for the 'sociation o' the thing. But he didn't. And I'm glad, for the truth is that the people'd come to the idee that we'd ben insulted by young Mr. Messing, who, while he owned we hed ears, yet impressed it on us that they wasn't o' much use to us when sech a fine man as him talked: so every blessed man, woman, and child o' that congregation stayed away on Sunday, and somebody'd posted a note on the pulpit, sayin' that ef he didn't preach religion next Sunday he might look to his beloved science for his salary, not to them. It wasn't jest the right way to do, mebbe, but they couldn't stand him no longer, and ef they'd undertook to argyfy wi' him he'd smile as ef they was idiots. They say he ups and goes out o' church, and gev up his lodgin' right away, and writ a bill for the full year's salary, and said he'd sue ef it wasn't paid.

But while this was a-goin' on in the church, that wasn't like a church no more, I'd ben settin' wi' Elon in the mornin', and him a-readin' his book quiet. "Hetty," he says, all at oncet, shettin' up the book, a poor smile coverin' his face, "I've ben tryin' to be meek all this week, and prayerful. But more'n ever do I feel that there's a mericle to

convince me,—that it's a-waitin' for me. I don't know why I feel this a-way, but I do. I'm a-goin' to Dan'l's this day."—"Elon!" I cries.—"Yes," says he, "I'm a-goin' to fight the fight. I'm a-goin' to Catholic churches, where the eyes is feasted as well as the mind. You know Dan'l is settled in a Catholic street, wi' a church two doors off. My mind's made up: I'm a-goin' for the mericle."—"Then I'm a-goin' too," says I, a-slappin' my hand on the table. "I've got jest as good a right as you; and ef there's any mericles 'round, I'm there." He seemed to be glad that I was makin' b'lieve to deceive him, for he see as well as me that I meant to go to look after him. "But one thing," he says, wi' that frown I'd got used to now, "Tom Slocum don't come to this house in my absence to laugh over the solem'est time o' my life."—"Land! you're not over that yet?" says I.—"No," says he, "and, as I say, it'll be a mericle ef I do git over it soon. I never was laughed at before, and it's sorer now than ever."—"Well," I says, "I only hope the mericle'll come, ef only to save your daughter from a life o' sorrow."—"How?" says he, rather startled, I thought.—"Never mind," says I. I didn't let on I didn't mean anythin', but men always thinks you mean most when you throw out suthin' like that: I know by poor Trask.—"But Tom Slocum shan't come here," says he: "mind that."—"Then let Sally go wi' us," says I.—"No," he snaps, "she'd laugh: that's why I won't see her now."—"And you trust Sally to mind you?"—"She'd better. Don't she always mind?"—"I'll tell 'em," I says. "And you're determned to go?"—"I am," says he, "afternoon train." I told you, you know, you couldn't turn a Slocum, particular ef it's a man, so I didn't try it. I went to Sally. "You've said you'd never go ag'in' your father," I says, "so you've got to go to town; not wi' him, though, for he won't hear to that. And you go to keep Tom Slocum out o' this house." Then I told her all. "And you, Tom," I says, "you've got to go to town wi' Sally to keep from bein' tempted to come to this house

while she ain't here. *I'm a-goin' to take care o' her father.*" For it appears Sally'd gev Tom a piece o' her mind when he told her she'd ought to marry him whether her father said yes or no. Sally's a Slocum to the backbone. I must say I cheered 'em both a little. Then I went and got my things ready. You never know what kind o' weather they git up in town: so I tackled my umbrill first. I got that umbrill the day I was married, and, while we was to the minister's and hed to wait, poor Trask he cut on the handle *Henrietty Trask* in letters as bold and life-like as ever you see. I mind how I giggled when he showed it to me,—it looked so funny, that *Trask* part o' it. It's a powerful good wearin' umbrill, only some o' the spokes hed come loose and run through the top, and I sot a little patch on, Sunday though it was: I couldn't help myself ef it was Sunday, the patch *hed* to go on.

I hedn't ben to town goin' on five year, neither hedn't Elon,—though anybody, to see how easy we took it, might 'a' s'posed we'd only ben here to the country for a picnic. Anyways, we was on the train, after a good bit o' bustle, and glad I was that Dan'l should see and take Elon under his charge. And Elon!—why, he was muffled up in his overcoat, the collar up, though it was early September. All men that thinks themselves sick makes themselves as distressed-lookin' as possible: I know by poor Trask. Elon he hands me his pocket-book to git the tickets, as ef he was too weak. I felt sort o' out o' patience wi' the whole thing, and only thinkin' o' the relief Dan'l would be to us kept me still. And my greatest trouble was for Sally and Tom. But I see 'em git in the car behind oun, and I turned Elon's back that a-way. But laws! we hedn't more'n started, when a gentleman that hed ben readin' a newspaper puts it down, and I see he was young Mr. Messing. He only got my eye, when he grabs up his valise and bolts into the back car. I couldn't help gittin' up and goin' to the back o' our car, pertendin' to want a

drink o' water outen the ice-cooler, and I looked through the glass in the door to the next car, and see him a-stoopin' and a-puttin' his valise under the seat. Then he settles hisself, and then he see Tom. He makes a dive, grabs his valise, and goes through the back o' that car, and stood on the platform wi' the smoke and cinders all the way to town,—Tom told me that afterward, for I wasn't fit to look after him myself, for I didn't feel I'd be responsible ef I got near him, and him a-bringin' all this on us. But when we got to town I hild back a little, to let Tom and Sally git the start o' us.

I'm 'fraid Dan'l looked on us as a visitation. I told him why we'd come, and then Elon started and begun to explain. So I left the two together, and went out to Sally and Tom, who come in jest then. They was real downhearted, and that nervous, and blamed me for a-deceivin' Elon, and all that, and called it all nonsense that I'd helped feed. I done what I could to cheer 'em and make 'em see that we was all powerless alike in the matter. Then Dan'l he comes out, more surprised than ever to see Sally and Tom. I asked 'bout Elon, and he shook his head; and that made me feel worse'n anythin' yet. You all know how you feel when a *doctor* shakes his head. "I can't understand it," says Dan'l, "and you'd ought to hev writ to me. As it is, I'll hev him sleep wi' me to-night, so's to watch ef he's restless. I'm too busy to talk now. Wait tell to-night's over." And a gloomy night it was: I never slept a wink. 'Bout five o'clock I dressed and went and set on the stairs near Elon's and Dan'l's room; for, oh, how my heart did ache for my poor brother, and, oh, how was it all to end, and Sally a-cryin' and a-seein' things at their worst, and Tom fierce, and him and Sally a-spattin', and—well, I said I wouldn't talk 'bout our own feelin's. I must 'a' got in a little doze, when, all at oncet, bang! went suthin', and I jumped near over the stair-railin', my heart in my mouth. Then cling-cling! clang-clang! Pshaw! it'd only ben the bell in the church two doors off; though

how Dan'l could sleep year in and year out wi' that bell in his ears beat me; it was 'nough to rouse the dead. And then the tramp-tramp o' the people out in the dark street a-goin' to the church,—how wild and foreign it sounded! it made me think o' the children o' Isrul escapin' to the land o' promise, a-goin' in the night-time when their enemies was asleep. But all of a suddint Dan'l's room-door opened softly, and there was Elon a-comin' out tipty-toe, so's not to wake Dan'l, a-dressin' hisself as he comes along. He see me right away. "I'm a-goin' to church," he says, all of a trimble. "Ef there's anythin' in it I'll find out. I've ben prayin' all night, and I'm a-goin' to begin right off."—"So'm I," I says, a-ketchin' up my umbrill; "I'm a-goin' to begin too." He understood me, like he done the other time. "God bless you, sister!" he says, shaky like; "and, see, I'm not at all doubtful when I ask the Lord to bless as true a sister as man ever hed." I somehow felt he overrated me when I thought how near Sally and Tom was. Yet his way made me shiver. But we went out to the church-steps,—only that far, for I *couldn't* go in; somehow it seemed sort o' unpious for me to go in church at a little after five in the mornin'; I don't know what it was, but I couldn't go in. I told him so, and he left me, and went in wi' the others, and me a-cryin' and a-feelin' that he was lost to hisself, not to God, as he feared he was. I stood lookin' after him, when a hand comes plump on my shoulder. I jumped; I ain't used to hevin' people grab me at five o'clock mornin's. It was Tom. "The bell roused me," he says, "and I'm half wild anyways. It's all over wi' Sally'n me; she won't hev me now unless her father says so. So I'm a-goin' home to-day. What hev I to hope for? Uncle Elon's a wanderin' mind—"—"For gracious sake!" cries I, "don't let him see you, or you'll be a wanderin' mind. He's in the church there. Wait tell I talk to you; and don't start for home tell I see Sally. Go away now." So he did, a-lookin' desp'rut. And I

stood there,—half crazy, or whole crazy for all I know,—I stood there tell I see Elon a-comin' out, slow, a sad, wantin' look on his face. I'd never thought it so serious tell now: everythin' seemed to be growin' awful. A man stepped up to him, a reg'lar tramp, and must'a asked for help, for I see Elon put his hand to his pocket in a dazed sort o' way, though I knowed he hedn't a cent wi' him: his pocket-book was in my pocket now, after I'd bought the railroad-tickets, you know. His hand only went to his pocket from force o' habit, as it always went there when anybody asked him for money. But when his hand was in his pocket, he gev *sech* a yell. "I'm banged! A mericle!" he shouts, and gev the tramp whatever he hed in his hand, and run over towards me, his arms up in the air, a look o' *sech* great happiness and awakenin' and glory a-shinin' in his face that for the life o' me I couldn't help bein' 'fraid o' him, and puts up my umbrill,—for I didn't know what was a-comin', and I wasn't a-goin' to be took unawares. "Lemme be! lemme be!" I hollers, a-runnin' back'ards. Smash! went suthin', and there I was a-settin' down on the pavement of a city street, my umbrill smashin' down over me like the extinguisher on our candlestick at home. There was bustle and talk, but somehow or other I didn't seem to mind; I didn't seem to mind a-settin' there either: it was jest as ef it was part o' my rearin' to set on pavements. "She's jarred," said somebody. And then I riz right up. "Show me the man that says I'm jarred, and he'll git my umbrill over his head. I'm not to be insulted," I says, "nor made ridic'lous." Then I wilted, for, Lord! there was Elon a-layin' white and limber in Tom's arms, and there was Dan'l, half undressed, a-hollerin' at Tom, and madded as could be, and a-tearin' at his own hair. "I tell you I'll make it good to you," says Tom, jest as flustered, and grittin' his teeth, yet seemin' sort o' glad. "He's only fainted. And, for heaven's sake, git him in the house and undressed before he comes 'round." Which they done. When he'd come to, and

Sally was a-cryin' on my neck, and me distracted, and Dan'l as mad as a March hare and snappy as a tortle,—pretty watcher o' sick folks he was, I told him, and I thought he'd swaller me,—somebody said Elon wanted me. "Oh, Hetty," he says, happy as happy, "I b'lieve now hencefor'ard forever. For the mericle's come. I prayed for it in that church where the poor knelt all around as they must 'a' done when the Master took the loaves 'n' fishes. You know as well as me that there wasn't a cent o' money about me when I went in that church. Yet when I come outen it and that beggar asked me for five cents to git a cup o' coffee, I jest put my hand to my pocket wi'out thinkin',—Tom see me do it,—and was for pullin' it away ag'in, as I happened to remember I hadn't nothin', when all of a suddint I felt a roll o' suthin' in the pocket: it was a great fat roll o' bank-notes. It was the mericle! and the beggar's knocked, and it's ben opened to him; he's asked, and it's ben gev to him. And here's Tom, who says he hisself follered here so he'd mind and not go to see Sally at the house while we was away. Tom saved me from fallin' in the street. Tom he tells me Dan'l's mad and says we all act like lunnytics and 'll fetch a repytation on his house. We'll go home to-day, Henrietty; and I'm a new man,—I *can't* doubt no more. Hallelu! I could sing 'Corinth,' only Dan'l mightn't like it. I'll make it up to Dan'l; only Tom he says he promised to fix that all right." It was all Tom, Tom. I couldn't speak, glad and happy as he was, and changed indeed: the mericle hed took my breath. Did all mericles act that a-way by you? What *did* it all mean? Was he crazy? The door opened, and Sally comes in and throws herself in Elon's arms on the bed. "You here?" says he.—"I come because you didn't want poor Tom to come to our house while you was away," says she, a-cryin' right out, "and I never

disobeyed you before."—"Dutiful children, both o' you," says he, "and the mericle that's brung faith back to me is a-goin' to reward your faith in one another. You must be married to-day,—the day o' my mericle; but young Mr. Messing mustn't marry you, poor deluded young man!" But that mericle. I got outen the room somehow. Tom comes to me. "Aunt Henrietty," says he, in a hurry, and actin' queer, "you must lend me a hundred and twenty dollars: it's the price o' the mericle."—"What!" I screeches, a light seemin' to flash over me; "hed you anythin' to do wi' that mericle? For you was in a big hurry to hev him undressed and in bed helpless."—"Lord forbid!" says he, real hurt. "Besides, that wasn't possible, wi' me that poor. But, quick, promise the hundred and twenty. For Uncle Dan'l says he'll be mum, but mad. Keep quiet, Aunt Henrietty, for you're a Slocum, and the money'll restore your brother's reason, and he needn't be told tell he's all right ag'in. For surely you don't think we're a-sinnin' in carryin' out this deception that leads to his b'lievin' in God oncet more; when a far greater deception o' his own led to his doubtin'? And the hundred and twenty dollars is the *money-vally* o' the mericle, and cheap at that. And it is a mericle, even of I was in a hurry to hev him in bed and undressed; for Uncle Dan'l hed a big bill paid him last evenin', and us bein' here made him forgit to put it away, and this mornin' Uncle Elon dressed hisself in the dark when he went to church, and he put on Uncle Dan'l's pantyloons wi' the money in the pocket."

And it *was* a mericle. Elon owned to it years after that Dan'l's clothes would fit him. I think even that beggar must 'a' thought it was the biggest mericle he ever see. So it was one all around. But Dan'l never could see it.

ROBERT C. MEYERS.

## ANIMALS EXTINCT WITHIN HUMAN MEMORY.

THE stroller in certain localities rich in petrifications is often confronted with masses of rock composed wholly of shells or other forms, that from their vast numbers seem to have been entombed in a common grave, their annihilation the result of some sudden and mighty cataclysm that in one fell blow removed every vestige of their living forms. For many years this theory of a sudden taking off was held by scientists and laymen; but now it is known that in nearly every case previous to man's appearance upon the earth complete extinction was accomplished only after long eras of time and was the result of purely natural causes.

Equally interesting are the cases of extirpation that have occurred and are occurring in our own times in which man is the direct or indirect cause. At the time of the discovery of St. Helena, Deadwood and Longwood, so well known from Napoleonic associations, were covered with forest-trees. In 1502 goats were introduced on the island, and eighty-six years later had increased to great numbers, and were eating the young trees, the old ones rapidly falling from age. In 1731 the inhabitants were aroused at the prospect of the total destruction of their forests, and all stray animals were killed,—too late, however, to save Greatwood, as the wooded country was called, and in a short time nearly every tree had disappeared, the entire tract being now pasture-land. With the destruction of the forest came that of a multitude of insects dependent upon such conditions, and many land-snails, in all eight species, were entirely exterminated in a period of about two hundred and twenty years, and, as the snails were peculiar to the island, the extinction was complete. A similar fate befell many of the animals of the Virgin Islands, where the crews of vessels set fire to the bush, thus destroying the vegeta-

tion upon which the animals were dependent.

Examples of extermination in localities are common on our own shores. The oyster-beds once frequent upon the shores of Maine are now represented only by the shells piled in heaps along the shore. The disappearance of larger animals seems perhaps more inexplicable; yet that early man is responsible in a greater or less degree for the extinction of the mammoth there can be but little doubt. From the earliest times the remains of these elephantine giants have been found in the North. One of the most important discoveries was made at the mouth of the Lena River, Siberia, at the beginning of the present century. A fisherman first observed the monster projecting from the frozen ground or tundra. Each successive year it became more exposed, and finally fell upon the sand as perfect as though it had died a week before, although in the estimation of some naturalists the last mammoth's death occurred at least a million of years ago. The body was somewhat damaged by bears and foxes, but the skeleton and part of the hair were preserved and are now in the museum in St. Petersburg.

Another mammoth was unearthed by a land-slide in 1839 on the shore of a lake near the mouth of the Yenisei. It was extremely perfect, and, according to the natives, a black tongue (the trunk?) as long as a month-old reindeer calf was hanging out of its mouth. In 1842 it was secured by a merchant, but had been badly torn.

The remains of mammoths are common near the shores of the Polar Sea, and especially on the New Siberian Islands, which appear to be a vast burying-ground for these monsters. The greater number probably died a natural death; but within a few years similar remains have been found in France in company with flint arrow-heads and

roughly-worked pieces of ivory bearing rude drawings of the animal,—facts that point conclusively to man as their contemporary and undoubted enemy.

Many other animals have been found mingled with the remains of man, who is still in the ascendant while they have passed away. Near Aray, in the department of Aube, France, the jaw of a human being has been found in a mixture of bones of the great cave-bear, hyena, and rhinoceros; while in Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, England, and in other places, flints and rude pottery have been found mingled with the bones of ancient and extinct mammals. One of the most remarkable finds was made in a cave near Aurignac, in the Pyrenees. Here human skeletons were discovered with flint and bone implements, together with fragments of the cave-bear, cave-dog, wild boar, bison, Irish elk, reindeer, and many others that had been carried in by their rude captors and used as food, the bones of many showing where they had been split to obtain the marrow. In various countries such finds have been made, showing that the extinction of large and conspicuous animals has been hastened by human intervention.

In 1742 Behring's Island was inhabited by herds of sea-cows, or manatees, that attained the enormous growth of twenty-five or thirty-five feet and weighed five or six tons. They were of a dark-brown color, streaked with grayish or light stripes; the skin was thick and leathery, protected by a dense growth of hair that formed an exterior protective skin resembling the rugged bark of a weather-worn tree. Instead of teeth they had two masticating plates, one in the gum and the other in the under jaw. Vast herds of them were discovered by Steller, who, with a shipwrecked crew, visited the island in 1742. They were found feeding upon the fields of sea-weed that skirted the shore, and when attacked showed a remarkable attachment for one another. Warfare was waged against them by all comers, with such effect that twenty-seven years later they were nearly extinct, and now not one

exists. Nordenskiöld thus refers to this great animal: "I succeeded in actually bringing together a very large and fine collection of skeleton fragments. When I first made the acquaintance of Europeans on the island, they told me that there was little probability of finding anything of value in this respect,—for the company had offered one hundred and fifty roubles for a skeleton without success. But before I had been many hours on land I came to know that large or small collections of bones were to be found here and there in the huts of the natives. These I purchased, intentionally paying for them such a price that the seller was more than satisfied and his neighbors were a little envious. A great part of the male population now began to search for bones very eagerly, and in this way I collected such a quantity that twenty-one casks, large boxes, or barrels were filled with *Rhytina* bones, among which were three very fine complete skulls, and others more or less damaged, several considerable collections of bones from the same skeleton, etc. The *Rhytina* bones do not lie at the level of the sea, but upon a sand-bank thickly overgrown with luxuriant grass, at a height of two or three metres above it. They are commonly covered with a layer of earth and gravel from thirty to fifty centimetres in thickness. In order to find them, as it would be too troublesome to dig the whole of the grassy bank, one must examine the ground with a pointed iron rod, or bayonet, or some such tool. One soon learns to distinguish by the resistance and nature of the sound whether the rod stuck into the ground has come into contact with a stone, a piece of wood, or a fragment of bone. The ribs are used by the natives, on account of their hard, ivory-like structure, for shoeing the runners of the sledges or for carvings. They have, accordingly, been already used up on a large scale, and are more uncommon than other bones. The finger-bone, which perhaps originally was cartilaginous, appears in most cases to be quite destroyed, as well as the outermost vertebræ of the tail. I could not obtain any such bones, though

I specially urged the natives to get me the smaller bones too, and promised to pay a high price for them."

The disappearance of such large animals and in such vast numbers in so short a time seems incredible; yet, without government intervention, the seabears of the far North will soon be extinct, over three and a half million skins having been imported from the Pribylov Islands alone in eighty-four years, while elsewhere for many years the slaughter has been carried on without restriction.

The extinction of the great auk is undoubtedly due in a great measure to man. In 1834, Nuttall wrote, "As a diver he is unrivalled, having almost the velocity of birds in the air. They breed in the Faroe Islands, and in Iceland, Greenland, and Newfoundland, nesting among the cliffs, and laying but one egg each. They are so unprolific that if this egg be destroyed no other is laid during that season." "The auk," he continues, "is known sometimes to breed in the Isle of St. Kilda and in Papa Westra: according to Mr. Bullock, for several years past no more than a single pair had made their appearance." Now, fifty years later, there is not a single living species, and specimens are so rare that the Museum of Natural History, Central Park, paid seven hundred and fifty dollars for one and the egg, the only others known in this country being in the cabinets of Vassar College, the Philadelphia Academy, the Smithsonian Institution, and Cambridge University. Not many years ago, comparatively speaking, they were common as far south as Nahant on the New-England coast; and the great shell-heaps of Maine furnish many of their bones: They also occur in the Danish kitchen-middens, and deposits containing them have recently been found at Caithness.

The great auk was commonly known as the gare fowl, and the last living specimens were killed in 1844 at a group of islands called Funglasker, off the southwest coast of Iceland. In 1833 a fine one was taken by some fishermen at the entrance of Waterford harbor; another in 1821 near St. Kilda;

while a pair killed at Papa Westra in 1812 now adorn the ornithological cabinet of the British Museum. In the eighteenth century these birds were common in the Faroes, and in the Iceland seas there are three localities named after them, so numerous were they, and now the name and tradition alone tell their story. It would seem that they were gradually driven from one nesting-place to another, and from the earliest settlement of the country. In 1813 the sailors of a Faroese craft, after successfully driving them from the open shores, followed them to a rookery formerly considered inaccessible, and destroyed great numbers of them. Seven years later Faber the naturalist attempted the same feat, but failed. In 1830, as if nature herself was in league with man against the birds, the inaccessible skerry, by a submarine eruption, was engulfed by the sea, the survivors establishing a colony on a rock called Eldey, nearer the mainland. During the following fourteen years sixty birds and eggs were taken, and finally in 1844 the last pair were destroyed. In Newfoundland the birds were known as penguins, and were followed with equal pertinacity. In 1536 the French and English vessels drove them ashore or into their boats in droves, or "as many as shall lade her," salting them down as provision; and it would seem that the French rarely provisioned their vessels with fresh meat, depending entirely upon the auks. On Funk Island can be seen to-day rude enclosures made of stone, in which the luckless birds were imprisoned previous to slaughter, —monuments of a lost race.

Indigenous to the same localities, and meeting a common fate, was the Labrador duck, —a large, handsome bird, which as late as fifty years ago was quite common in summer months about the mouth of the St. Lawrence and the eastern shores of Labrador, finding its way in winter along the coast of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and New England. Its size and appearance made it a strong attraction to the sportsman: its eyries on islands safe from foxes were sacked,

and finally, driven to the shores of the mainland, where the eggs became the prey of predatory animals, it gradually succumbed, and the last one was killed by Colonel Wedderburn in Halifax harbor in 1852.

The disappearance of the gigantic pigeon-like bird *Didus ineptus*, commonly called the dodo, is no less remarkable. When the Portuguese under Mascarenhas discovered Mauritius in the early part of the sixteenth century, the bird was extremely common there; but not until Van Neck's voyage in 1598 was a definite account given of them. The Dutch called them *walghvogels*, meaning nauseous birds; and this quaint description is given by Brontius: "The droute, or doddors, is, for bigness, of mean size, between an ostrich and a turkey, from which it partly differs in shape, and partly agrees with them, especially with the African ostriches, if you consider the rump, quills, and feathers, so that it was like a pygmy among them, if you regard shortness of legs. It hath a great ill-favored head, with a kind of membrane resembling a hood; great black eyes; a bending, prominent, fat neck; an extraordinary long, strong, blue-white bill, only the ends of each mandible are a different color,—that of the upper black, that of the nether yellowish,—both sharp-pointed and crooked; its gape huge, wide, as being naturally voracious. Its body is fat and round, covered with soft gray feathers, after the manner of an ostrich's, on each side. Instead of hard wing-feathers or quills, it is furnished with small soft-feathered wings of a yellowish-ash color, and behind, the rump, instead of a tail, is adorned with five small curled feathers of the same color. Four toes on each foot: solid, long, as it were, really armed with strong black claws." He adds in conclusion, "It was much more pleasing to the eye than the stomach." The literature upon the subject is extremely voluminous, but unsatisfactory in detail. The first English observer of the bird was Emanuel Altham, who, in a letter to his brother, says, "You shall receive . . . a strange

fowle, which I had at the iland Mauritius, called by ye Portingalls a Do Do, which for the rareness thereof I hope will be welcome to you, if it liue." Whether the bird was received is not known; but Herbert, who sailed in the same fleet, refers to the bird in the following: "The dodo comes first to a description here, and in *Dygarrois* (and nowhere else, that ever I could see or heare of) is generated the Dodo (a Portuguese name it is, and has reference to her simpleness), a bird which for shape and rareness might be call'd a Phoenix (wer't in Arabia.)" He also gives a quaint figure of the bird.

Later, in 1646, there is record of a Mr. Gosling, "who bestowed the Dodar (a blacke Indian bird) vpon ye Anatomy school."

Canche, who made the voyage to Mauritius in 1651, says that the dodo had a cry like a young duck ("*il a un cry comme l'oison*"), and that it laid a single white egg, "*gros comme un pain d'un sol*," on a mass of grass in the forests.

The dodo was undoubtedly many times sent to Europe alive. Sailors, we are informed, killed them to obtain the stones in their crops, upon which to sharpen their knives, and finally they totally disappeared,—a few pictures, a foot in the British Museum, a head and foot at Oxford, a perfect skull at Copenhagen, and a fragmentary piece at Prague, being all that is left to attest the reality of the existence of the king of the pigeons, the last of which were probably destroyed in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

To the south of Mauritius lies a small island which has successively borne the names of Mascarenhas, Bourbon, and Réunion, and was formerly the home of a large bird known as the solitaire. Du Bois in 1674 gave a meagre description of it, and Boutekoe and Witthoos have left rude sketches of it.

On the island of Rodriguez, to the eastward of the above, lived another didine bird,—the *Pezophaps solitarius* of Leguat, a Huguenot exile, who lived on the island for some time (1691—

1693.) He left an account of the birds, and several cuts, whose authenticity has been amply shown by the discovery later of nearly perfect skeletons of the birds, which may now be seen in the museum at the University of Cambridge, England. These, however, by no means comprise all the lost forms of the Mascarene group. In the library of the German emperor is a picture of a long-billed, flightless ralline bird, known as the *Aphanapteryx*, which at one time lived upon one of the islands, and recently its bones have been found in the peat of the Mare aux Songes. Here were also formerly two species of parrot, a dove, and a large coot, the remains of which are to be found in a few scientific collections. In Réunion a starling, — *Fregilupus*, — with a beautiful crest, existed until about forty-five years ago, when it became extinct. In Rodriguez nearly the entire original *avifauna* has disappeared, including a large heron (*Ardea megacephala*), a small and extremely peculiar owl (*Athene murivora*), a parrot, a dove, and several other birds.

A parrot (*Nestor productus*) has recently become extinct at Phillip Island, near New Zealand, the last living specimen having been seen by Mr. Gould in 1851, and hardly a dozen specimens of skins are known in all the museums of the world.

New Zealand is pre-eminently the land of gigantic extinct birds, which were undoubtedly destroyed by the natives, their roasted remains, egg-shells, etc., being found, together with those of human beings, showing that they formed part of a cannibalistic feast indulged in by the ancestors of the Maori. The most important discoveries of these giant birds have been made in caves in New Zealand by Julius Haas, F.R.S., and the results of his labors are seen in the Smithsonian Institution and the New York Museum of Natural History, the latter possessing the finest collection known. The work attending the discovery of the birds was one of great difficulty, owing to the interference of the natives, and the unfavorable position of the locality, which was by the sea near

the estuary of Heathcote-Avon. The cavity called Moa Bone Point Cave had been enlarged by the sea, and several bones thus exposed suggested the greater finds within. Close to the cavity on its western side, a hard, doleritic lava-stream, now passed through by the summer-road cutting, reached for some distance into the sea, forming a small headland, against which, principally on its eastern side, the waves of the Pacific Ocean broke with considerable force. Masses of rock were detached by the surf, being taken along in an easterly direction for about a quarter of a mile, forming a ridge, gradually becoming lower, and losing itself among the sand. The formation of this ridge principally took place when this portion of the peninsula was some twelve or fifteen feet lower than at present, — the upper line of boulders being about sixteen feet above the present high-water mark. Where the land rose again, the sea was cut off by this boulder ridge from the entrance of the cave, a huge rock lying nearly across it, protecting it at the same time from being filled up by the deposits of drift-sands formed on the plot close to it.

A second and lower line of boulders was formed in front of the former, about five feet above the present high-water mark, with a small terraced space behind it. Since then other deposits formed in the Heathcote-Avon estuary have been added as a small belt in front of this last line of boulders, brought into its present condition by the action of the open sea. So that it will be seen that nature has done her best to protect this treasure; and, notwithstanding the constant changes on land and sea, the cave retained its individuality. The huge rocks and ledges thrown across its mouth by the fierce waves completely guarded its entrance, and repelled the invasion of the elements, like the monsters that guarded the treasures in ancient lore.

The entrance of the cave, which is about forty feet from the crown of the summer road, which has here an altitude of 18.59 feet above high-water mark,

is situated nearly five feet lower, or 13.64 feet above high water, taking the level of the surface for a guide. An opening, which is about thirty feet broad by eight feet high,—being, however, much narrowed by a huge rock,—leads into the cave, of which the floor slopes down. The cave itself consists of three compartments, of which the first possesses by far the greatest dimensions, running nearly due north and south, and being one hundred and two feet long by seventy-two feet wide toward the middle, and about twenty-four feet high. From its termination, by a small passage, a second cave is reached, which is eighteen feet long, fourteen wide, and about eleven high,—a small passage connecting it with a third or inner chamber somewhat larger than the second. Near the surface, and trodden in, were found many objects that showed that the cave had been inhabited as a dwelling at some remote period. This entire stratum was removed by a systematic digging of trenches by the natives, under the direction of Mr. Haas, and among the items unearthed were (1) shell-beds, consisting of the remains of the cockle, periwinkle, and mussel, common in the neighboring estuary; (2) ash-beds with pieces of flax, cabbage-tree leaves, charred wood, etc.; (3) ash- and dirt-beds composed of the excrements of goats and cattle that were introduced by the Europeans into Canterbury in 1839, and a few pieces of moa bones; (4) agglomeratic beds consisting of pieces of rock fallen from the roof. Between the layers of shells were found pieces of wood (partly charred), portions of wooden implements of Maori manufacture, plaitings made of *Phormium tenax*, and pieces of two broken polished stone implements; whilst at the bottom of the trench a few moa bones were obtained, among which several species were represented.

Here Mr. Haas writes, "I could not divest myself of the conviction that in and below the agglomeratic beds remains proving human occupancy must be found. In a few days the men turned over a deposit covering an area about twenty by thirty feet wide, and advancing in a

southwest direction were some moa bones, the leg-bones usually broken, as for the extraction of the marrow, others of them calcined, and all of them occurring only in the lowest beds. Works of industry were not wanting, as we obtained pieces of timber evidently worked and planed down by polished stone implements, and upon one of which a coating of red color was still visible. Among the other objects of wood exhumed were several pieces of 'toa,' a thin and long wooden spear made of 'tarra,' which is used by the Maoris for shooting birds, the greatest portion of a whaka-kai, a wooden dish used for placing fat birds in, so as not to lose the oil, or for the preparation of the juice of the tapahui, and many more implements used in the household and for hunting and fishing. In this search one item was missed that was certainly a great desideratum,—viz., human remains; and it was not until two or three strata had been removed that this interesting find was made; but at last a Maori skeleton was found. The aborigines who had placed the body there had dug through the shell-bed about eight inches, then two inches through the dirt- and ash-beds belonging to the older series, and four inches through the agglomeratic deposit. They had then excavated the marine sands for several feet, and placed the corpse in a sitting position in the grave thus formed, tied together with flax, the face towards the wall of the rock, covering it with part of the sand thrown out, the rest being thrown with the shells excavated around the spot. However, it was clearly visible that the ground had afterwards been levelled, as it were, under the feet of human occupants, and about six inches of newly-formed shell-bed, being continuous and level with the more distant layer of the same nature, had been deposited over the grave, the whole being capped with three inches of European accumulations. It is thus evident that the burial had not only taken place long before the Europeans came to the cave, but that the Maoris continued for a number of years to frequent the cave, and to take

their meals there, after the event happened."

That the gigantic moa was extirpated by man is proved also by the Maori traditions which tell of the great birds, and the songs that extol the magnificence of their plumage and the skill of their hunters, who ate the birds, reserving their wonderful plumes as decorations. These, and the unequivocal marks of the celt or judé axe on the recent leg-bones, are incontrovertible proofs that the giant moa, like the dodos, gave way before the advance of higher and human animals.

In 1847 Mr. Walter Mantell found the remains of a bird mixed with those of the moa at Waingongora, New Zealand. It was named the *Notornis*, and described by Professor Owen as a gigantic extinct rail; and in 1850 the soundness of his physiological inferences and deductions was shown by the discovery of a living *Notornis*,—a magnificent creature. Since then one or two other specimens have been killed, and now doubtless the race is extinct. Previous to its capture scientists were familiar with it by means of Maori traditions referring to a swamp hen that lived at the time of the giant moa and had been a valued article of food to the ancients. In the North Islands it was known as the moho, and in the South as the takahé, and, as it had not been seen since English occupation, it was supposed to be extinct. Mr. Mantell, the government commissioner for the settlement of native claims, however, came upon some fishermen who, in searching for seals, had found the track of a strange bird, which they captured, after a long chase, in a gully on Resolution Island. It fought violently, uttering loud screams. It was two feet high, and ornamented with rich purple, green, and golden tints. The sealers had eaten the bird, pronouncing

it delicious; and to this fact it probably owes its extinction.

In 1796 Ledrus gave a list of fourteen kinds of birds observed by him on the islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix; and now, eighty-seven years later, eight of these have become extinct. Mr. W. K. Parker, F.R.S., states that one of the survivors, a parakeet, had so decreased a few years ago in numbers that it was found only on a hill-top in St. Thomas, and no inhabitant of the island had ever seen it.

According to M. Guion, there were at no distant period six species of *Psittaci* on the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, which are now exterminated.

The list of animals verging on extinction is very large, and without the gift of prophecy we may predict that the bison in fifty years, if not swept away, will have become exceedingly rare. At present their range is between the Upper Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, and from Northern Texas and New Mexico to Great Martin Lake, in latitude 64° north, and year by year it is growing smaller and more constricted.

With them, to the common fate of extermination the Indians are surely passing,—a forcible example of extinction within the memory of man. Within a few hundred years mighty tribes have been swept away before the advance of civilization. The Eastern States, one of the centres of barbaric power, have but their annals to recall the fact. The powerful tribes of Georgia are represented by rude works of pottery in our halls of science. The Florida braves are rapidly disappearing; the entire race of red men, the former kings of the New World, forming but a pitiable study for the edification of the ethnologist of the nineteenth century.

C. F. HOLDER.

## THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR EZEKIEL.

**A**MONG the younger artists in Rome there is perhaps not one who for his years has done more original work, or more of it, than the American Ezekiel. In Berlin and Roman centres he has won marked distinction, and we frequently meet with his name in foreign journals. He has maintained a singular reticence in regard to any exhibition of his works, reminding us in this of the late Dante Rossetti, whose wonderful paintings were never to be found in any London collection. Ezekiel is only biding his time, conscious of possibilities which he has not yet reached, waiting until he can show himself at his best, and feeling with the sure instinct of the true artist that the adventitious breath of praise or censure is not the best atmosphere for the quiet and strong maturing of genius.

Graduating shortly after the civil war was over, he proceeded to carry out the marked bent of his mind by going abroad for the study of art. He went first to Berlin, where he became the pupil of Siemering (we believe), and was successful in gaining the "Stipendium" which sent him to the goal of all artists,—Rome. There he has been studying and working for twelve years, never allowing himself the relaxation of a home-visit, except once.

Little of what he has done has been sent to America. The decorative statues of Phidias, Albrecht Dürer, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, for the Corcoran Art-Gallery at Washington, are finely individualized and strong in expression; but this is not the sort of work by which Ezekiel would be judged. His "Christus" has been on exhibition, and has drawn forth decided pros and cons. For ourselves, we think it a much less successful work than many others of his creation. There is too much Greek calm about the divine face, and so little of the deep pathos of suffering that the soul of the gazer fails to be touched,—

though this is in exact accordance with ancient art, whose only end was beauty, and which consequently allowed no manifestation of any extreme emotion. The *passiveness* of the "Christus" is what we object to: it is not stoicism; but neither does it sufficiently indicate, as it seems to us, sublime endurance, or divine resignation, or holy passion.

One cannot look over the photographs of Ezekiel's modelled figures and studies—and we have as yet no other means of judging them—without being struck with their many strong qualities. There is a freshness, an unlikeness to contemporary plastic art, and a freedom from the manacles of convention, that promises fine accomplishment for the future. Particularly do his bas-reliefs show remarkable delicacy of expression, sentiment, and execution. "Consolation," a bas-relief made for the Villa Leo, Berlin, is something quite exquisite, and touched all over with true Greek beauty, save that a Greek sculptor would perhaps not have been faithful enough to nature to put the actual tearful cry upon the little Cupid's face. It represents Venus, a lovely, kneeling, undraped figure, as soothing the sobs of the distressed child, and is irradiated with a most tender maternal sentiment. Another, not less beautiful in conception, is "Pan and the Amorette." The care-free, happy contentment of the wood-god's face as he talks with the little inquisitive Love, who looks up at him with pretty childish wonderment, is delightfully rendered: it gives one a tranquil feeling just to look at the group. There is in these reliefs no protest whatever against any of the canons of Greek art, which some of the sculptor's friends have thought at times that he was in danger of underrating. When the theme is Greek, he does not hesitate to yield himself up, as Thorwaldsen and Canova did, to the full fascination of the perfect antique genius. It is only when a false ideal would insist on all modern art

being limited to the grooves in which the ancients wrought that his strong common sense rebels. When we come to look at his "Eve," we shall find that he is Greek enough. There are other reliefs that as portraits seem very admirable,—among them one of the landscape-painter Feddeissen that is very effective. All these reliefs that we have examined are possessed of such distinct individuality that we feel they must be as absolute likenesses as they are pure bits of art.

The works which Mr. Ezekiel esteems the best he has thus far accomplished are "Eve Hearing the Voice," "The Daughter of Eve," a very original conception, "Judith," and an Homeric group, which has never yet been photographed. Of these the only one we have a photograph of is the "Eve," and this is certainly *sui generis* as to pose and general treatment. It is not the stately, erect mother of mankind as she came faultlessly fair from the hand of her Creator, but Eve just after her disobedience, when there has dawned upon her mind her first sense of sin. It is therefore different from any "Eve" of which we know anything, and has a human interest about it that the cold Greek figure of Powers's entirely lacks. She hears "the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day," and she shrinks away in sudden terror,—an unexplained emotion to her heretofore sinless nature. She crouches down, awe-smitten, and extends her hands, as if to ward off some impending peril, while dread, horror, dim apprehension, are visible on her beautiful face. This is the *motif*, as we conceive it, of the statue. And surely it is nobly carried out. The drawn-up, crouching attitude is particularly and finely significant: she dares not rise and stand in her former erect beauty before the Creator whom she *feels* she has offended. Though she has not yet come to realize what her disobedience has brought, though she has not yet been told that she has "brought death into the world," she has awakened to the consciousness of *sin*: hence the horror of the averted face and the depre-

cating, outstretched hands. In one of the galleries of the Vatican there is a crouching "Venus" (*Venere accovacciata*), from which some fault-finding critic may be disposed to say that Ezekiel took a suggestion; but the attitudes are so different, and the grace and delicacy of the "Eve" so much rarer (we dare to say it), that there is not basis of resemblance sufficient for a comparison to stand on.

Some of the small statues which Mr. Ezekiel calls "Studies" are of marked character and have uncommon freedom of handling. In looking at that of "Bismarck" we feel the powerfulness of the omnipotent statesman expressing itself in every pose, even to the clinched hand brought down so firmly upon the thigh, and the resolute crossing of the sturdy legs. There is nothing conventional here, but what verity of nature! "Benedictus Spinosa" stands before us, wrapped in abstract contemplation; a half glance shows us the meditative mediæval scholar; while in the "Rembrandt" we have the *insouciance* of the careless, phlegmatic burgher of Amsterdam.

As we have intimated, Mr. Ezekiel has art-theories of his own, along the line of which he has been working and means to continue to work. He tells us that his Roman *confrères* call him sometimes an Occidental barbarian, because he does not believe in the effort so many make to try and compress the spirit of our stirring age into the calm, passionless forms of antique perfection. In these latter days, as Taine says, "the brain is the oppressor of the body," and the mere animal nature is so dominated by the intellectual that modern forms and limbs do not express what Greek ones did.

Grimm most truly says that "these old magnificent forms of Greek art were shadows, which, unlike the types of our own day, appear no longer made of flesh and blood when we place them beside Goethe's 'Iphigenia' or Shakespeare's 'Juliet.' From the eyes of Raphael's 'Madonnas' glances come to us that we understand; but who ever hoped for that in Greek statues? The Greeks,

who worked for their own age, cannot fill ours."

The impassiveness and irresponsible—or rather unsympathetic—character of ancient art, being, as it is, so wholly at variance with the "Sturm und Drang" of modern life, renders it a false ideal when made a standard for the fervor and whirl of our vastly more intellectual and intense existence. Our sculptor feels this, and in working upon any modern subject he endeavors to divest himself of the old binding conventionalities, and to infuse into his work the spirit of his own age. "For, after all" (we have heard him argue), "are not the life, the thought, the ideas of the throbbing world around us as noble, as worthy of presentation, as fitted to inspire the soul, as those of the days of Phidias?"

Nature was of small consideration to the Greek. He was a sort of immortal child, who had intense sensuous delight in earth, air, and sunshine, but not for what they were in themselves, but for the simple joyousness they brought to him. How little praise of nature's loveliness have we even in the most splendid of the ancient poems and dramas! As far as the human form was concerned, the Greek sculptors and painters endeavored to improve upon her work. The Thebans actually had a law which made it obligatory on the sculptor to represent the victor in the games more beautiful than he really was. "Who would want to paint you, when nobody wants to look at you?" one of the old epigrams says of an ugly man.

There is no passionless repose in modern life: why, therefore, endeavor to resuscitate the calm, sensuous loveliness of the "Venus de Milo," or the cold perfection of the "Apollo Belvedere"? If the pseudo-Greek figures of our nineteenth-century sculptors should be unearthed from the ruins of some modern Pompeii a dozen ages hence, how confounding they will be to the archaeologists of that period! When, therefore, Mr. Ezekiel makes his most successful portrait-busts, he represents his sitters as moderns, and not as contemporaries of Pericles. The bust of the English in-

ventor Hotchkiss, which was exhibited in Paris last year and awarded such high praise for its extreme fidelity, is faithful to modern details, even to waistcoat and necktie.

In Spielhagen's "German Monthly Magazine" we have found something about Ezekiel's studio, from which we translate a few paragraphs:

"Coming from the Quirinal and the Via di Quattro Fontane, and passing that part of Diocletian's Baths in which Michael Angelo built the church of St. Marie degli Angeli, we find ourselves on the Piazz di Termini. In front, the large railway station rears itself; to the left, we have the broad streets and places of the new city; behind, the Campagna and the tall pines and classic lines of the mountains that overlook Rome. Turning from this enchanting spectacle, we have on the left one of those gigantic walls that belong to the Diocletian Baths, within whose cavern-like arches wood is stowed away, and coachmen keep their animals and wagons, without building to or taking away anything from these antique ruins. Then to the right is a sort of rampart, an inclined plane paved with cobble-stones, that leads up into an upper portion of the ruins. Walking up this inclined plane, we see all sorts of tropical vegetation overhanging the low wall; a marble fragment here, another there, a third plastered into the wall. We ascend still farther, and meet with an antique torso half hid in heliotrope and ivy; then the head of Cicero, with a natural wreath growing around it. We pass a few orange- and lemon-trees, and stand at a new door to an ancient hall. An enormous window in mediæval style, put together in small panes in leaden frames, shows that the place is inhabited. We knock, and the door opens. Here is where Ezekiel the American sculptor lives and creates.

"The room is very large and very lofty. There are the grand proportions of a groined arch of the time of the Roman emperors, naked, gray, jagged walls, an enormous fireplace and mantelpiece supported by two colossal caryatides. From the ceiling depends an immense

iron-and-brass chandelier, bearing twenty-five wax candles. Over the fireplace is a framed Gobelin tapestry; opposite it, another. A throne-canopy with green brocade curtains occupies the farther end of the apartment, covering a broad sleeping-sofa. Old chests, antique tables, chairs, and divans, large and small oil-paintings,—presents from artist friends,—copies of the antique, then plaster-work of the sculptor, to complete the decoration of the chamber, little cherubs, and, in the midst of all, the artist himself, with his clustering locks and flaming black eyes, energetic face, and firm mouth and chin. Upon the background of this romantic workshop appear Ezekiel's statues, in their clear marble purity."

Some eighteen months since, the great composer Liszt (who is one of Rome's best art-critics) was anxious to have a bust of himself executed, to be placed in the Academy of Music at Pesth, of which he is director. Having a personal acquaintance with all the best artists of

Rome, he selected Ezekiel from their number as the sculptor who would, in his opinion, make the most perfect portrait-bust. When the model was completed, he had it placed in the centre of the *salon* of his villa near Rome, and invited Cardinal Hohenlohe, acknowledged to be of the highest authority in art matters, to breakfast with him,—the sculptor being also present,—and pronounce upon its merits. The cardinal walked round and round it, surveying it from all points, Ezekiel watching him a little nervously from the embrasure of a distant window, as he knew his dictum would settle the fate of the work and make greatly for or against him as an artist. Finally, having satisfied himself, the cardinal walked to the door, turned toward the bust, and, waving his hand, said, "Addio, Liszt! I thus hand thee down to posterity!"

In a letter we had from Ezekiel shortly after, he says, "This is the finest compliment I ever had paid me."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### PUBLIC TOPICS.

#### Ireland and America.

THERE is not much danger of the Irish problem becoming an American question, or of any complications arising which will make it more necessary than it has heretofore been for Democrats and Republicans to rival each other in denunciations of English tyranny and expressions of sympathy with the oppressed and down-trodden people of Ireland. It is a foregone conclusion, as the English government is doubtless well aware, that there will be no extradition of persons implicated in the Phoenix-Park assassinations or the dynamite explosions who have fled to this country. Nor does the all but unan-

imous sentiment on this point argue any indifference to treaty obligations, any hostile feeling toward England, or any approval of murder and other barbarities as methods for obtaining a redress of grievances, on the part of the American people. Our course would be the same if the French republic were the complainant and a knot of Bonapartist conspirators the guilty parties. There is no people among whom abhorrence of assassination and similar barbarities is so strong and universal as with Americans. There is nothing in our history or in our mental constitution that leads us to listen with patience to the excuses and apologies usually made for such acts. In the present case the defence—that they are to be considered as acts of "war"—is

marked by a peculiar and even ludicrous effrontery, assuming, as it does, not only that war can be set on foot by a small and irresponsible faction which endeavors to conceal its very existence and dares not appeal for support even to the nation for which it pretends to act, but that the laws of warfare as practised by civilized races allow of the killing of unarmed people and the wanton destruction of lives and property. Soldiers who should carry on war after the fashion of Brady and Gallagher would be liable to be hung by their own commanders. Yet if they escaped into neutral territory they would probably not be surrendered, owing to the difficulty of discriminating between such cases and those of mere desertion or ordinary breaches of martial discipline. For a similar reason we cannot surrender fugitives charged with participation in the acts of the "Invincible Brotherhood." It is a well-settled principle in both England and America that, with or without a treaty stipulation to that effect, political offences are exempted from the cases in which a demand for extradition will be conceded. Nor is there any real difficulty in applying this principle on the present occasion. There can be only one rule for defining political offences, and this demands a consideration simply of the motives and objects with which they were committed. If these were political,—if disaffection toward the government, not personal malice against individuals or the hope of private gain, was the instigating cause,—they fall under the category of acts against which every country must protect itself without aid from others.

It cannot, however, be a matter of complete indifference to Americans that this country should be made a base of operations from which men and supplies are constantly sent for the purpose of harassing a nation with which our own relations are those of peace and amity, to say nothing of kinship and identity of language. Armed expeditions would of course be prevented; but the employment of other methods, over which we have no control, while we furnish the

opportunity and in a certain sense the resources for them, compels us to feel a stronger interest in the Irish troubles than in those of any other foreign people. Our fellow-citizens of Irish birth or extraction call upon us to do this and to give them our sympathy and co-operation. If we could be sure that the case was precisely such as they represent it, they might count confidently on both. If it were known or generally believed that Ireland at the present day was in the condition described in the resolutions of "the Irish-American people assembled in convention at Philadelphia," there would be an outburst of feeling throughout the country that would hardly stop short of open and direct efforts to aid in the liberation of a people so cruelly oppressed, despoiled, and maltreated. The question, however, arises, how much of this description, assuming it to be otherwise accurate, applies to the present period. It is but a few years since an Irish member of Parliament, a Catholic and a Home-Ruler, published a work to which he gave the title of "New Ireland," as indicative of the results brought about by changes amounting to "a veritable revolution" that had taken place in Ireland "within considerably less than half a century." The picture traced in this book was one of progress and improvement, not rapid indeed, but continuous and full of promise for the future. With the exception of an Irish Parliament, all the demands of the Irish people up to that time had been conceded. The disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church, the last of a series of measures for the removal of all religious disabilities or grievances, had taken place, and "what a revolution," writes Mr. Sullivan, "what a change from the Old Ireland to the New, does this one event alone bring to our view!" The Gladstone Land Act of 1870, though a failure in some points, was yet declared by the same writer to have "opened a new era in Ireland." There was not only a New Ireland, we were told, but "a New England,"—an England anxious to understand the condition of Ireland and to remove every

just cause of complaint. And the final remark is, "No happier circumstance has cheered the outlook of Irish politics in our century than the daily increasing exchange of sympathies, and the more loudly avowed sentiments of reconciliation and friendship, between the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland. What the veil of the future may hide is not given to man to know: enough for us that in skies long darkened and torn by cloud and storm thrice-blessed signs of peace and hope appear."

Such was the state of things six years ago, since which the defects of the Land Act have been remedied by a new measure, which leaves little room for any further change in that direction, unless the property of the landlords (including Mr. Parnell and others of the same party) is to be sequestered and divided among the cultivators; and we are not sure that this will not come in time. A measure for the establishment of county government on representative principles, promised by Mr. Gladstone two years ago, has not yet been introduced; and a bill of the same nature introduced by an Irish member has recently been rejected. But the necessity for this reform is conceded by all parties, and there can be no doubt that it will at no distant period be carried into effect. The demand for a local Parliament will never, we may safely predict, be granted while Ireland remains an integral part of the British Empire. But, were it granted, is there any reason to suppose that it would satisfy the Irish people? The avowed object of "the Irish-American people" is the complete national independence of Ireland. Mr. Parnell, we may be assured, aims at nothing less, though he finds it prudent to keep his sentiments on this point unexpressed, as he does to leave unuttered his disapprobation of the dynamite plots and practices. The movement, therefore, to which the American people are asked to give their countenance and encouragement is not one for the mere relief of distress or the remedy of grievances. Its object is one which few among us who have ever reflected on the subject

regard as either practicable or desirable. England is not strong enough to grant independence to Ireland, and Ireland is not strong enough to extort it. If Antwerp in the hands of Napoleon was "a pocket-pistol pointed at England," Ireland in alliance with France, Germany, or Russia would be a battery of artillery planted at her doors. Nor is it easy to believe that independence would prove to be a panacea for all the ills which Ireland has to endure,—that it would furnish the means of reclaiming all its bogs and waste lands, of preventing famine from the failure of the potato-crop, of restoring the fisheries, establishing manufactures, and building up commerce, or of making its population sober, thrifty, and peaceful. On the contrary, most of us are inclined to believe that it would be speedily followed by a state of disorder and turbulence approaching to anarchy. In that case we should probably be told, not without some degree of truth, that this was the natural result of long centuries of misrule. Perhaps we should also be assured that the one thing wanting to render the Irish people the happiest and most contented on the face of the globe was the opportunity to conquer England and to repay the old arrears of wrongs and injuries—with interest.

## PLACE AUX DAMES.

### A French Nurse.

A FEW years ago the French nurse was eagerly sought after and much appreciated by the mammas of fashionable society. Distinguished by her white cap and apron, she was seen with her little charges in the streets and in the parks, and was a decided feature of the summer resorts. Indeed, so highly was she esteemed that, as with other valuable commodities, people who could not afford the real article supplied themselves with a counterfeit. Nurses of other nationalities were to be seen in white caps, and strangers who took occasion to address the apparent *bonne* were startled at hearing their best French answered

with a strong Milesian accent. Whether it is that the taste for French nurses is dying out, or that great numbers have recently immigrated to America, the supply is now in excess of the demand, and in Philadelphia at least they can be obtained at as reasonable wages as servants of other nationalities. Neither is the *bonne* quite so exacting as formerly, when she required a room for herself, and demanded that her washing should be done for her, and her nursery-fire kept up by more menial hands. Now she takes her place in the domestic staff as a matter of course, and makes no complaint about the customs of the country.

Answering an advertisement of a French nurse recently, I was surprised to find several applicants come for the situation; and this serves as an illustration of their business capacity and real turn for economy, since thus the expense of the advertisement is shared among several. The one that first appears in answer to the summons pays half the cost. She is usually a superior person, who can speak English and who wants high wages. The second applicant is not quite so pronounced, but her views of nursing are also confined to the care of the child, and it becomes evident that in a small household she is not so much a necessity as a luxury. Next comes one who cannot speak any English, and where but one member of a family can converse in her native tongue it is feared this will be detrimental to her usefulness. She is determined to "place herself," however, and, though no positive engagement has been made with her, arrives the next day with all her baggage. She has lived with a Russian princess, and travelled with her through what she calls "the German Confederation," the ramifications of which, according to her account, stretch from the city of Moscow to the lower Danube; and she overwhelms one with her letters of recommendation; but she has no more idea of any sort of house-work than the man in the moon. She willingly undertakes any duty pointed out to her, but makes such a total failure

of it that the nerves of the housekeeper give out and she prefers to do it herself. In the mean time Marie stands smilingly by and comments "Ha, ha!" as though it were a thing to be amused at.

Her especial charge, a six-year-old boy, is not attracted by her versatility. She undertakes to drill him as a soldier, as was her custom with the children of the Russian princess, but he has no confidence in her system of military tactics, and wants to be the captain himself. Then she introduces to his notice the nursery songs and plays of the youthful scions of nobility, all of which he condemns as "fit only for babies;" and finally, when she takes a cane to imitate the striking of a bell, he fancies she is about to inflict punishment, and, as he has never been chastised in his life, he is fired with indignation and seizes his toy mallet to defend himself. In a moment she has wrenched the weapon from his hand and administered a slap which she regards as quite legitimate. This ends all possibility of compromise with the child. He says, "She drives me crazy, always talking and singing; she never stops: she shan't come near me." And it is evident that his distress of mind is telling upon him physically, for he grows pale and thin, so that a youthful Irish girl must be brought in to quiet his nerves. It follows that Marie must exercise her usefulness in other departments of household labor; and the most distressing thing about this is the amount of standing and talking she does in pursuit of her work. She gets out her books to teach an older child French, but always stands while imparting instruction, though told to seat herself again and again; she will do as she is bid for a moment, then jump to her feet as though still officiating for the Russian princess. Her system seems to be based upon an excess of politeness, for she impresses upon her pupils such phrases as "I thank you, madam my mother, for your great goodness," "Accept my gratitude, monsieur my brother, for your complaisance," "Madam my aunt, I am devoted to you for your kindness," "Sir

my uncle, you have done me a great deal of honor by asking me to take a seat." These extremely courteous expressions always appear ridiculous to her pupil, whose laughter constantly elicits from the teacher the question, "*Platt-il?*" Indeed, she says "*Platt-il?*" to everything, until this peculiar interrogatory becomes a by-word in the house, and we not only say *platt-il* on all occasions, but substitute the phrase for the name of Marie.

The one thing that Marie could do was to buy things. Though she spoke no English, she always managed to make the store-people and market-people understand what she wanted, and seldom made a mistake in the change. She had an intuitive knowledge of the best cuts of meat, and would walk a half-mile to save a cent on a pound of sugar. "Shall I bargain, madam?" she would ask when sent on any purchasing expedition, and when she bought beef-steaks or mutton-chops always assured the butchers that "they must be of the best, because they were for a *house of distinction* and a *lady bien comme il faut*." This remarkable style of making purchases finally became a real annoyance to the master of the house, who, when he himself went to market, was occasionally questioned regarding "the house of distinction."

When Marie answered the front-door bell she always reported progress. Either it was *une dame comme il faut*, or *un brave homme*, or a *schnappin*,—the *schnappin* being usually a beggar, whose card she would demand in the most peremptory manner. Indeed, she generally lectured the beggars on the impropriety of asking for alms *out of hours*, and it was subsequently elicited from her that the hour which she considered regular for begging was between eight and nine in the morning. This she said had been established by the Princess Dagmar, and introduced into the family of the Russian princess, where Marie served, by the governess of the Princess Dagmar, who visited her former employer.

Marie had seen better days, and her

surprise at the conditions of domestic service in America was great, but she had considerable philosophy, and used to sigh and say, "One has plenty of good food, and a good bed to sleep in: what more does one want?" She had a little narrative about the captain of the ship in which she crossed the ocean. He used to walk on the quarter-deck with her because she spoke four languages and could interpret for the passengers. Every day he used to say to her,—

"But, madam, why do *you* go to America?"

"I go," she replied, "to better my fortunes."

"How will you do that?" he asked.

"I cannot tell until I see for myself," she answered. The captain had a tender sentiment for her, she thought.

She was really a bright and intelligent woman, but quite incapable of hard work. Had she reared a child from the cradle, doubtless it would have appreciated her ceaseless animation and endless efforts for its amusement; but she had no appreciation of the underlying thoughtfulness of the American child that urges it to work out its plays for itself. Our boys are not willing to be taught to play, neither will they accept any regular system of amusement. What they want is a simple suggestion, and often not even that, as to originate is their greatest delight. No doubt one reason why French nurses are at a discount is because they have been trained to teach plays as well as lessons, and in attempting to repress the inspirations of the young they antagonize the children. The older inmates of the nursery are seldom very partial to the French nurse. She has a thorough distrust of the moral qualities of a child. She seems to be impressed with the idea that unless constantly watched it will do dreadful things. Indeed, this appears to be her view of the world at large. Marie was continually afraid that the other servants would steal her clothing or money, and once alarmed the household because the cook had left a dollar lying on the bureau in her own room. "Some one will steal it," she said, "and they will blame

me." Vainly she begged every one in the house to take the money and guard it; and when the cook returned and told her contemptuously that the money had been exposed for two days, she raised her hands in astonishment.

E. L. B.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Ventilation.

WHEN the new English House of Parliament was built, it had a wonderful system of heating and ventilation, costing something like a half-million of pounds. Much had been expected by way of perfect ventilation from machinery so new and expensive. From the very first it was evident that there was a great deal of ventilation throughout the halls; no air, indeed, it was said, was ever allowed to remain fixed for one moment even in the most retired nook. Pretty soon the members talked of draughts, and it was observed that they all had colds or influenza. Something had to be done when an access of cold weather rendered the distribution of hot air over the building much greater, and with the hot air came more ventilation. Arctic blasts and Syrian simooms chased each other through all the halls of the immense building, and deadly contests between them might take place at any moment behind the chair of an honorable member. At last they sent for the architect, and questioned him exhaustively upon his wonderful system of ventilation. They supposed he was prepared to defend it vigorously; but he was so silent upon its merits that the case went by default. Of course he must have known that his plan did not work. They questioned him about other means of renewing the air of rooms. He suggested the opening of windows or doors as an effective method! This was astounding. The man who could squander a quarter of a million of the money of the people in elaborating complicated machinery for ventilating the House of Parliament could not really, when put to the test, suggest anything better for effecting that pur-

pose than the archaic method of opening windows! They dismissed the architect, and the result was the final discarding of the grand new scheme.

The subject of ventilation presented itself forcibly the other evening at a little rural theatre holding about five hundred people. A couple of "base-burners" burned up every particle of the fresh air that squeezed in from time to time as the door opened to admit a fresh victim. The air became suffocating,—or rather the absence of air. In desperation some one lowered a sash. It was a great relief; but soon we were conscious of something cold and heavy settling down about our heads, like a pall wrung out of ice-water. That would not do. Everybody was glad to see the sash raised, and for the rest of the evening we suffered and made no sign. We went there for amusement!

In houses heated by hot-air furnaces in the cellar the ventilation might always be good all over the house if only the cold air could be brought in from outside before being heated and sent up through the registers; yet generally the air is taken from the cellar, though there is never any provision for a fresh supply in the cellar. People seem to doubt that we live by breathing air. They go to work and build their houses as nearly air-tight as possible, exclude every breath, and make no provision for any new supply. Fortunately, it seems practically impossible to make any house quite as air-tight as a corked bottle. If any one should discover a way to do it, there is no doubt but he would calmly lie down to sleep in it with all his family and friends.

In school-rooms our children are everywhere being poisoned by the dreadful air they have to breathe. They come home looking bloodless and complaining of headaches. The next day they are sent back, to be tortured again for hours in the same lifeless, exhausted atmosphere. When they become quite ill, we take them from school, and then complain of the long hours, the hard studies, the overtaxed brain. The truth is, it is very difficult to hurt any child's

brain with study if we only see to it that he has a vigorous appetite and plenty of air and exercise.

There is one building in the world said to be perfectly ventilated, though its regular inhabitants number between twelve hundred and sixteen hundred souls. It is built in three great quadrangles, each embracing vast central courts roofed with glass and iron. When it was being built, visitors said, "Why, people cannot live under this glass: the air in summer will be just like that of a hot-house." Experience, however, has proved that the air keeps nearly the same temperature season after season. The ventilation is effected by subterranean galleries, twelve feet square, opening to the north at some distance from the palace. These run all around the courts, where there are gratings opening into them, and all around the outside of the quadrangles. Flues in the walls and registers convey the pure air into every apartment. Openings in

the glass roof cause a very gentle circulation without draughts in any weather. This building is the "Familistère," or home of families, founded by the great capitalist M. Godin. The agitation of the subject of ventilation in hospitals, prisons, etc., abroad has lately called attention to the Familistère just at the time when the French republic has honored her great industrial leader with the Cross of the Legion of Honor in gratitude for his service in showing practically how capital and labor may co-operate with great advantage to both,—an important service, surely, in view of the strikes and other labor-troubles, which appear to be on the increase. M. Godin, however, would have richly merited the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his excellent system of ventilating great buildings. It remains to be said that the underground galleries are constructed with the view of admitting hot-air furnaces to warm the palace.

M. H.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." Prepared for Publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ENGLISH literature, in strong contrast with that of France, has no distinguished female letter-writers, the accident of sex having debarred Horace Walpole from a place in this category, to which many of his qualities and traits would otherwise have assigned him. Mrs. Carlyle is perhaps destined to fill the vacant niche. As specimens of familiar correspondence her letters seem to us unequalled by any others in the language, treating, as they for the most part do, ordinary and often trivial matters of domestic life with a flashing vivacity that gives life and interest to every detail, and producing the effect of a series of sketches dashed off with sure, swift strokes under the fresh and spontaneous impulse of the moment.

They abound in gleaming little pictures of persons and things, in terse, incisive judgments, in keen satirical touches and warm-hearted outpourings of affection and praise, in sparkles of playful railery, flashes of indignation or resentment, and pathetic outbursts of anguish, all so vivid and so replete with feminine feeling and a bright intelligence that no sense of monotony or weariness is possible, despite the somewhat narrow range of themes and the frequent recurrence of some that in themselves are anything but attractive. The style has a flavor of its own; the opinions on certain subjects are traceable to Carlyle, but the general way of looking at things is in contrast, rather than identical, with his, and the personality of the writer is as sharply drawn and stands out in almost as bold relief as that with which it must always remain so closely associated. Whatever other sacri-

fices the wife may have made, however she may have devoted herself to the furtherance of her husband's work or submitted to the requirements of his temperament, she never merged any portion of her individuality or surrendered her mental independence. Had it been otherwise, she might have suffered and endured much more than she did without even suspecting that she had any grounds of complaint. As it was, not only was she conscious of them, but she made no secret of them to any one but him; and her reticence in this case may not uncharitably be ascribed less to any wish to spare his feelings than to instincts of pride. There were floods of tenderness in her nature which he had never sought to unlock, and which, on this very account, either refused to flow or sought their outlet in other directions,—friendship, charity, grief for her dead parents, fondness for pet animals. That she loved Carlyle cannot be doubted, but it was not with an absorbing love, simply because hers was not a nature to yield itself up fully without complete reciprocity. She was able therefore to preserve a distinct sense of their mutual position, to appreciate herself and to criticise him. Of matrimonial scandals, even to the extent of squabbles, there is no revelation in these volumes; but it is certainly a unique spectacle, that of a wife confiding her domestic grievances to comparative strangers, of a husband consenting that her censures and complaints should be given to the world without any counter-statement or explanatory protest,—with only a frequent *peccavi* and *mea culpa* by way of commentary,—and of a friendly editor, not under the stress of an imperative injunction, publishing the whole without curtailment. It is the result of what might almost seem a predestined conjunction, for the indiscreet frankness of Mrs. Carlyle and the remorseful self-abasement of her husband are not more remarkable than the bold indifference to obloquy, in regard to both himself and them, of Mr. Froude, who would probably have been prevented from arousing and confronting it if he had not survived his partners in the trust. Yet no absolute suppression of the facts would have been possible; they would ultimately have come before the world distorted and discolored; and for this reason, if for no other, it was right that they should be told without concealment. What remains is for the reader, in examining into the matter, to make use of his intelligence. The case

is far too complex for off-hand conclusions, —otherwise we might accept as the sum and substance of it this statement after sixteen years of married life: "In great matters he is always kind and considerate; but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one; his up-bringing, and the severe turn of mind he has from nature, had alike indisposed him towards them."

While it is true that in marrying a poor man she took upon herself a burden which overtaxed her strength and laid the foundations of permanent ill health, it must not be forgotten that, contrasting her lot with what it might otherwise have been, she expresses herself as grateful for having been saved from a life of uselessness and frivolity. At a later period Carlyle's friendship with the Ashburtons and addiction to their society was the cause of a real estrangement on her part, the more profound that it was to a great extent hidden, nourished by solitary broodings, and reflected back upon the past, till her spirit was fatally embittered, every humble task filled her with disgust, every slight offence or cause of irritation was magnified, and her whole existence seemed to have been blasted by a sacrifice which, when it should have brought compensations, remained unrequited and unregarded. Mr. Froude and Miss Jewsbury have sought to make a just apportionment of the blame that should attach to the parties in this *imbroglio*, if such it can be called. But this is much like endeavoring to get at all the causes, predisposing and immediate, of an attack of illness, and assigning to each its particular effect and relative importance. The same is to be said of subsequent and minor troubles, in which concurrent circumstances almost innumerable would have to be taken into account, and in regard to which it is safer to let our sympathies have free play than to give emphasis and decision to our judgments. What must be acknowledged is that this woman, of a delicate and highly sensitive organization, with rare intellectual powers, high conceptions of duty, and a spirit capable both of sustaining and sweetening one of greater proportions and intenser strain, had every claim to a degree of watchful tenderness which she did not receive till late, and the lack of which, after all the excuses that might be urged, indicates a flaw in a character otherwise essentially irreproachable. Happily, the picture has

its bright as well as its dark side. Her existence was not a desert enlivened by an occasional oasis. Its general tenor was cheerful, varied, abounding in interest; and the last years of it, though saddened by seasons of physical pain the description of which can scarcely be read without a shudder, brought with them the consolations for which she had most yearned, and apparently as much of mental peace and serenity as a nature like hers could possess.

"But Yet a Woman." By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Fanchette." (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Wanda." By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"My Trivial Life and Misfortune." By A Plain Woman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Admiral's Ward." By Mrs. Alexander. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

So much painstaking study of French life and manners has gone into the making of "But Yet a Woman," it seems safe to conclude that the book, like others of its class by English authors, is the product of a long residence among French people quite beyond the world run over by English and American colonists and tourists. With all the advantages of fresh and forcible impressions which this class of foreign novel presents to the author, he yet cannot overcome certain inevitable restrictions. The assiduous effort to preserve the *vraisemblance*, the minute carefulness of touch, the necessary restraint, all are of course practised at the sacrifice of depth and spontaneity. We can only know, feel, and believe just as profoundly as we have lived, and it is perhaps because Mr. Hardy is an American that his picture of French life, with all its fidelity of tone, its artistic harmony, and its graceful grouping, does not take a stronger hold upon our imagination. Much tenderness and skill are shown in the presentation of the two female characters. Renée, a girl of twenty, who looks forward to becoming one of the Sisters of St. Luc, and Stéphanie, her half-aunt, a widow of rare beauty and mental gifts, embark in a rather brilliant social and political career. The young girl's aspirations, bent upon the realization of the highest and most beautiful ideal of life, waver from their early dream, and lose it in the more en-

grossing love she comes to feel for Roger Lande. This faithlessness to the first deep-seated hopes and beliefs brings, like all declensions, its inevitable punishment, but it is Stéphanie who bears it, and the story of her renunciation is full of nobility and pathos. The tragic failure of her life, contrasted with the happy Renée's, makes the spiritual rescue which she seeks in the convent seem a genuine gain, instead of being a mere feverish resource for ardent feeling and unsatisfied yearning.

"Fanchette" presents a picture of Washington society, and is written with such airy good humor, such facility of resource, such ease in off-hand dialogue, and at the same time such an absolute disregard of the restrictions and necessities of every-day life, that the critic is almost ready to attribute the incongruities and contrasts to some deficiency in his own powers of fancy, rather than to any fault in the writer. The accounts of the elegant and fictitious existence at the capital, where Russian princes, rajahs, senators, beautiful actresses, and Nihilists mingle freely, do not make either restful or satisfactory reading, but may possess interest for those who long for the startling and effective and care neither for use nor significance in a story.

Nor can we render to "Ouida" the praise we withheld from the anonymous author of "Fanchette" for faithful and temperate work; but "Ouida," with all her faulty morals and her exaggerated color, possesses genius, which brings along with it imaginative insight, and strong mental and emotional impulses, which invest the faintest of her creations with actuality. Her works grow artistically from a central developing idea. Plot and action when held up for criticism or analysis may be both bewildering and preposterous, but they move on with a vital force and a largeness of human motive which compels sympathy and interest. None of her books of the few that we have read has pleased us better than "Wanda," which is the story of a nameless, penniless Russian lad, the son of a serf, who, by a singular combination of circumstances, is enabled to merge his identity in that of a young marquis of Sabran who had died in Mexico. The imposture recalls a similar case in Cherbuliez's very clever novel, "Samuel Brohl et Cie;" but this is more successful, and commands, strange to say, the reader's entire sympathy. Sabran, after a brilliant political career in France,

marries the Countess Wanda, an Austrian of the highest nobility. Of course the plot hinges on the discovery of Sabran's real condition, and Wanda, with a family of beautiful children, feels with an exaggerated pride the outrage to her name and pedigree. The story is carried through with power to the end, and will doubtless, like Ouida's other books, find fervid and admiring readers.

The writer of "My Trivial Life" has not hampered herself by any necessity to sift, condense, and modify her experiences, but has written them all down, never satisfied with making an impression, but hammering it in, marshalling and re-mustering her forces, and allowing them to go over and over the same scenes with endless iteration. The book is, nevertheless, clever, and written from the novel stand-point of one of the unlucky women of this world who live in the shade, who are domineered over by vulgar intellects, who see mediocrities flourish and the unworthy wafted by favorable winds into the haven where they would be. The author has known, not in fancy but in reality, the strongholds of English Philistinism, with its self-righteousness, its monotony and narrowness, its petty solemnities of self-importance, and after this depressing experience has still had strength to rally to the task of setting the characteristic types before us. There are Evangelicals who talk the most lamentable cant, who read and write tracts about "Sambo" with an aspiration which recalls Thackeray's

Take me to some sunny isle  
In the far-off Western deep,  
Where the skies forever smile,  
And the blacks forever weep.

There are musical amateurs, full of jealousies and rivalries, who give concerts for the "blacks;" there are great people and upstarts, patricians, snobs, and parvenus,—all put down, and their actions and phrases, with a hideous realism. The writer has a quick eye for character, and makes her *dramatis personæ* live on the page, although rather by exaggeration and caricature than by delicate drawing. "A mad world, my masters." In fact, a worse bedlam could hardly be conceived than this assemblage of heartless, canting, vulgar, hypocritical men and women, full of high-voiced, servile, and pompous declamation. The book curiously suggests its having been written in part thirty years ago and finished in the present decade.

"The Admiral's Ward," like all Mrs. Alexander's books, is abundantly readable, although her excellent heroine is by this time a little worn by incessant service and deserves honorable retirement and a pension. Miss Laura Piers (as she is called in the present book) is a favorite of ours nevertheless, and, if she has lost a little of the charm with which she figured in the author's earlier stories, she has gained in solidity, good sense, and cheerful fortitude. If we remember rightly, in the last novel, after losing wealth and ease, she had a foolish mother and sister, besides a ne'er-do-well brother, to support; but in the present case her talents need to be exerted for herself alone. She lodges with a motherly widow, sells her pictures without difficulty, and has a comparatively easy time of it. The blackguard lover who always finds her out is in this case a distant cousin, who has come in for a great property, to which Laura is legally entitled, although she is ignorant of her possession of any claim. He decides to make sure of the estate by marrying her, and wins her consent, then, with a singular inconsistency, falls in love with Laura's pretty cousin, and ends by marrying her, all the time conscious that any chance may acquaint Laura with the story of her rights and oust him from Pierslynn. But Laura is no creature of pique or impulse: with an easy weapon of revenge in her hand, her moderation, kindness, and good sense are most edifying. She has, besides, solved the love-problem of her life by this time, and is a happy woman. Mrs. Alexander's heroines are always happy women, and have no time for lavish sentiment, vain regrets, and introspective musing.

#### Books Received.

- A Lost Function in Romance. By Carroll Bryce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- A Hand-Book of English and American Literature. By Esther J. Trimble. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brothers.
- Lyrical and Dramatic Poems of Robert Browning. Edited by Edward T. Mason. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Herbert Spencer on American Nervousness. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Progress and Poverty. By Henry George. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

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